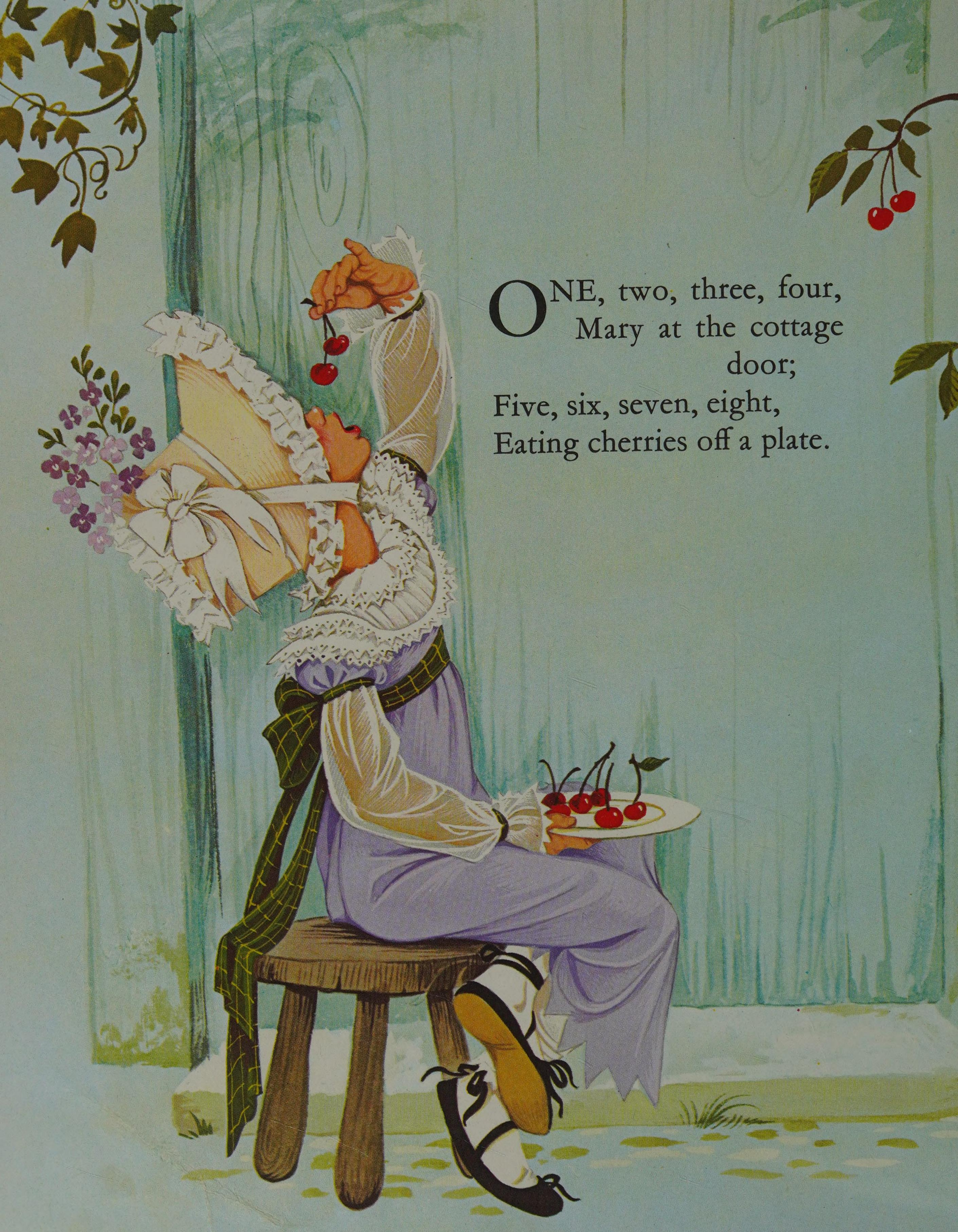
An Enchanting Book of
NURSERY RHYMES

DEAN



ONE, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a plate.

A number of the illustrations in this book previously appeared in Dean's New Gift Book of Nursery Rhymes, Dean's Gift Book of Pussy and Puppy Nursery Rhymes

An Enchanting Book of Nursery Rhymes

Illustrated by

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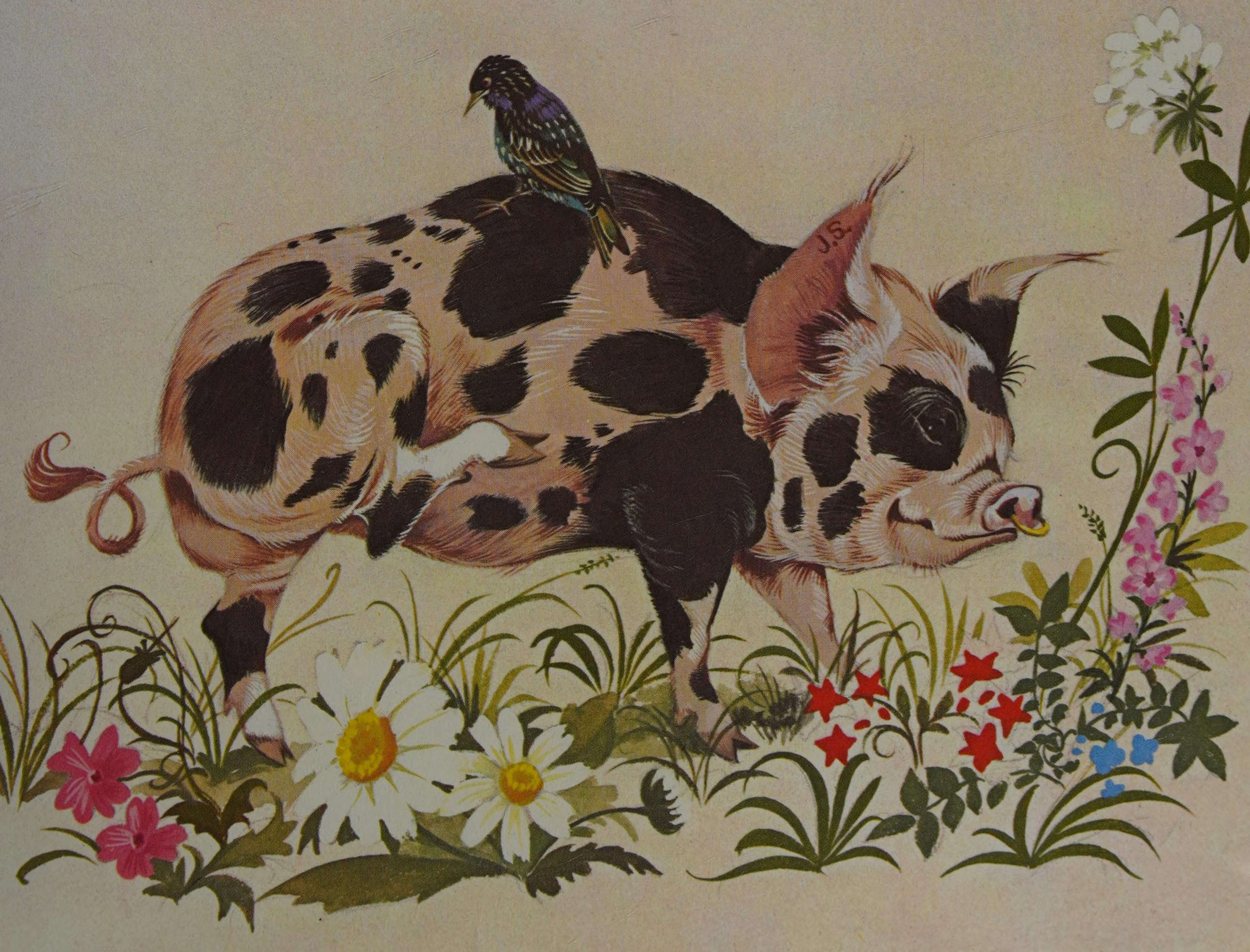
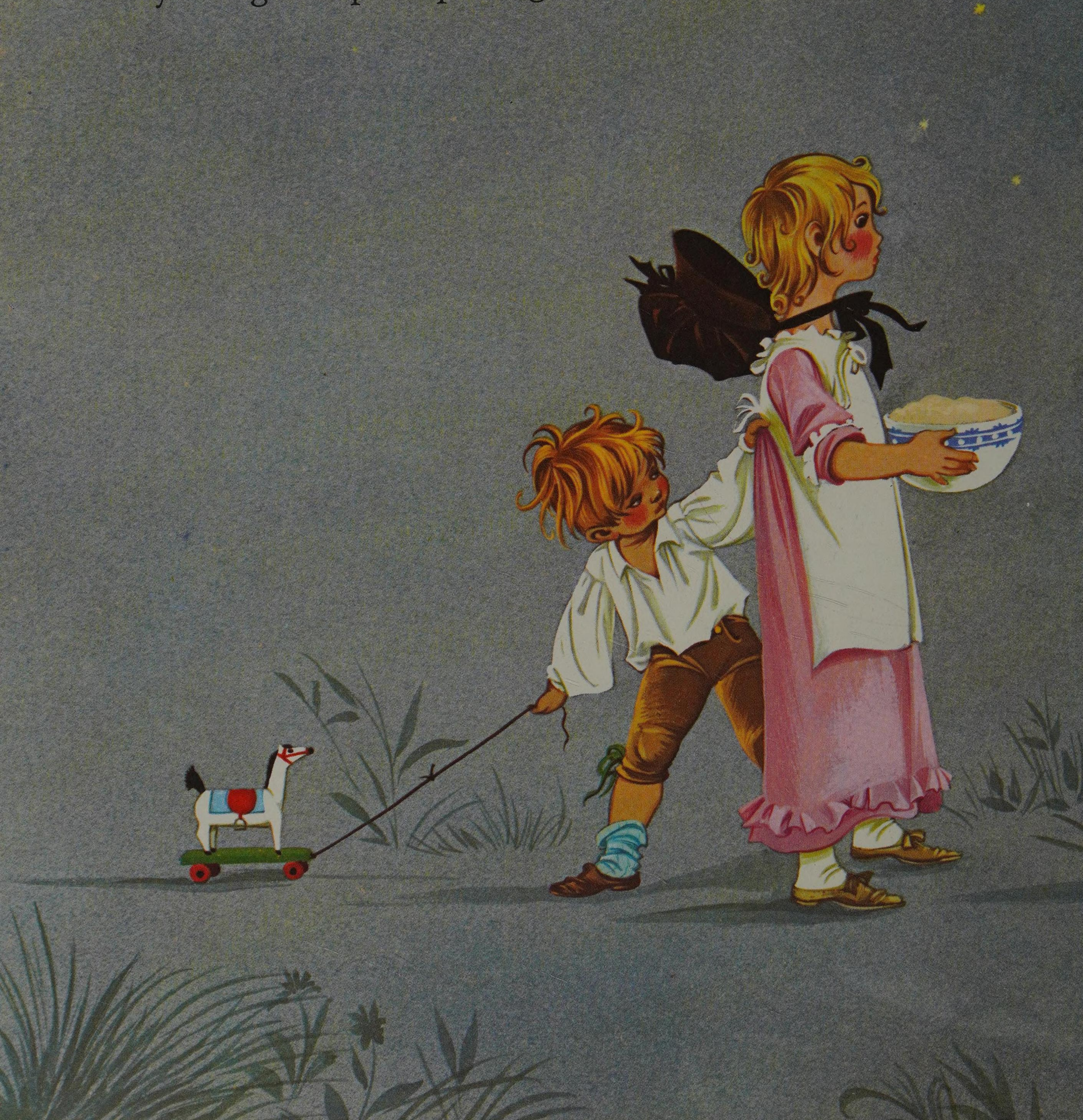
O ALL you little
blackey-tops,
Pray don't eat my
father's crops,
While I lie down to
take a nap.
Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

LITTLE Jack Sprat
Once had a pig;
It was not very little,
Nor yet very big.
It was not very lean,
It was not very fat—
It's a good pig to grunt,
Said little Jack Sprat.



THE Man in the moon came tumbling down,
To ask his way to Norwich.
He went by the south and burnt his mouth,
By eating cold plum-porridge.



JENNY Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast
And brought her sops and wine.

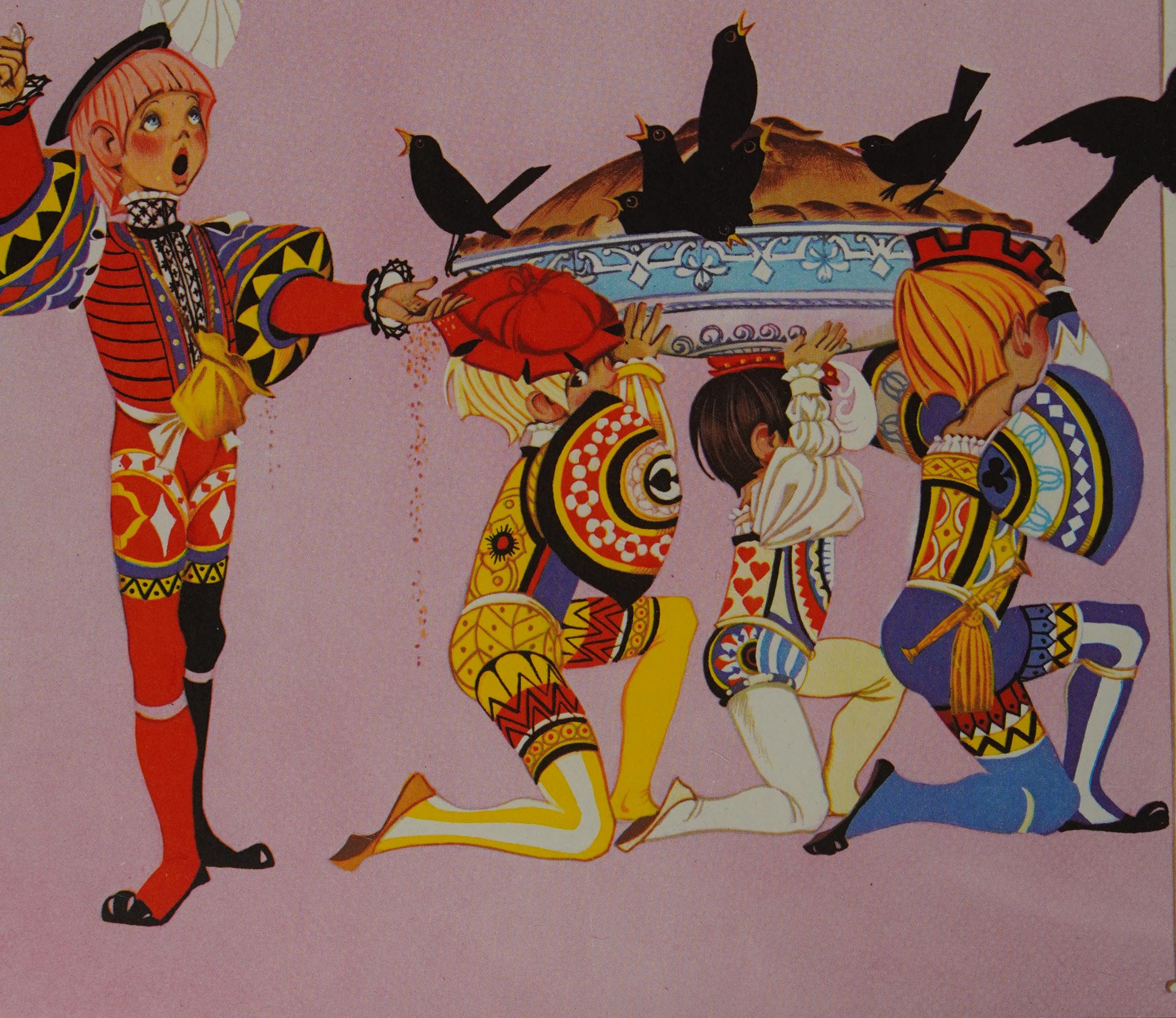
Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine.
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny Wren got well,
And stood upon her feet;
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin he got angry,
And hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you,
fie upon you!
Bold faced jig!

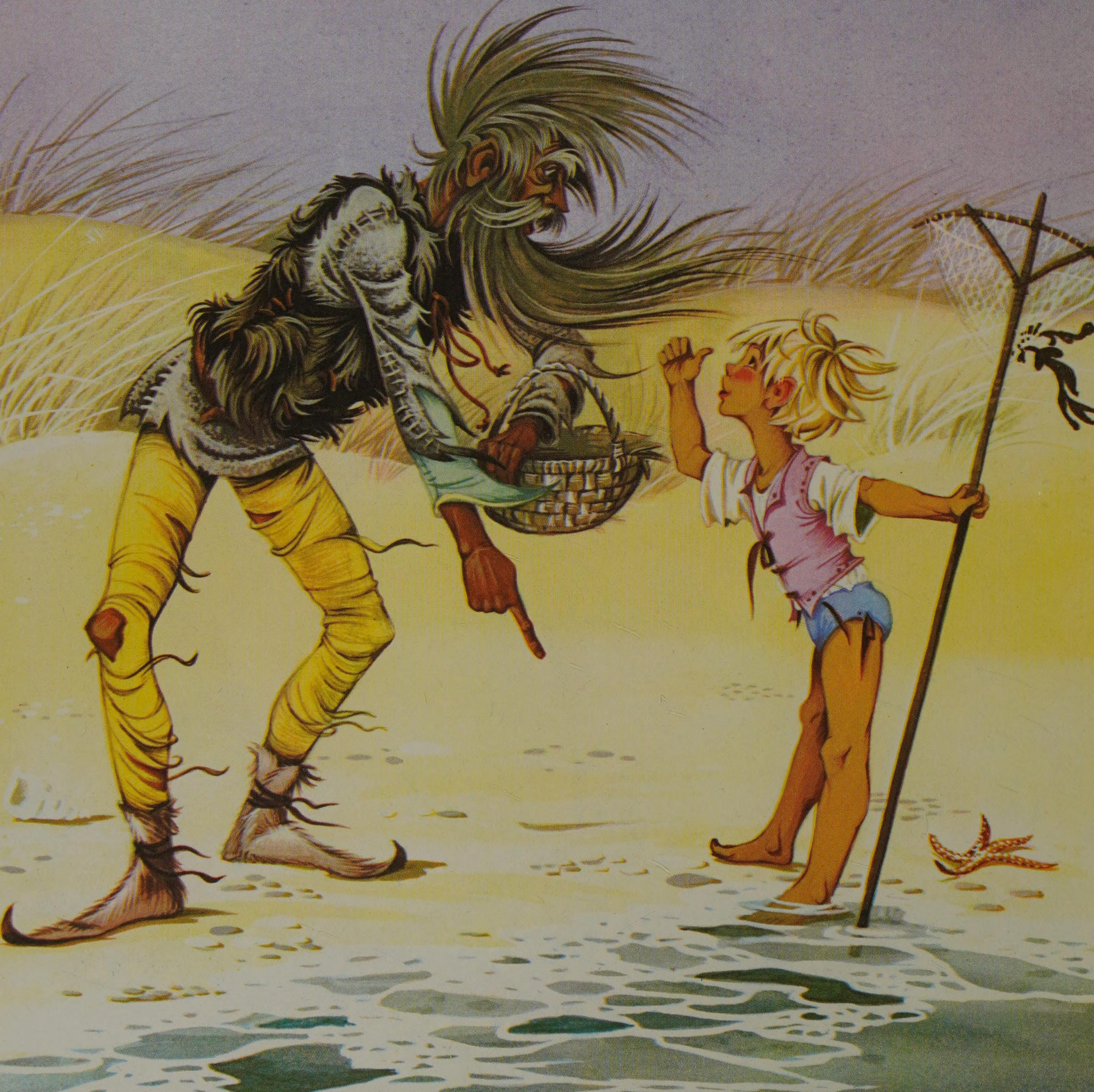
SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

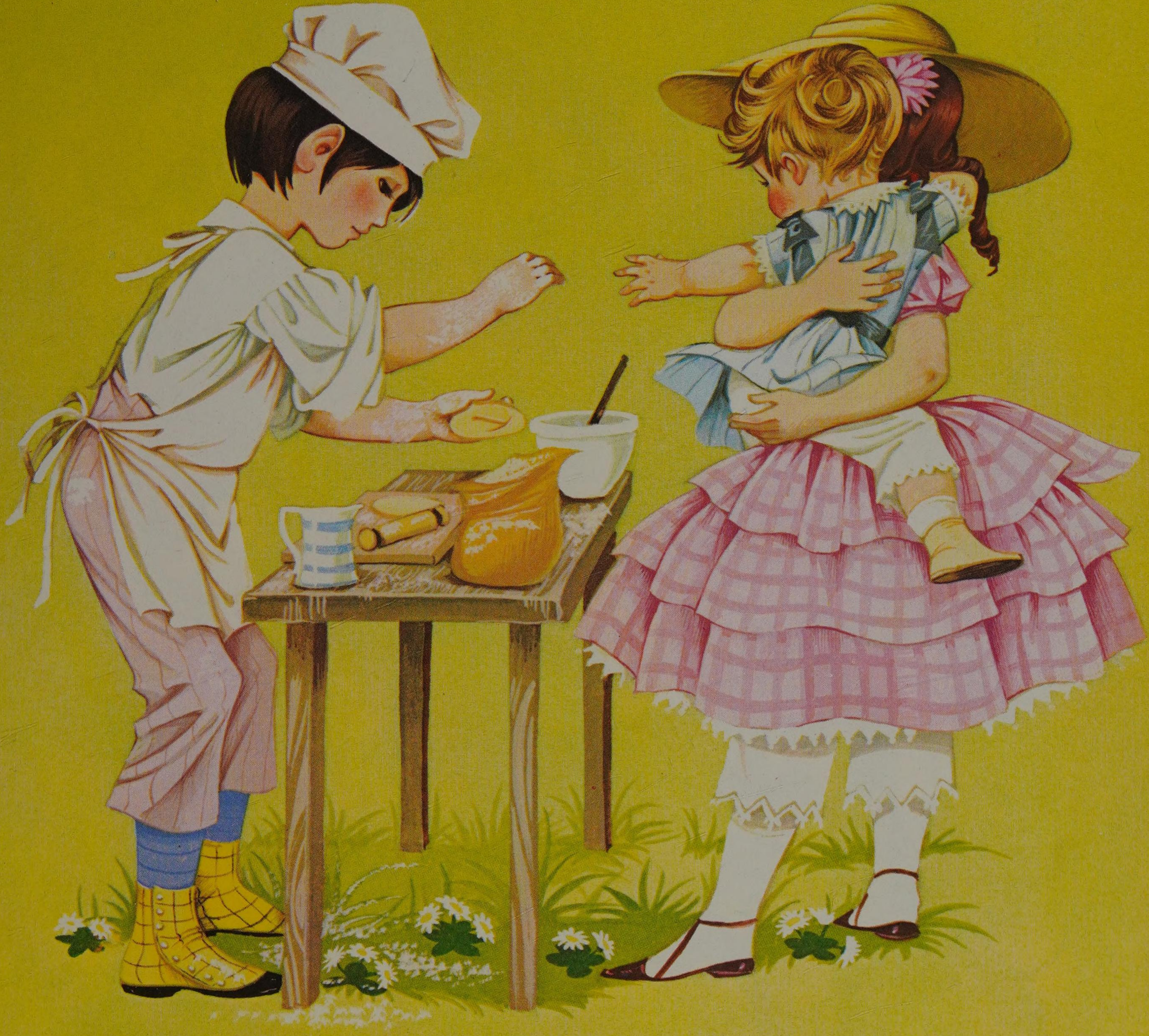
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?



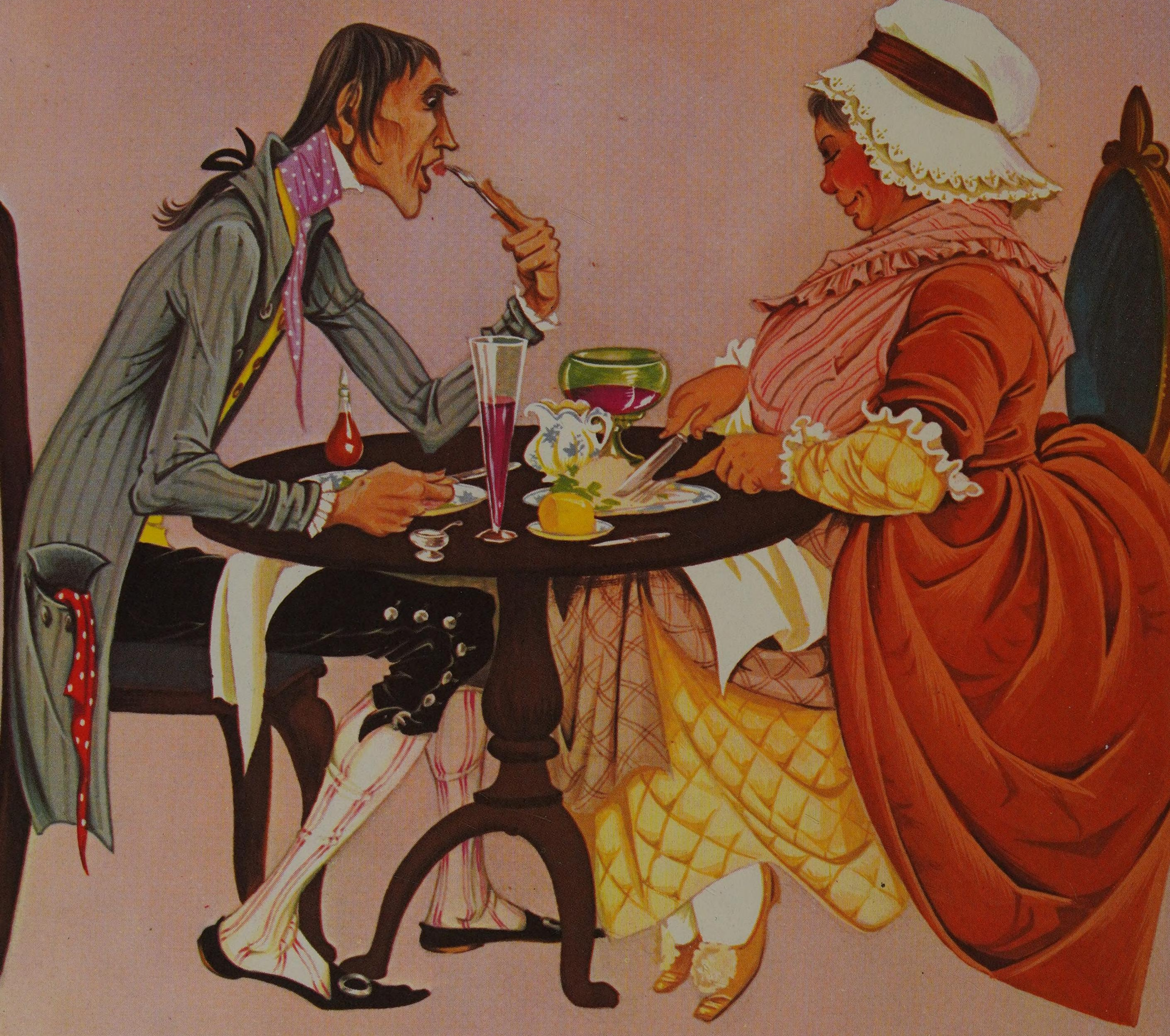
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

THE man in the wilderness asked of me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him,
As I thought good,
As many as red herrings
Grew in the wood.





PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Make me a cake as fast as you can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



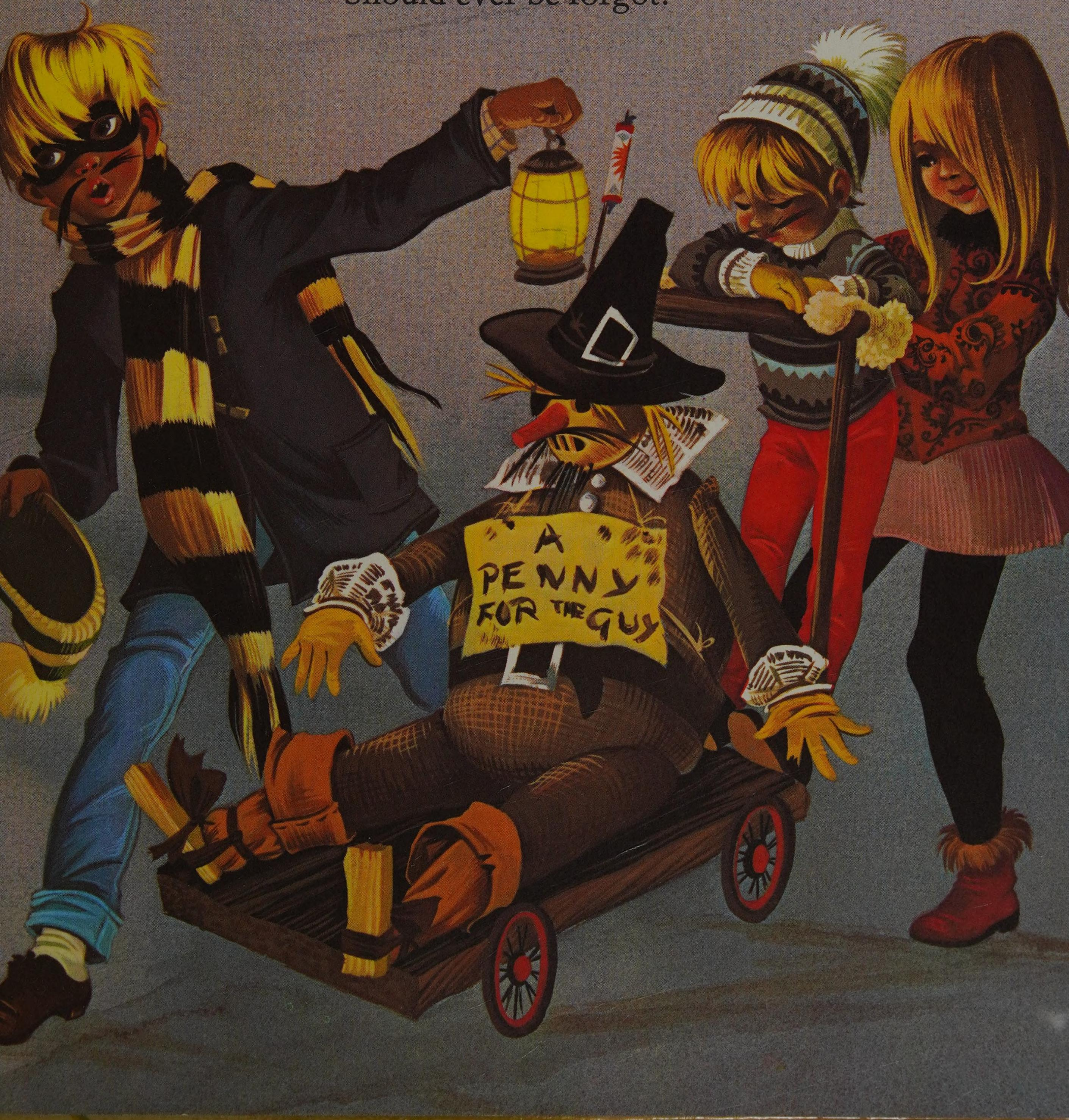
JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, between them both,
They licked the platter clean.

Go to bed second,
A Golden Pheasant;

Go to bed third,
A Golden Bird.

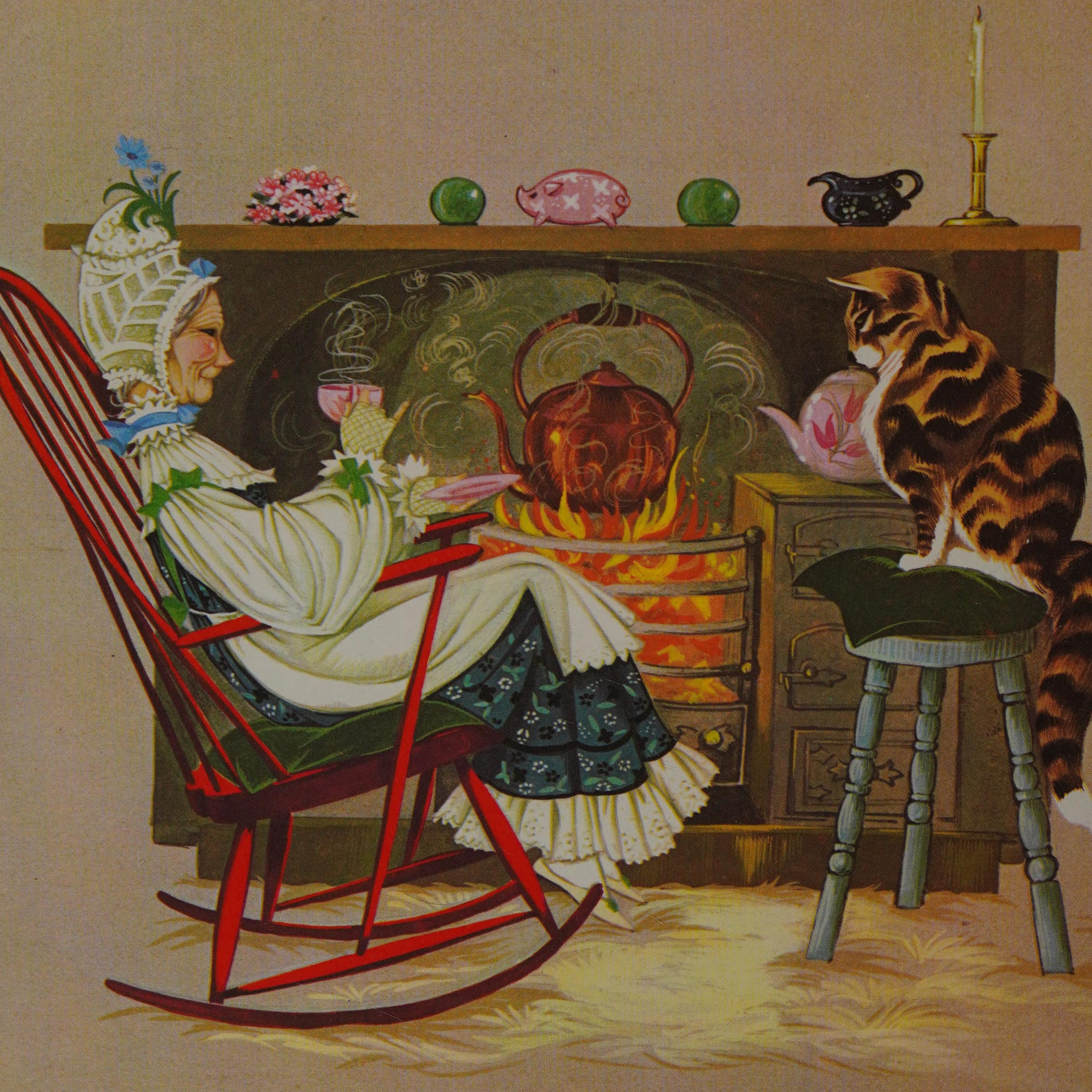
HERE am I, little Jumping Joan,
When I'm by myself, I'm all alone.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

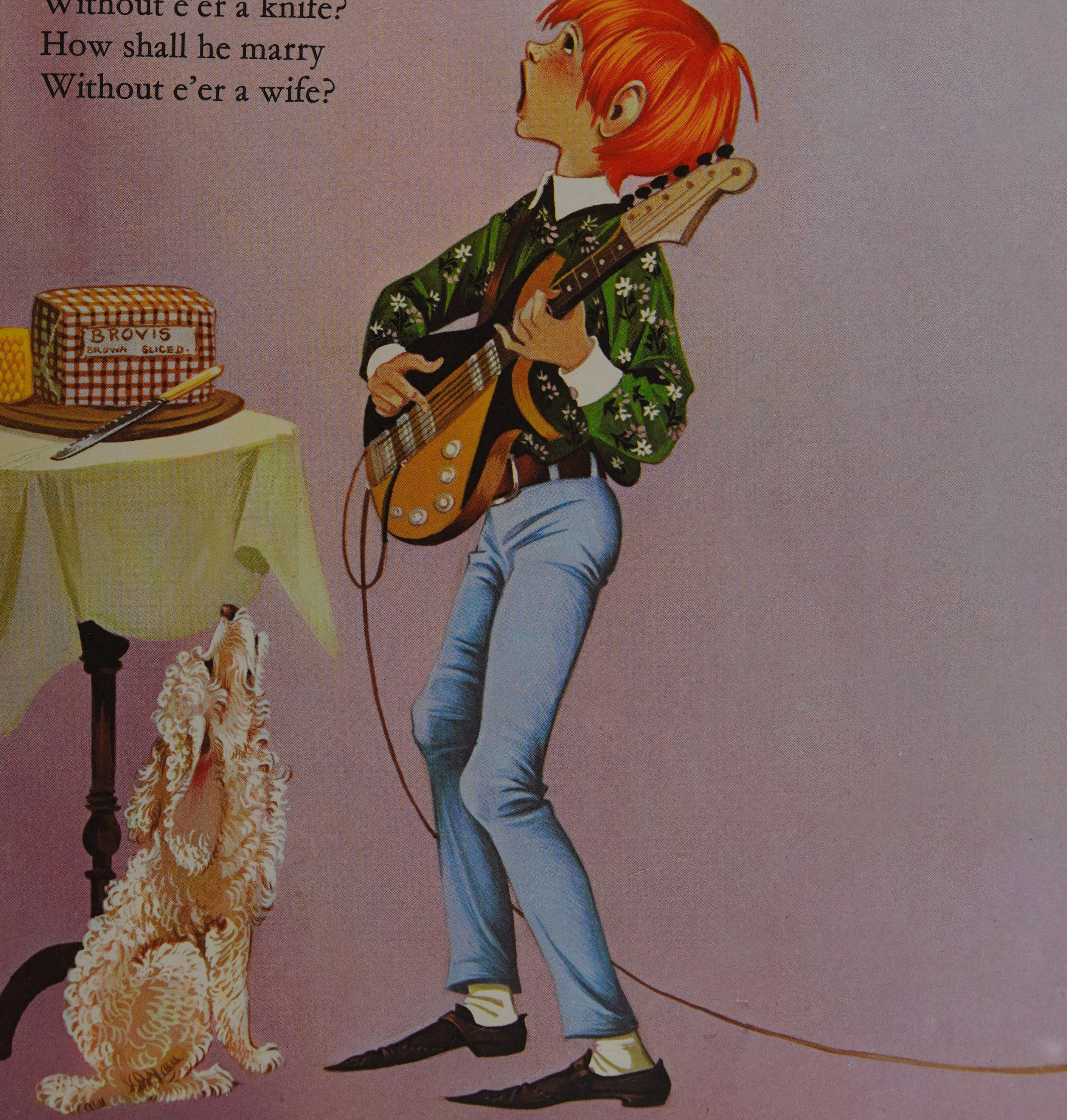

A
PENNY
FOR THE GUY

DAME TROT and her cat
Sat down to chat;
The Dame sat on this side
And puss sat on that.

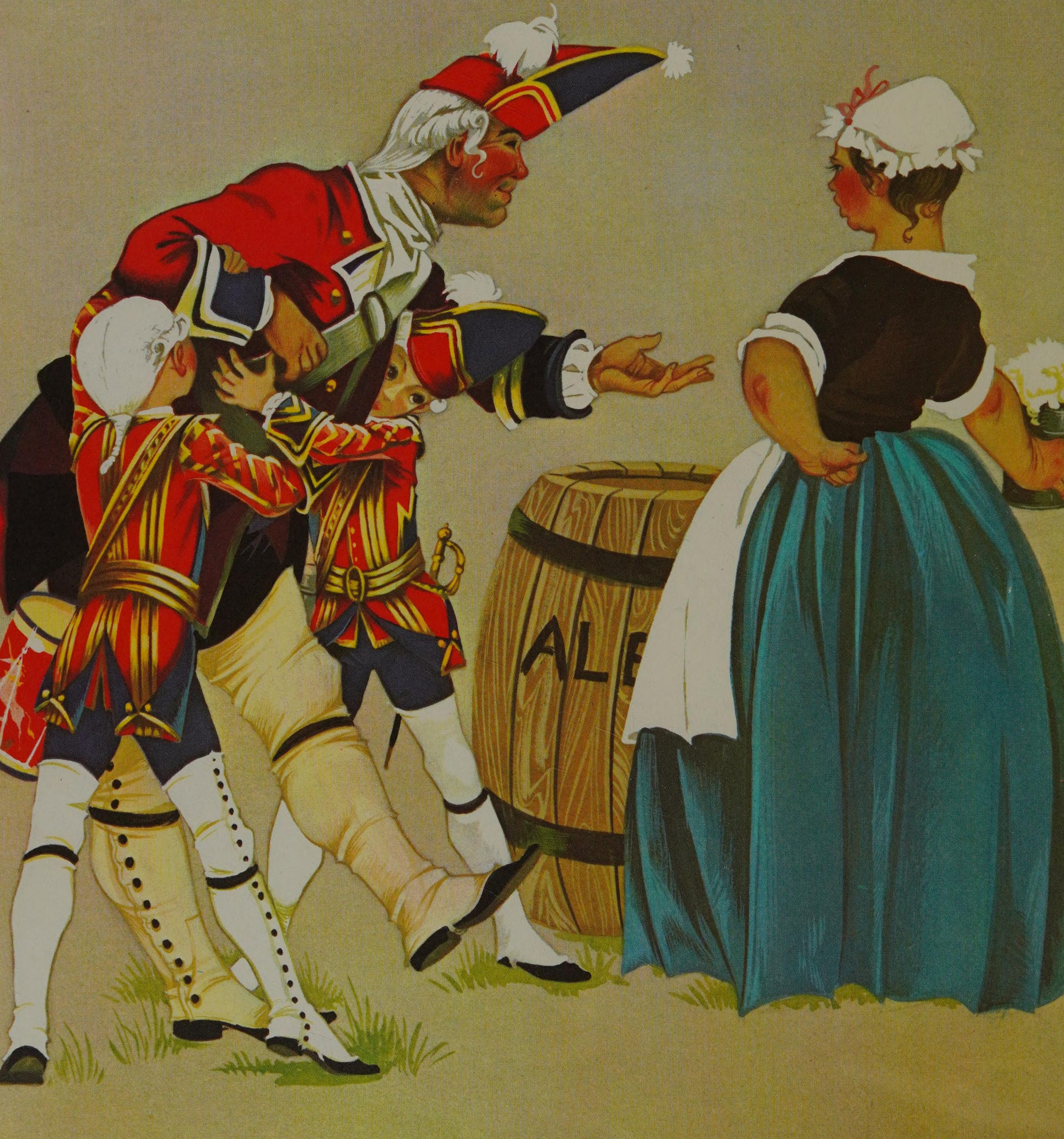
"Puss," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr!" says the cat.



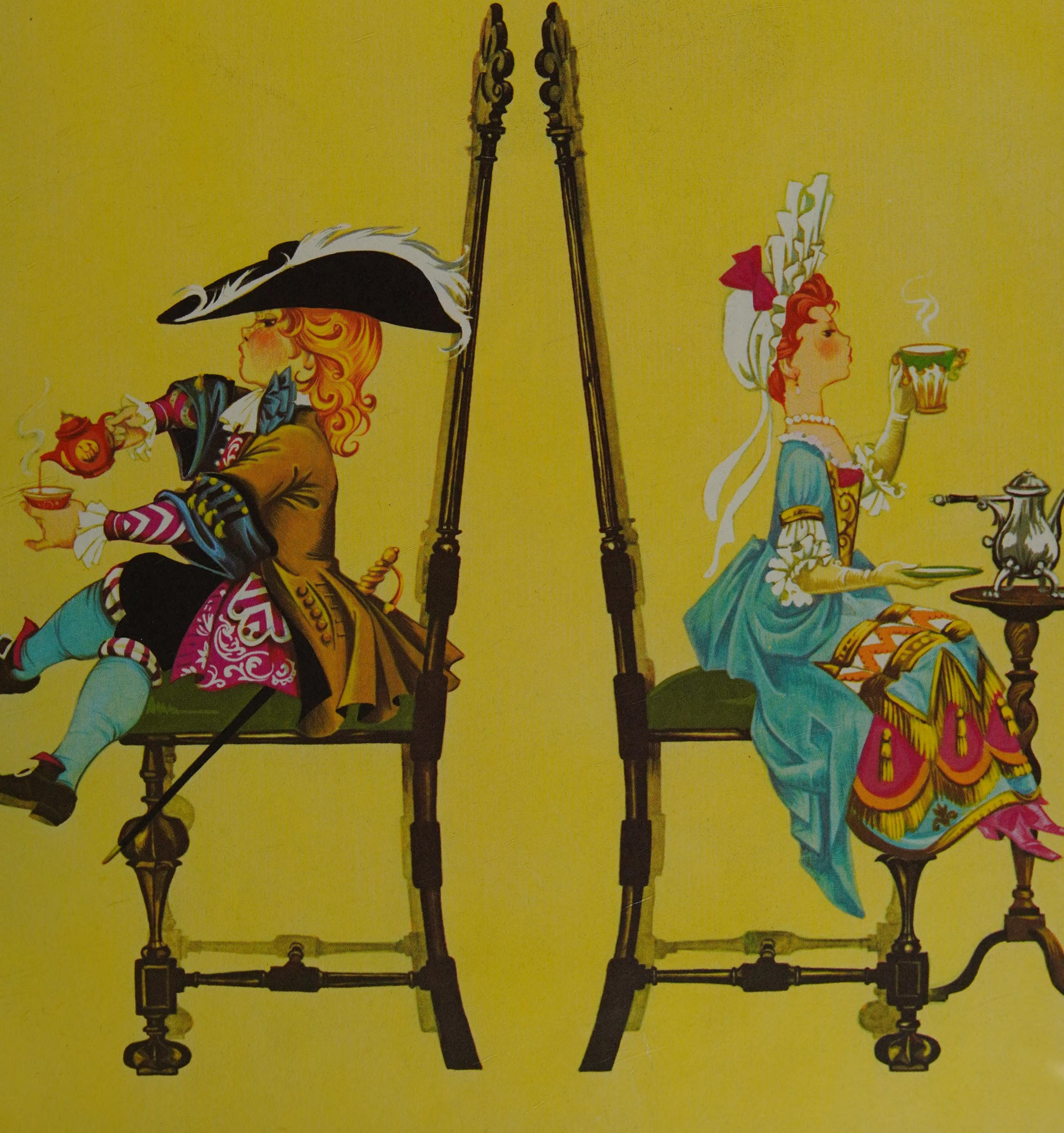
LITTLE Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper,
What shall we give him?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?


BROVIS
BROWN SLICED.

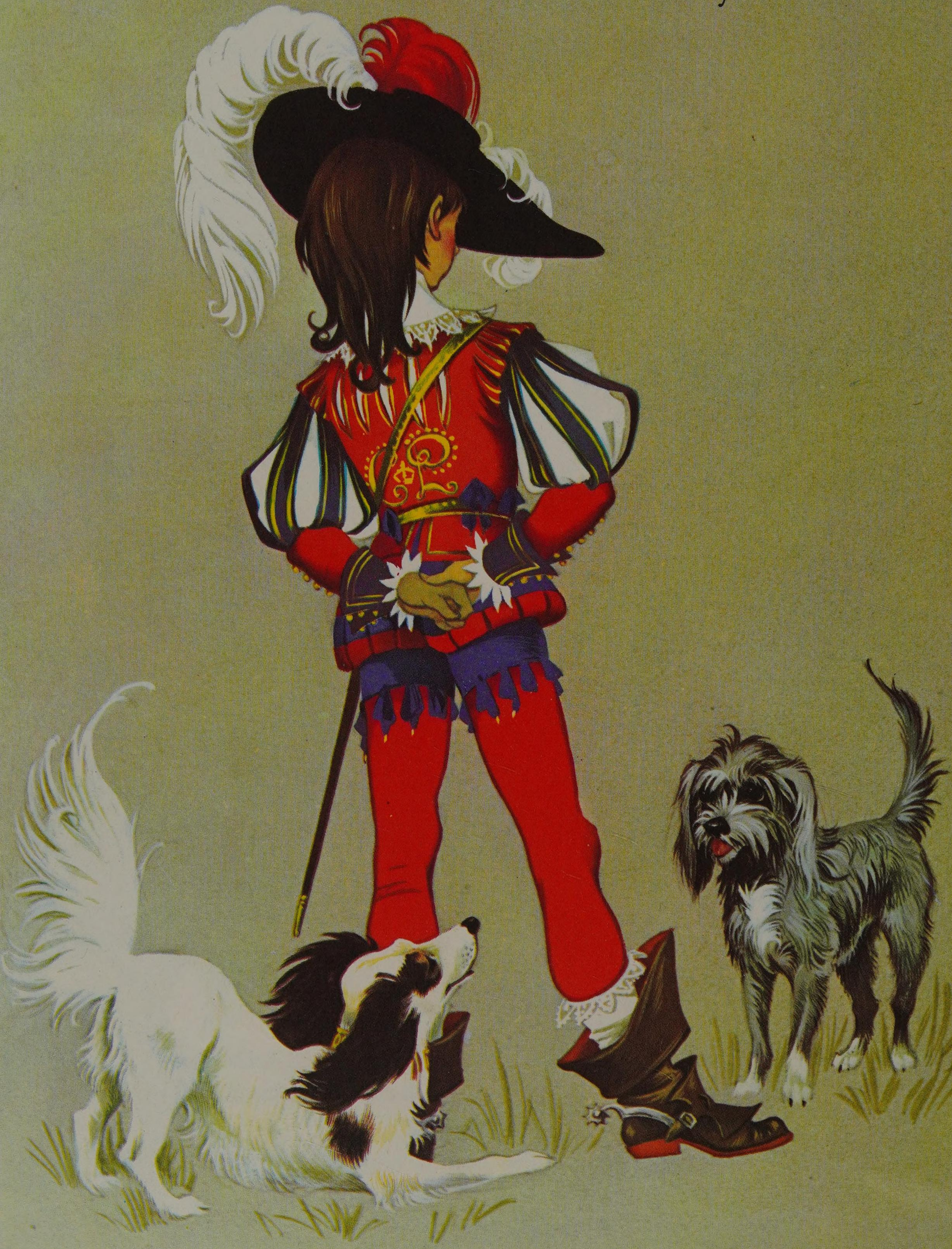
"WHO goes there?"
"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"
"A pot of beer."



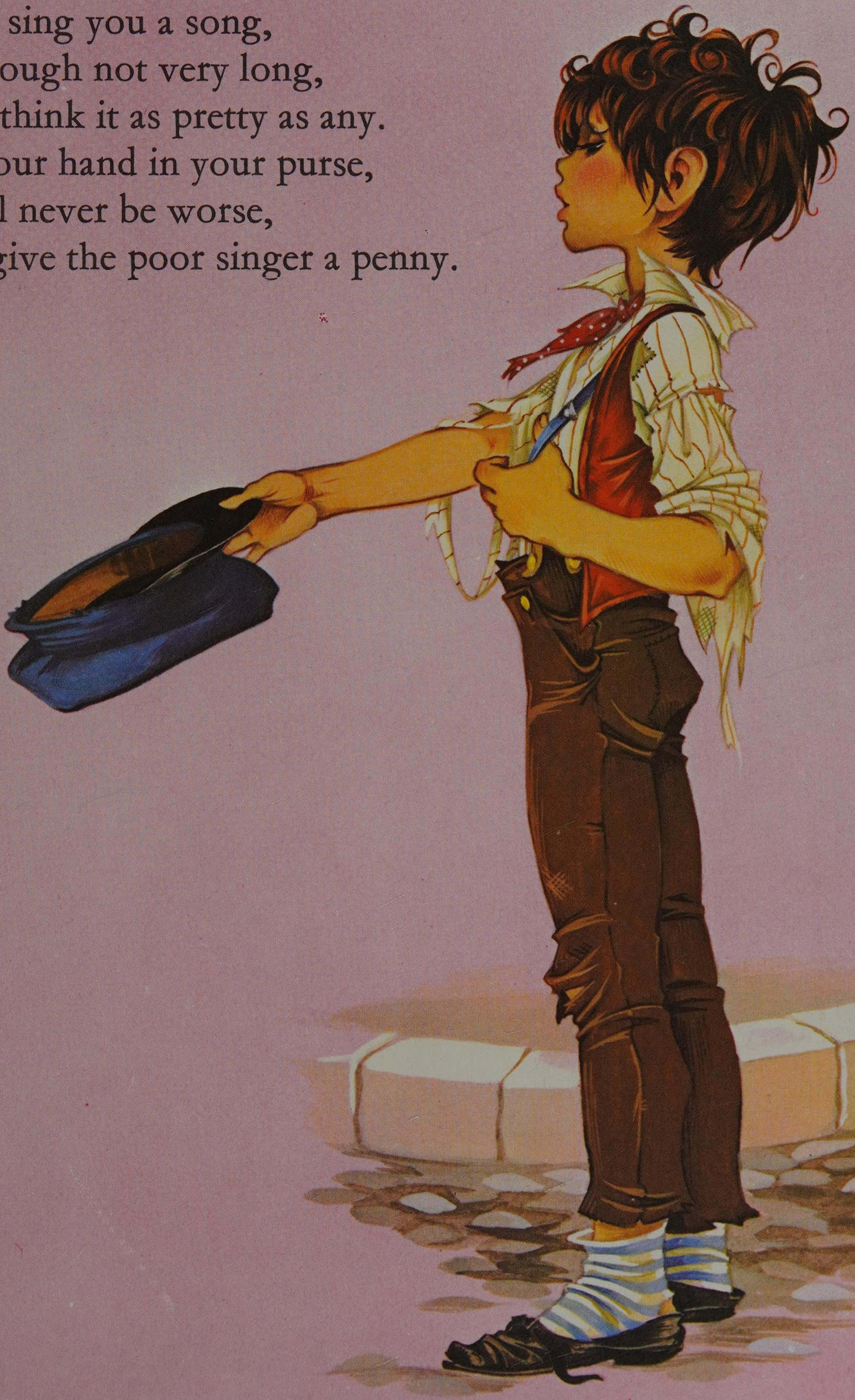
MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was all about?
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we could not agree.



O, I am His Highness's dog
from Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog
are you?



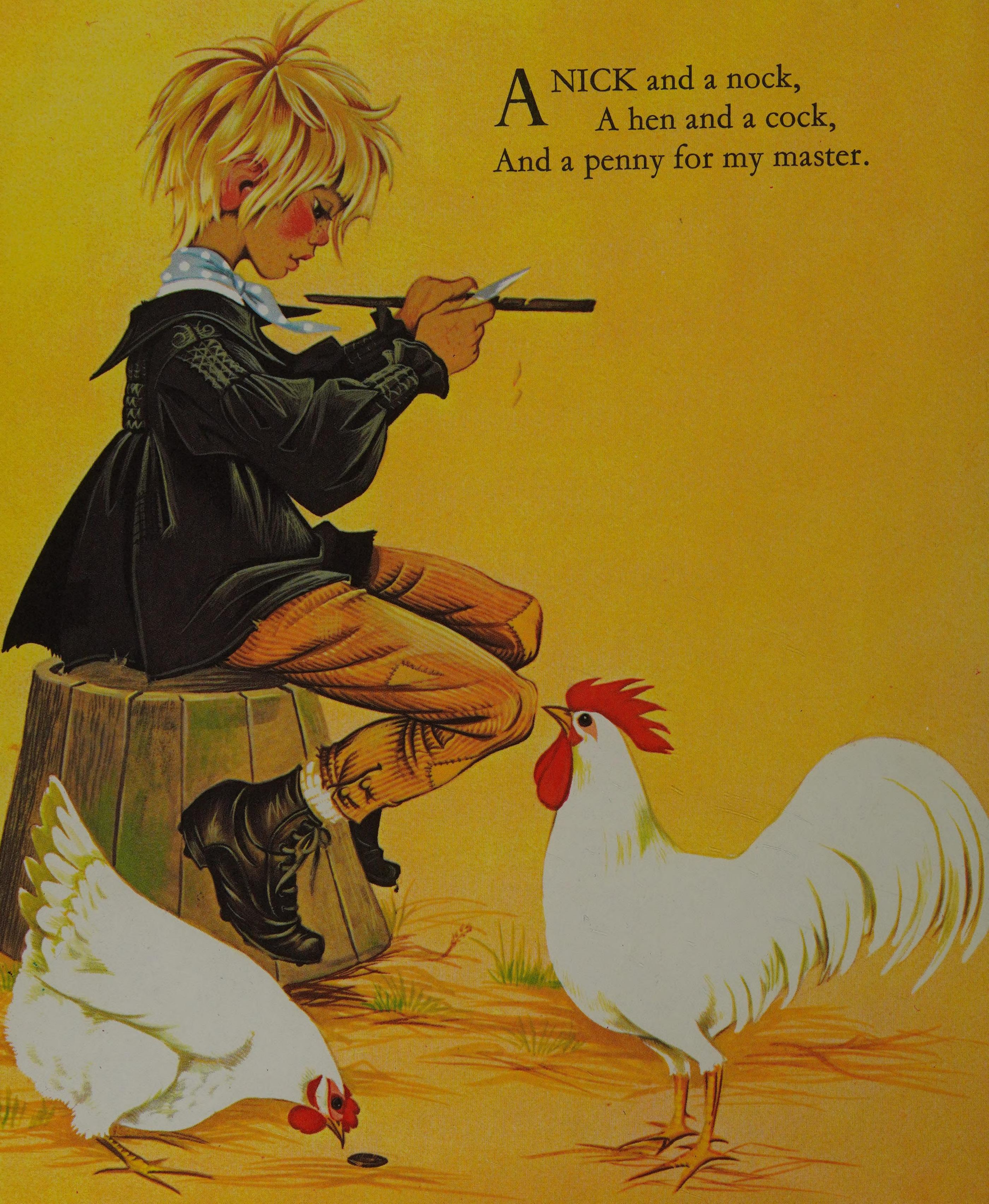
I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any.
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.



MILLIONS of massive raindrops
Have fallen all around;
They have danced on the house tops,
They have hidden in the ground.

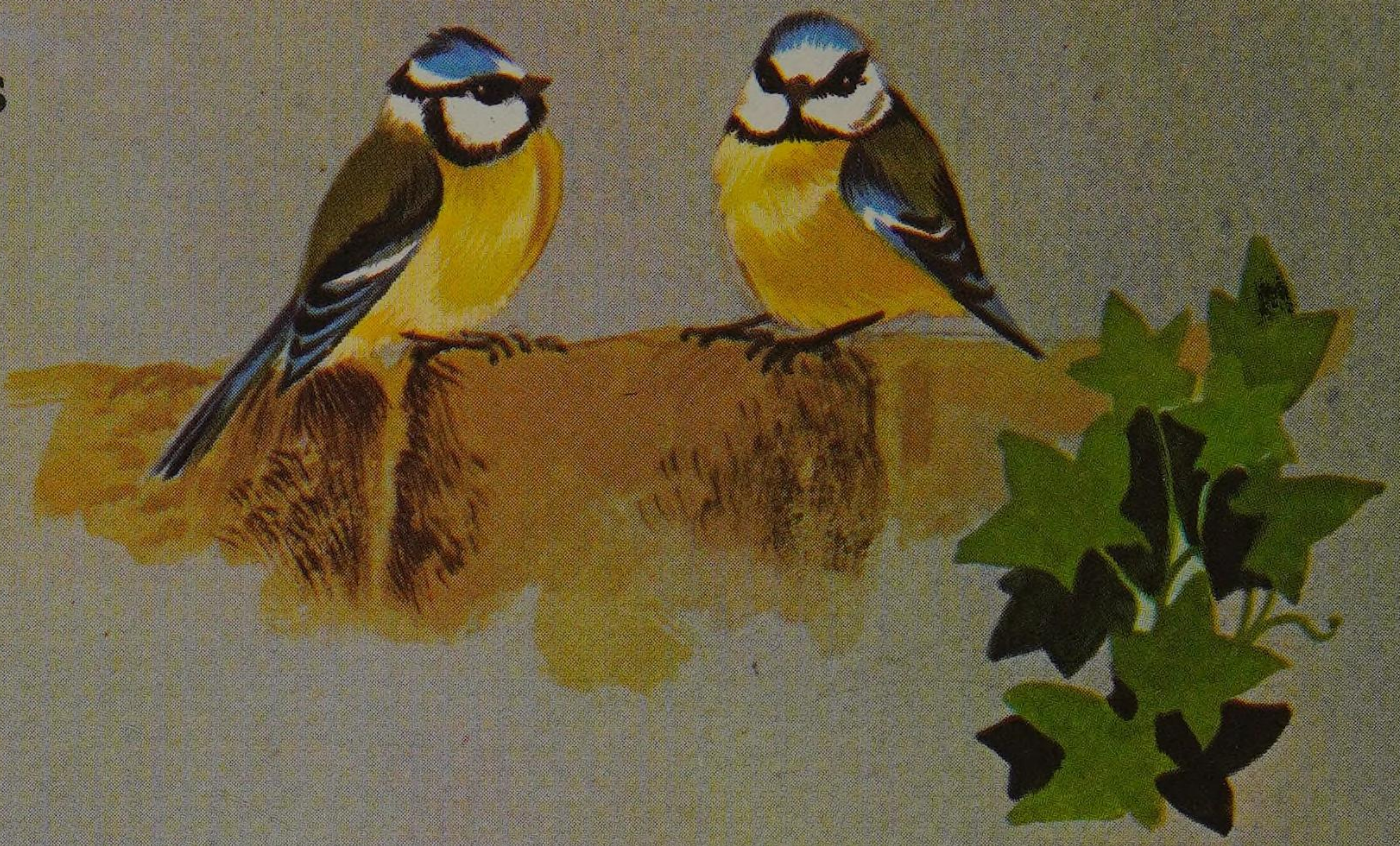
They were liquid-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A NICK and a nock,
A hen and a cock,
And a penny for my master.

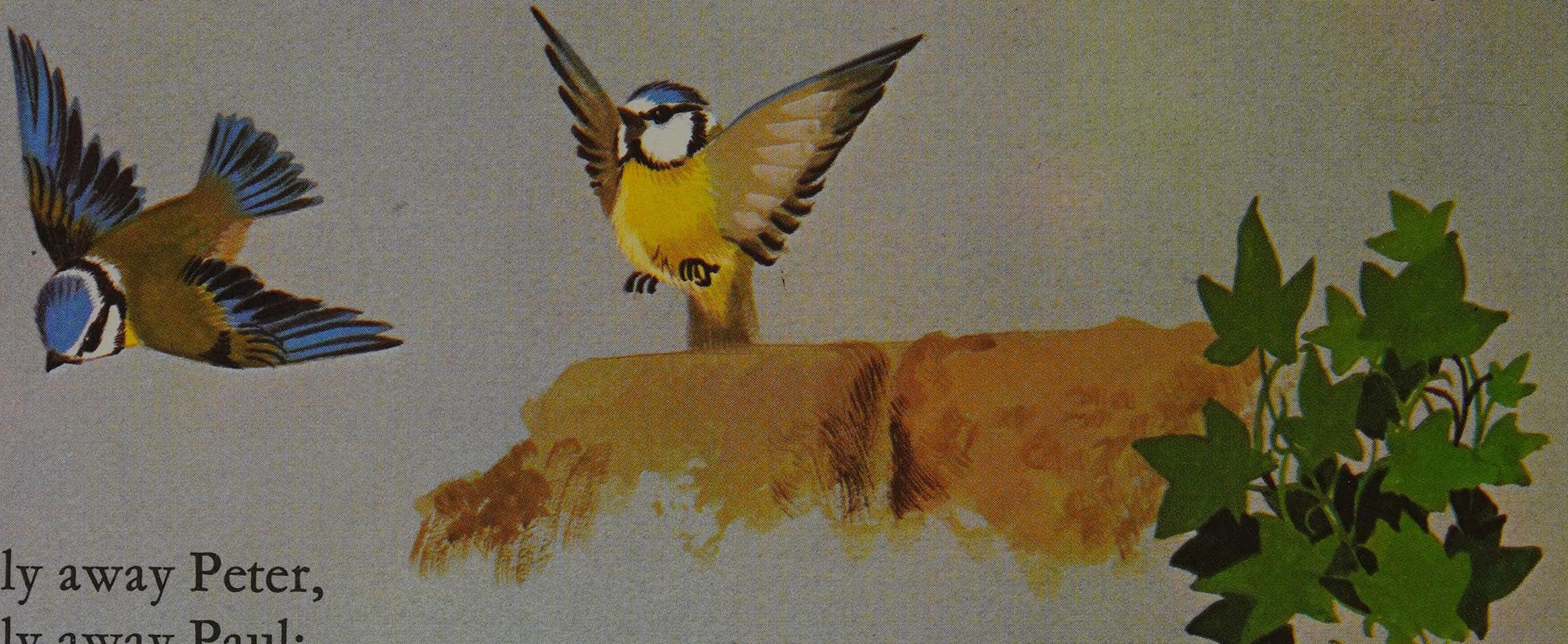


PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

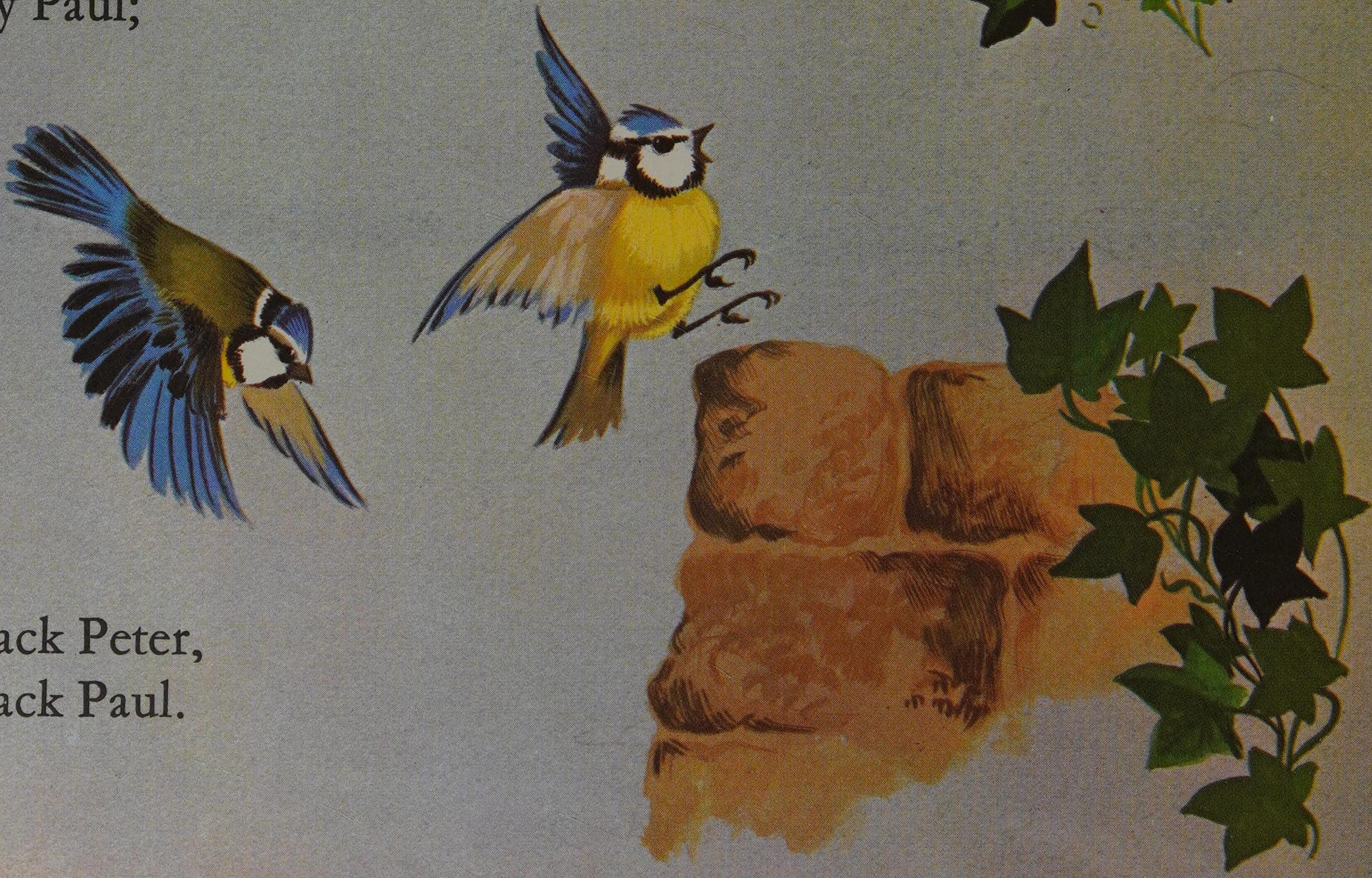
TWO little dicky birds
Sat upon a wall,



One called Peter
One called Paul.

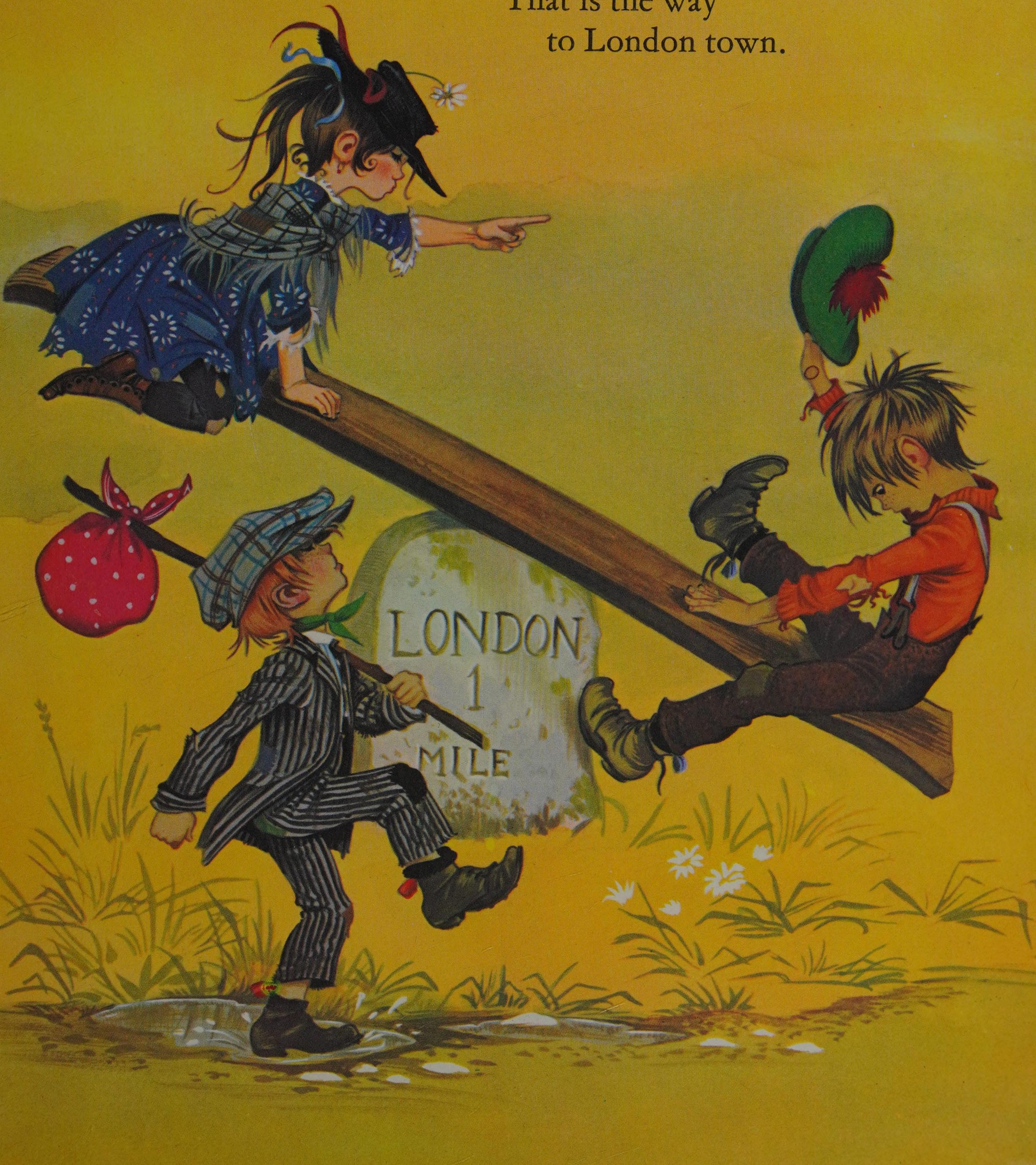


Fly away Peter,
Fly away Paul;

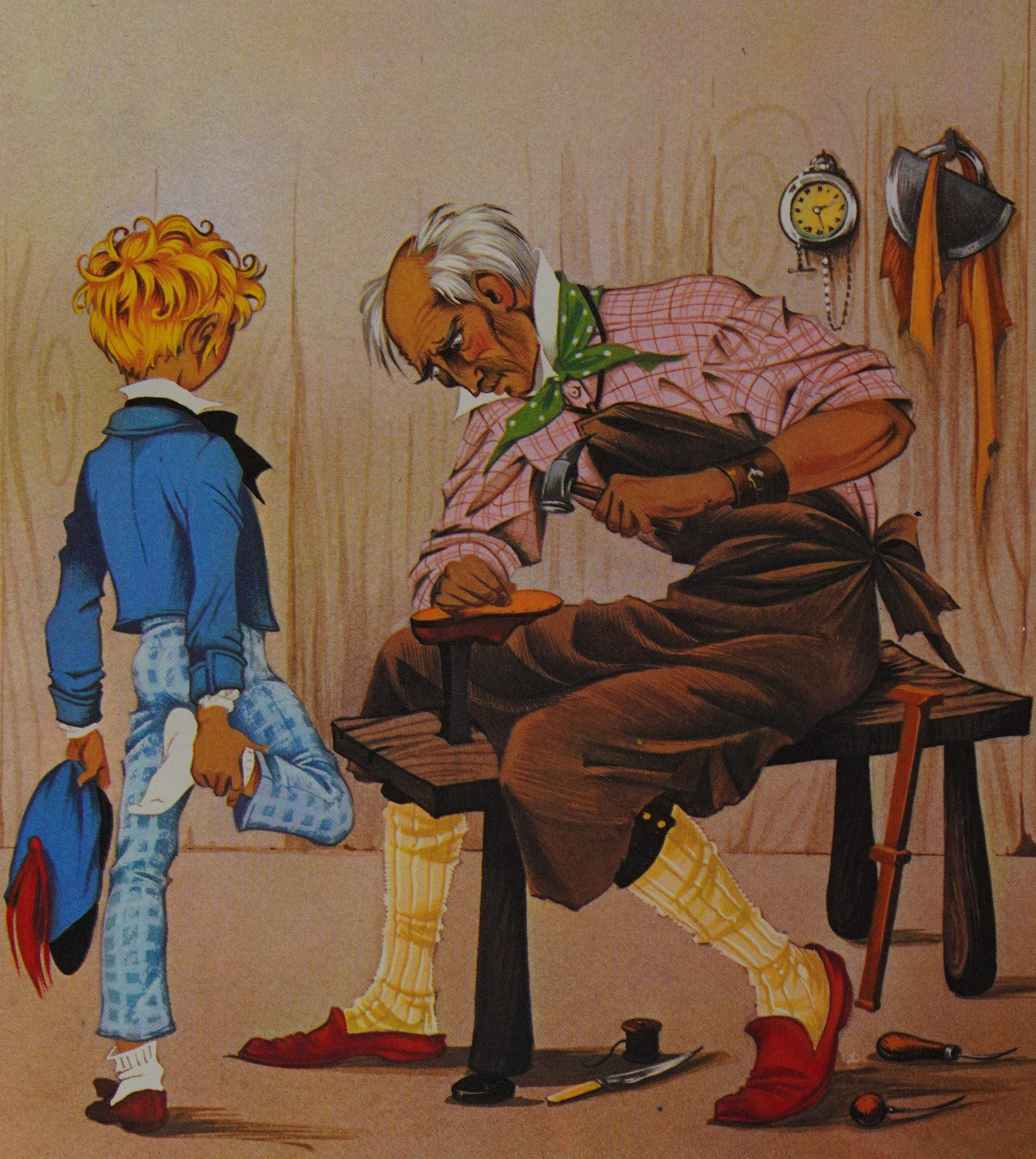


Come back Peter,
Come back Paul.

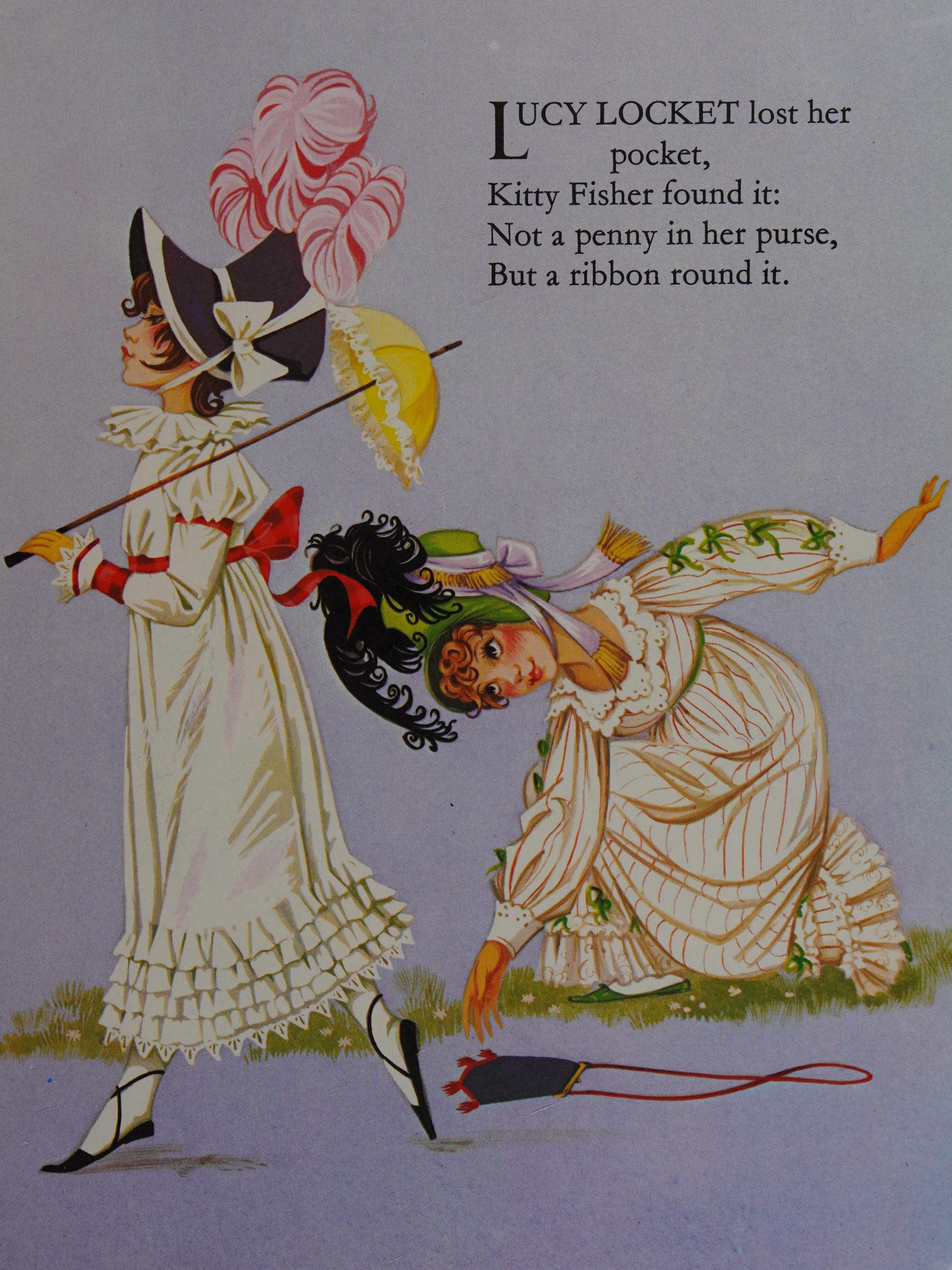
SEE-SAW, scaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, and the other foot down,
That is the way
to London town.


LONDON
1
MILE

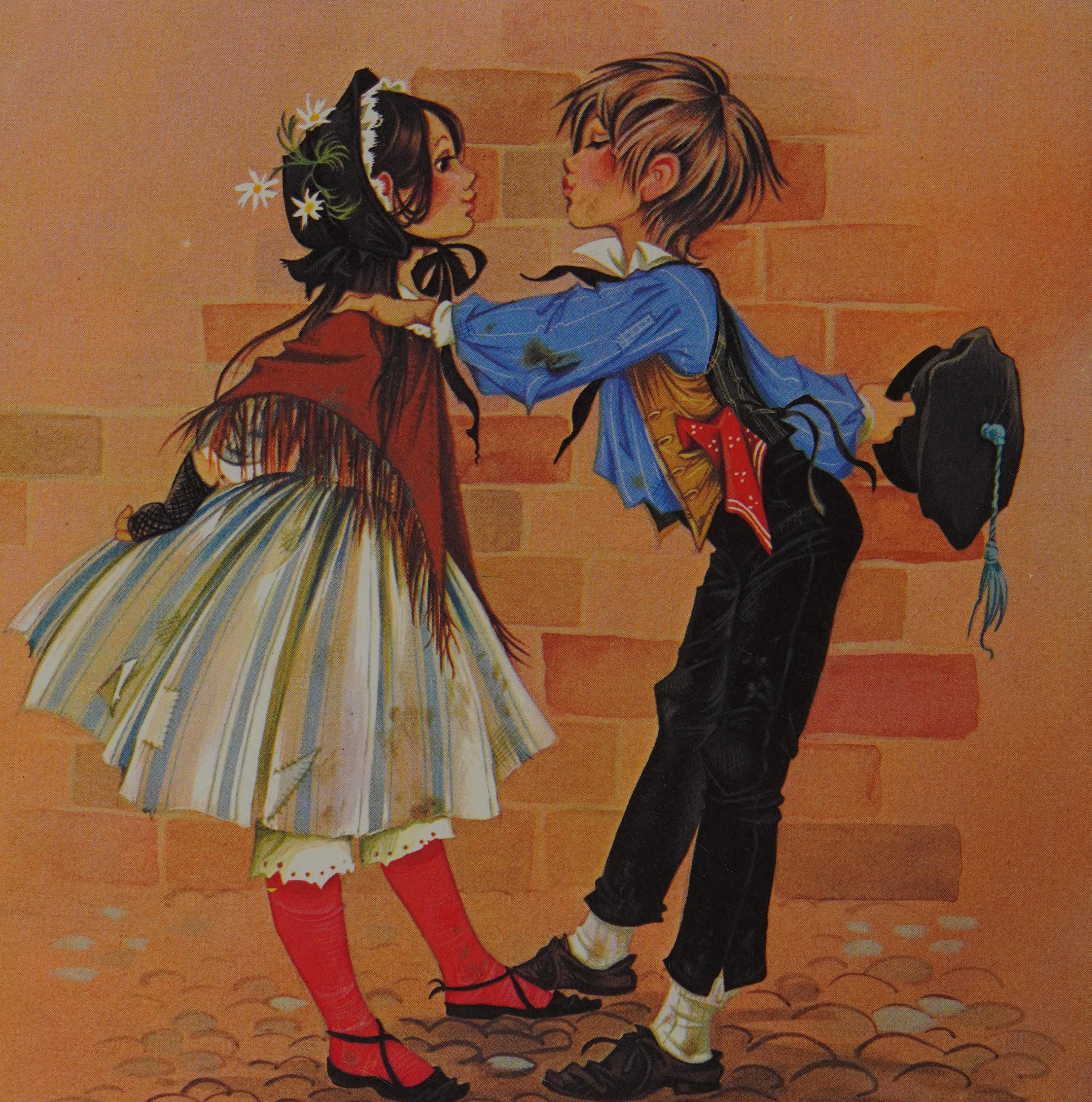
COBBLER, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Get it done by half-past two;
Stitch it up, and stitch it down,
And then I'll give you half a crown.



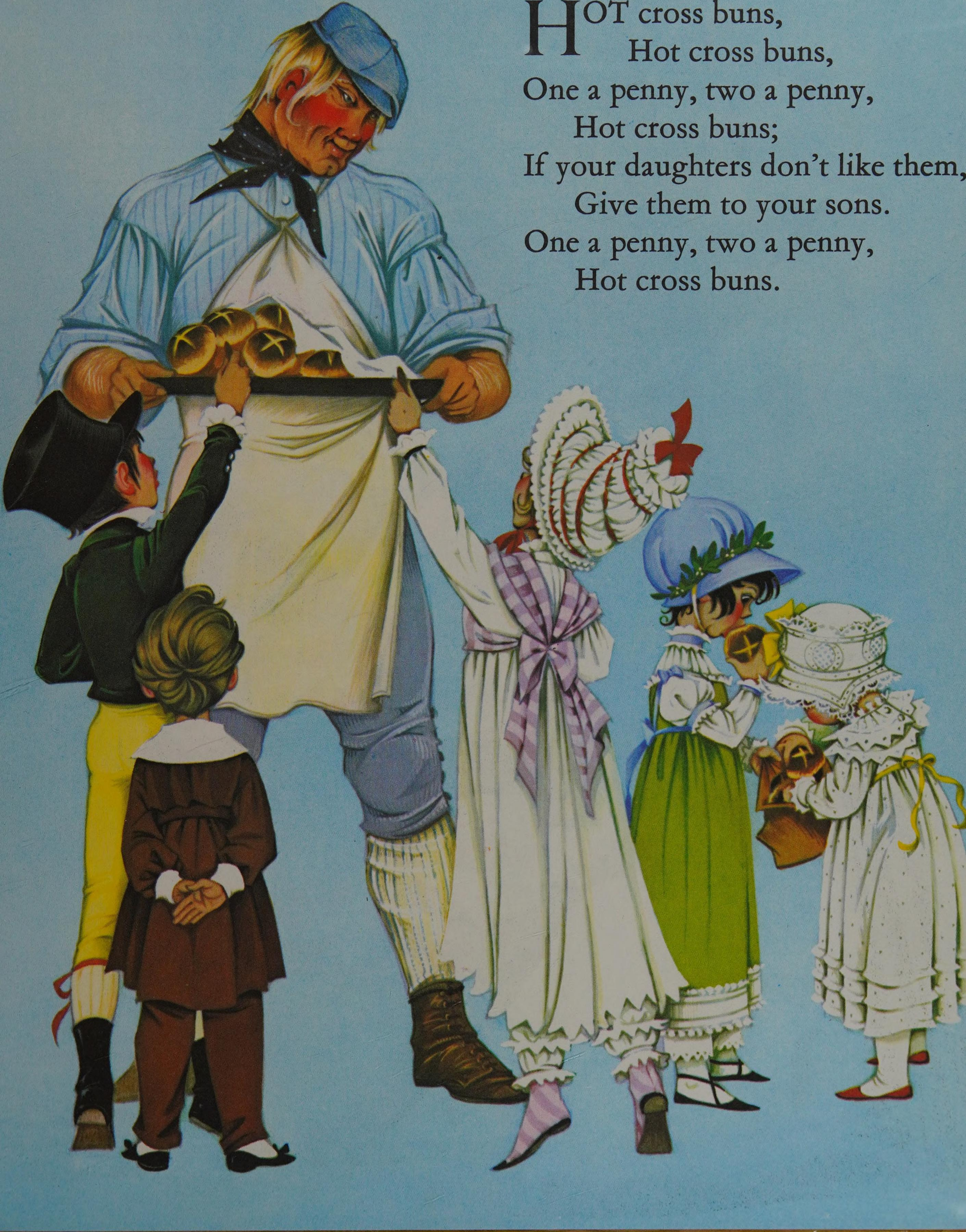
LUCY LOCKET lost her
pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it:
Not a penny in her purse,
But a ribbon round it.



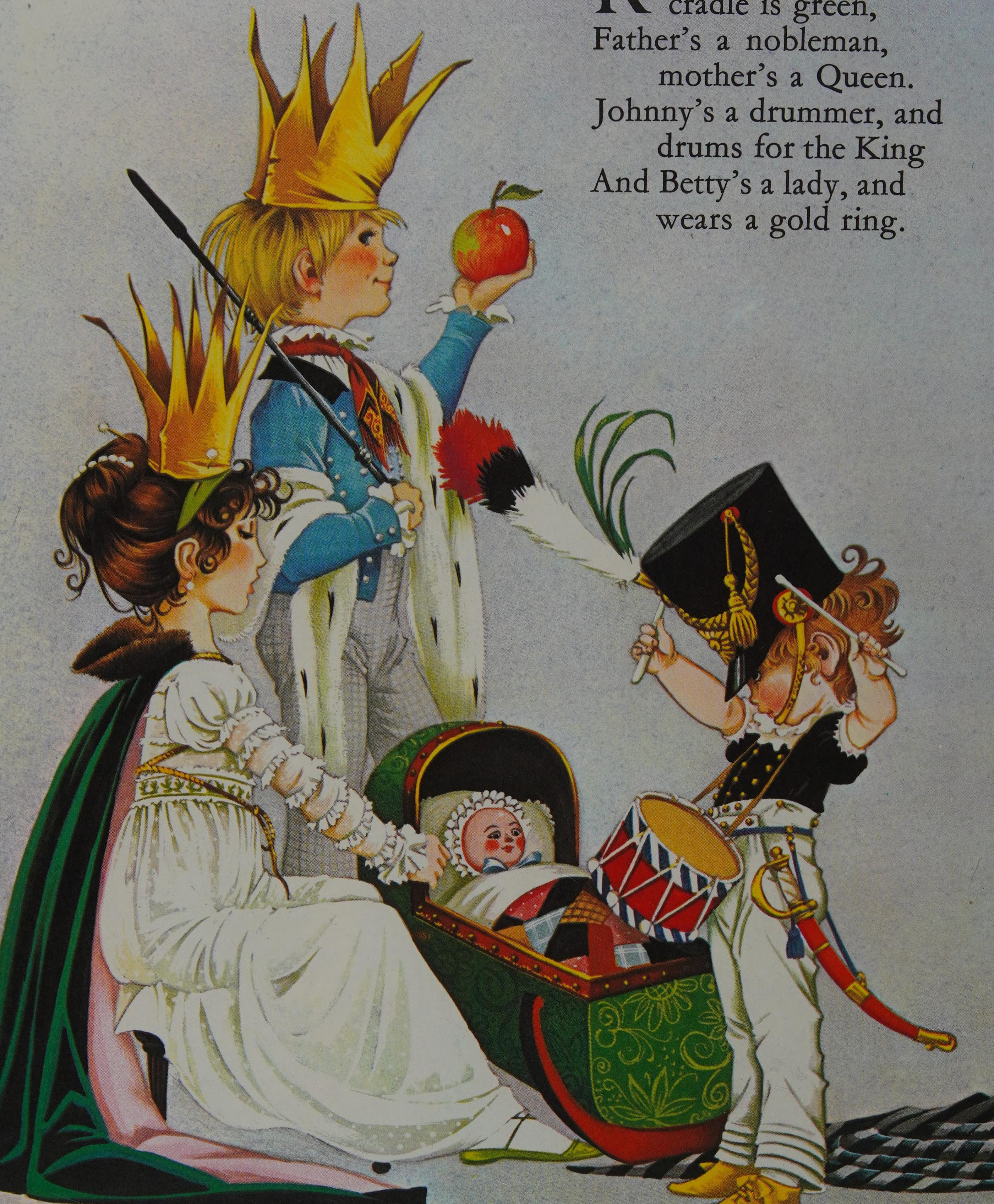
THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in our alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh, shall I?"
Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you!"

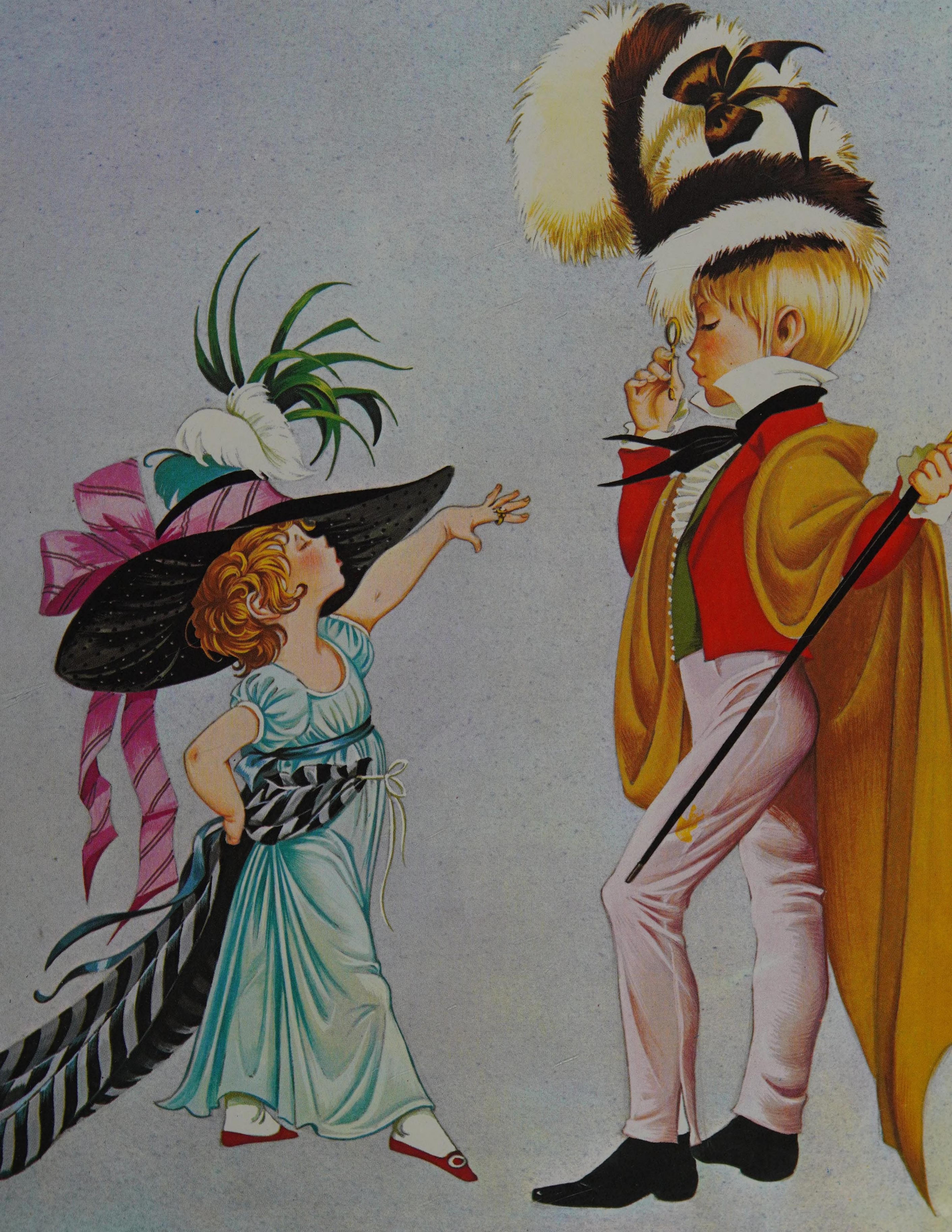


HOT cross buns,
Hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns;
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.



ROCK-A-BYE baby, thy
cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
mother's a Queen.
Johnny's a drummer, and
drums for the King
And Betty's a lady, and
wears a gold ring.

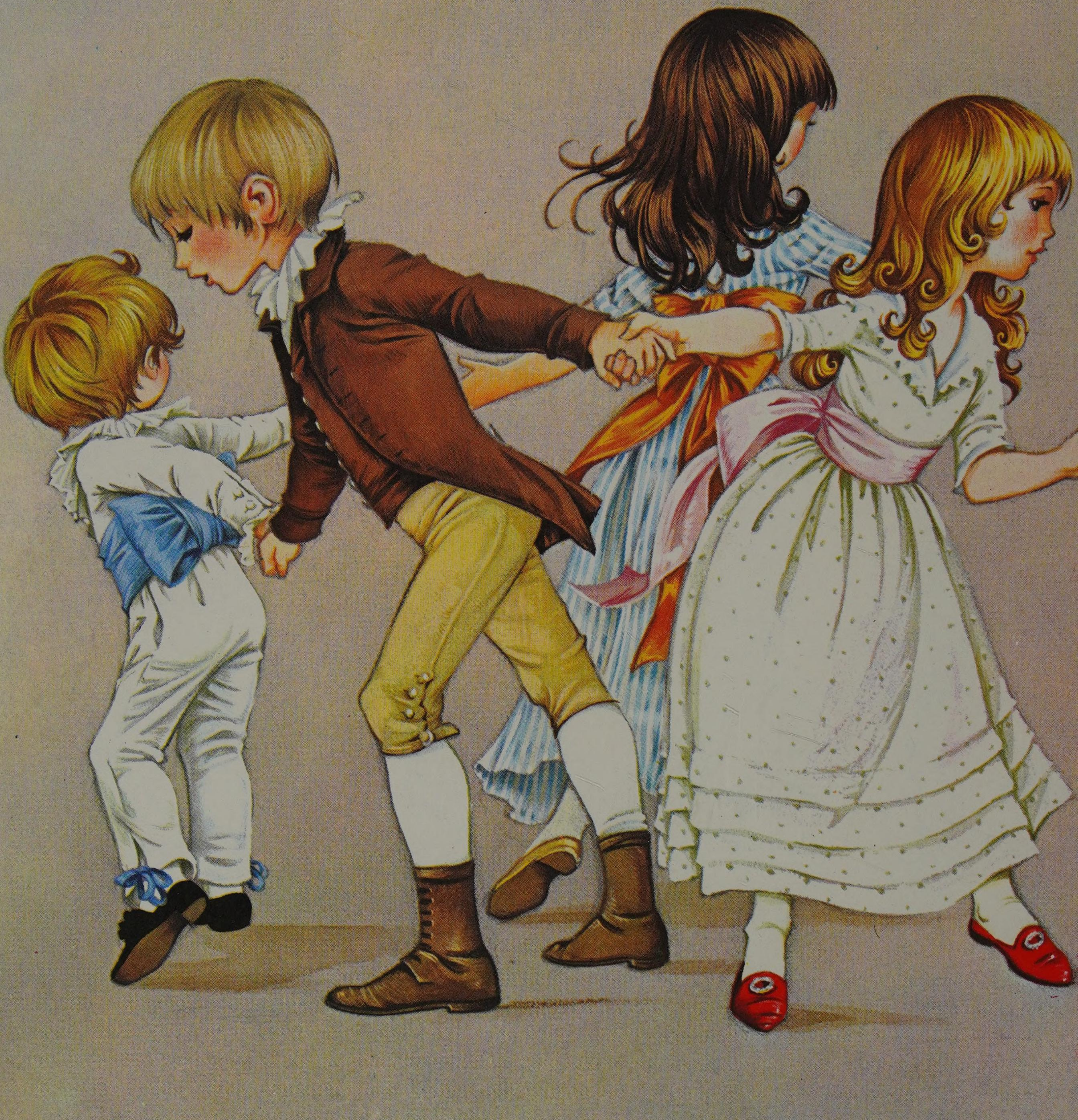




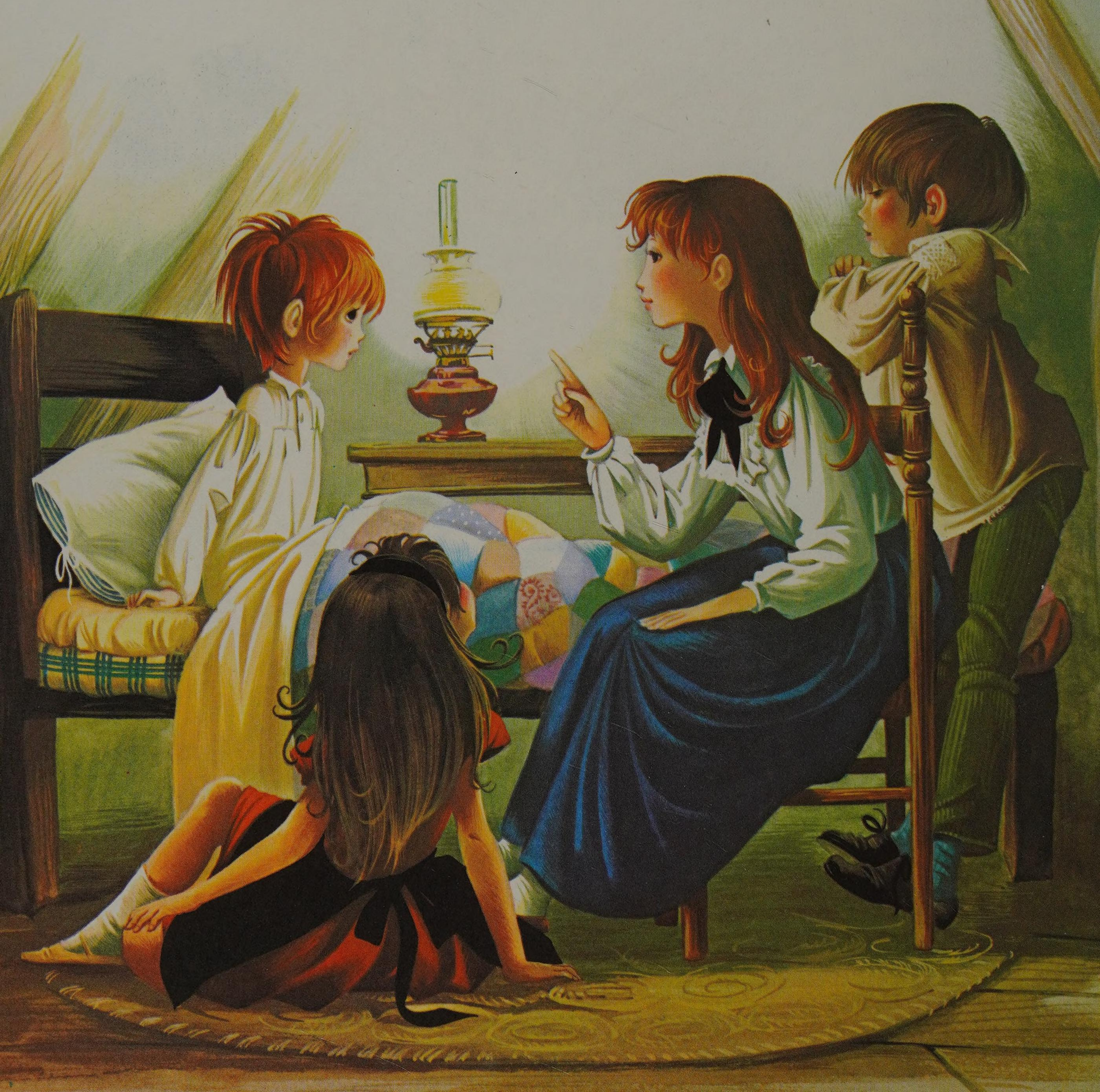
PUNCH and Judy
  Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A knock in the eye.

A WISE owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he
spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that wise
old bird?

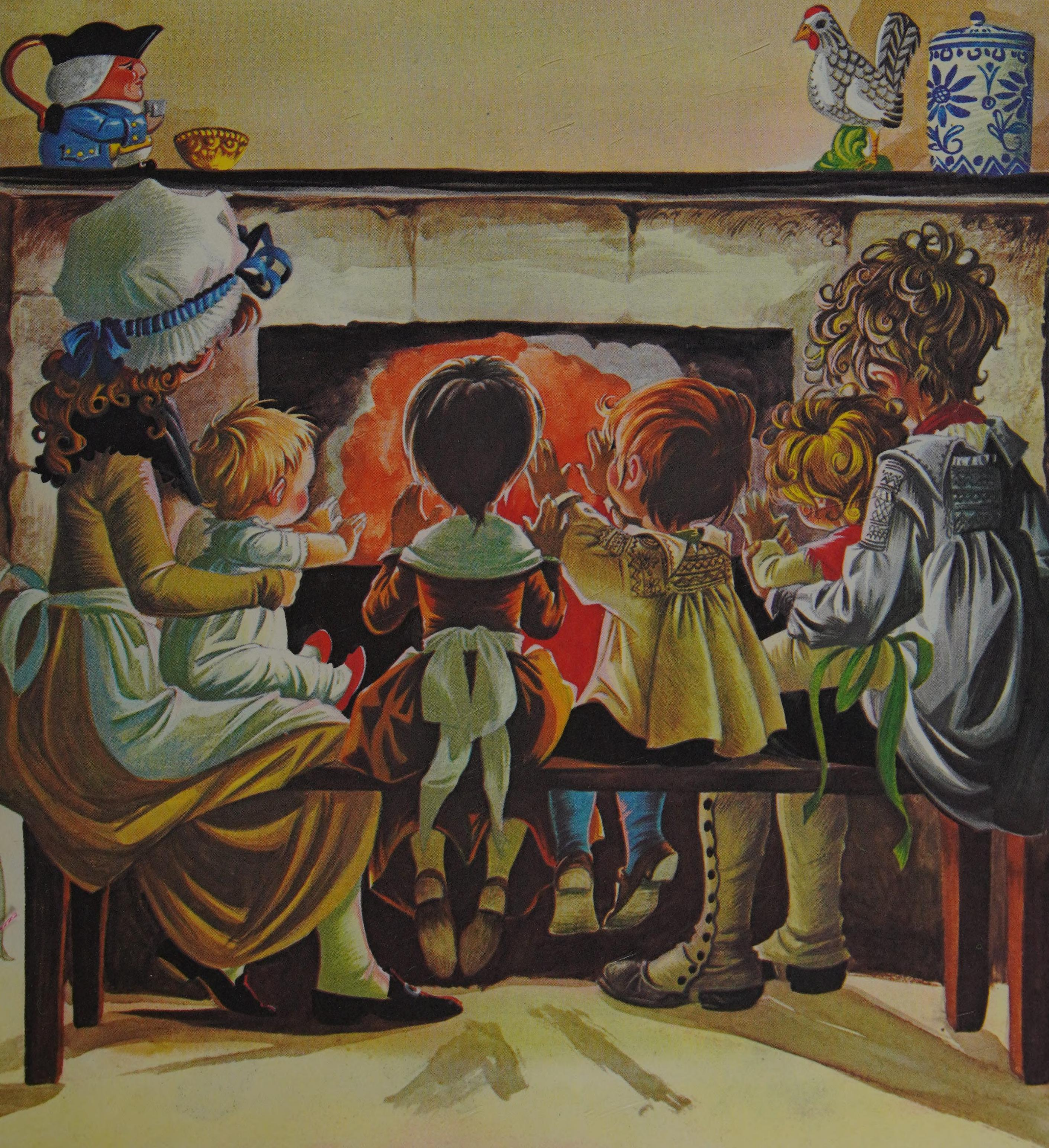
RING-A-RING o' roses,
A pocket full of posies,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down.



I'LL tell you a story of Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another of Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.



WARM hands, warm the men are gone
to plough.
If you want to warm your hands, warm your
hands now.



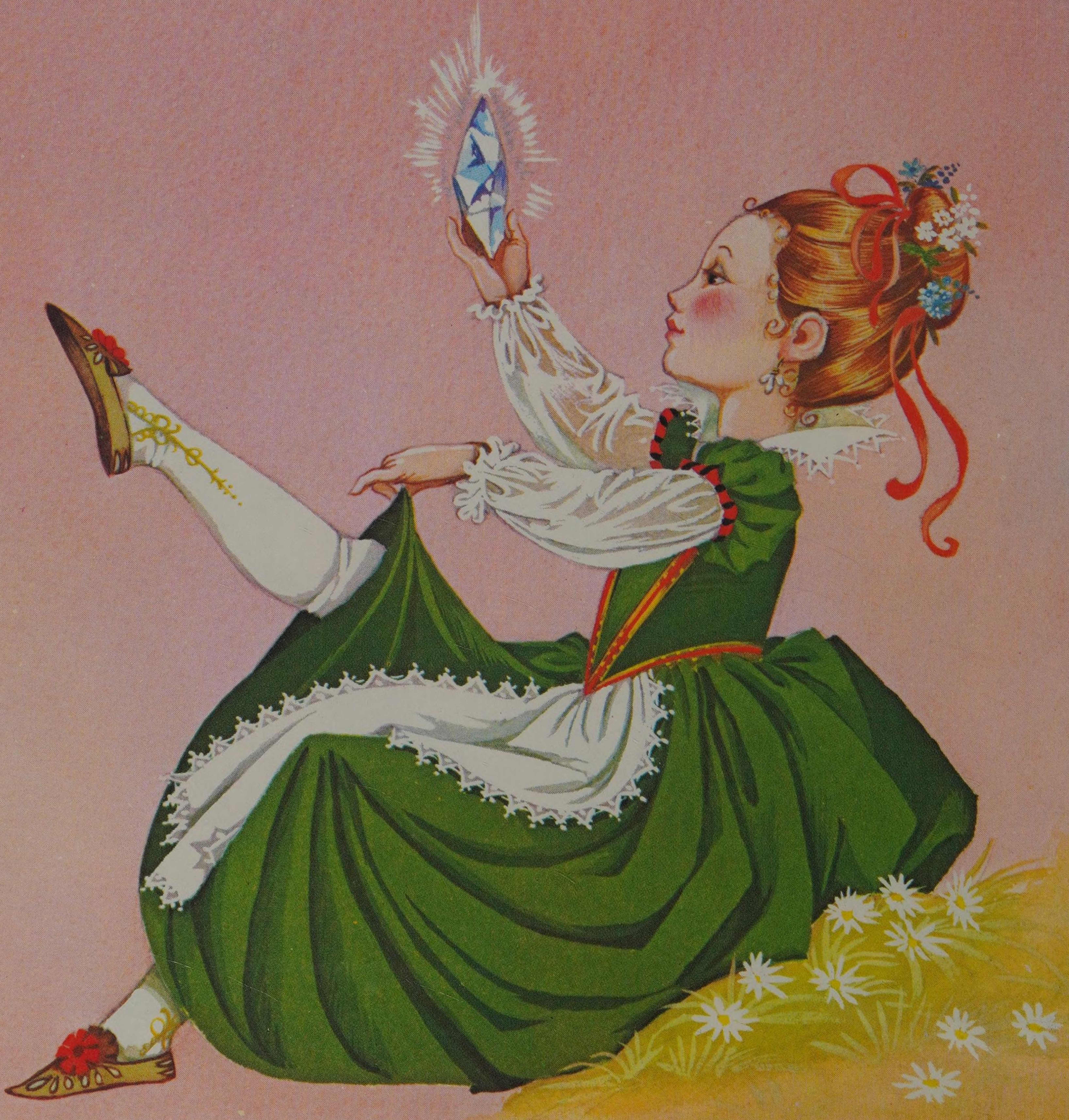
GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Come with a whoop and come with a call;
Come with a good will or not at all.

Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all;
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

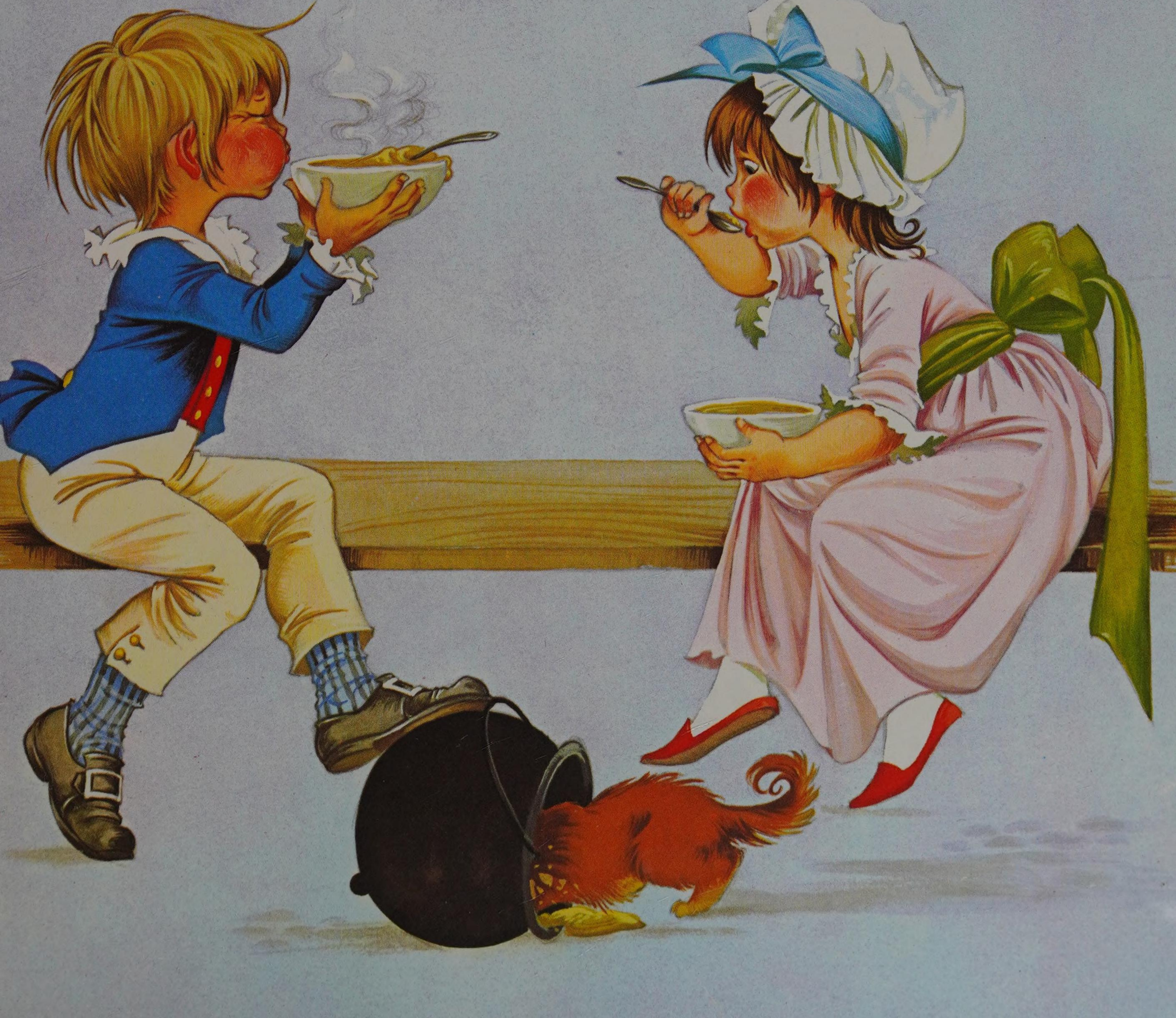
FLC
FINEST FLOUR

"PRETTY maid, pretty maid,
Where have you been?"
"Gathering a posie
To give to the Queen."

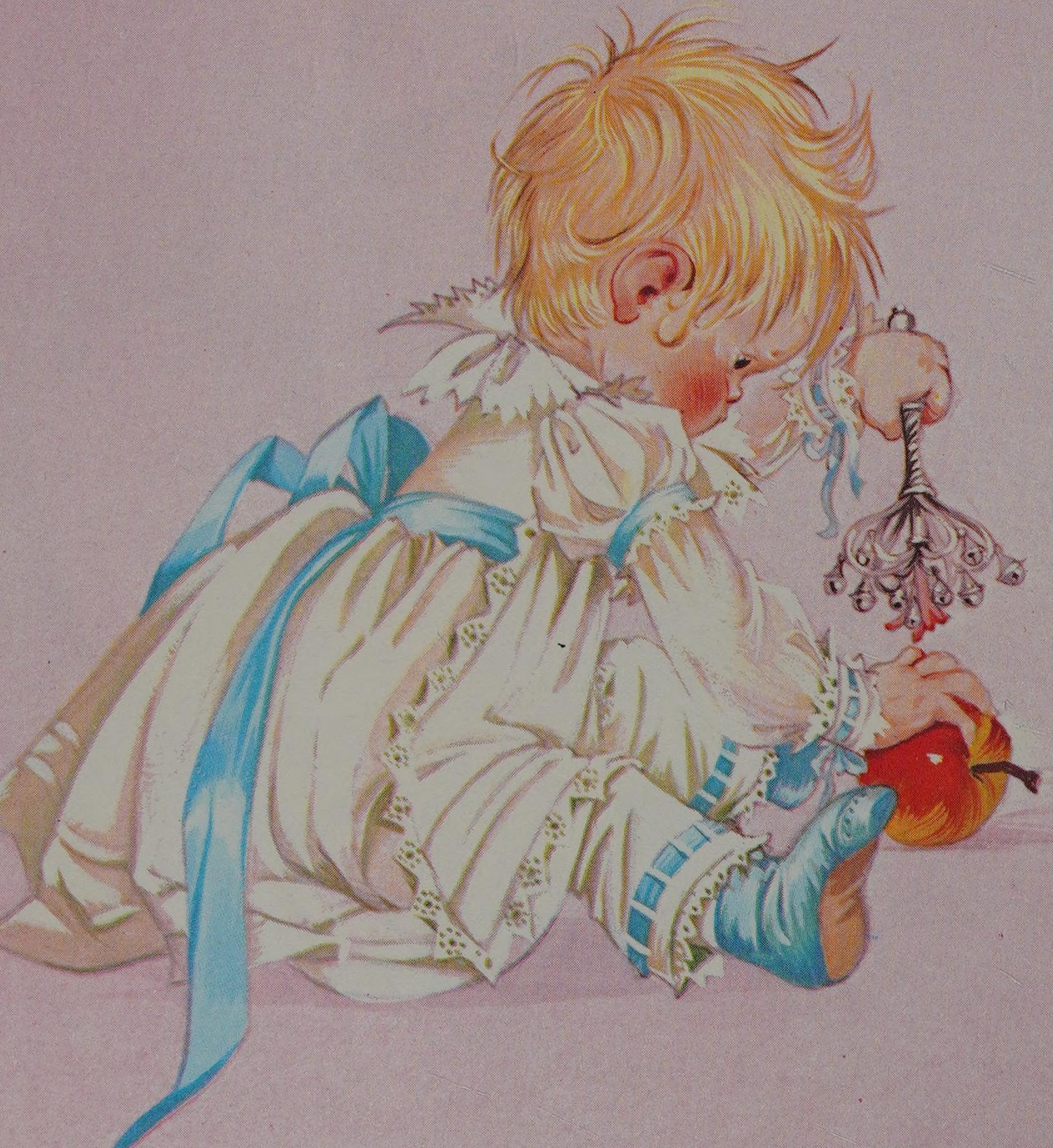
"Pretty maid, pretty maid,
What gave she you?"
"She gave me a diamond
As big as my shoe."



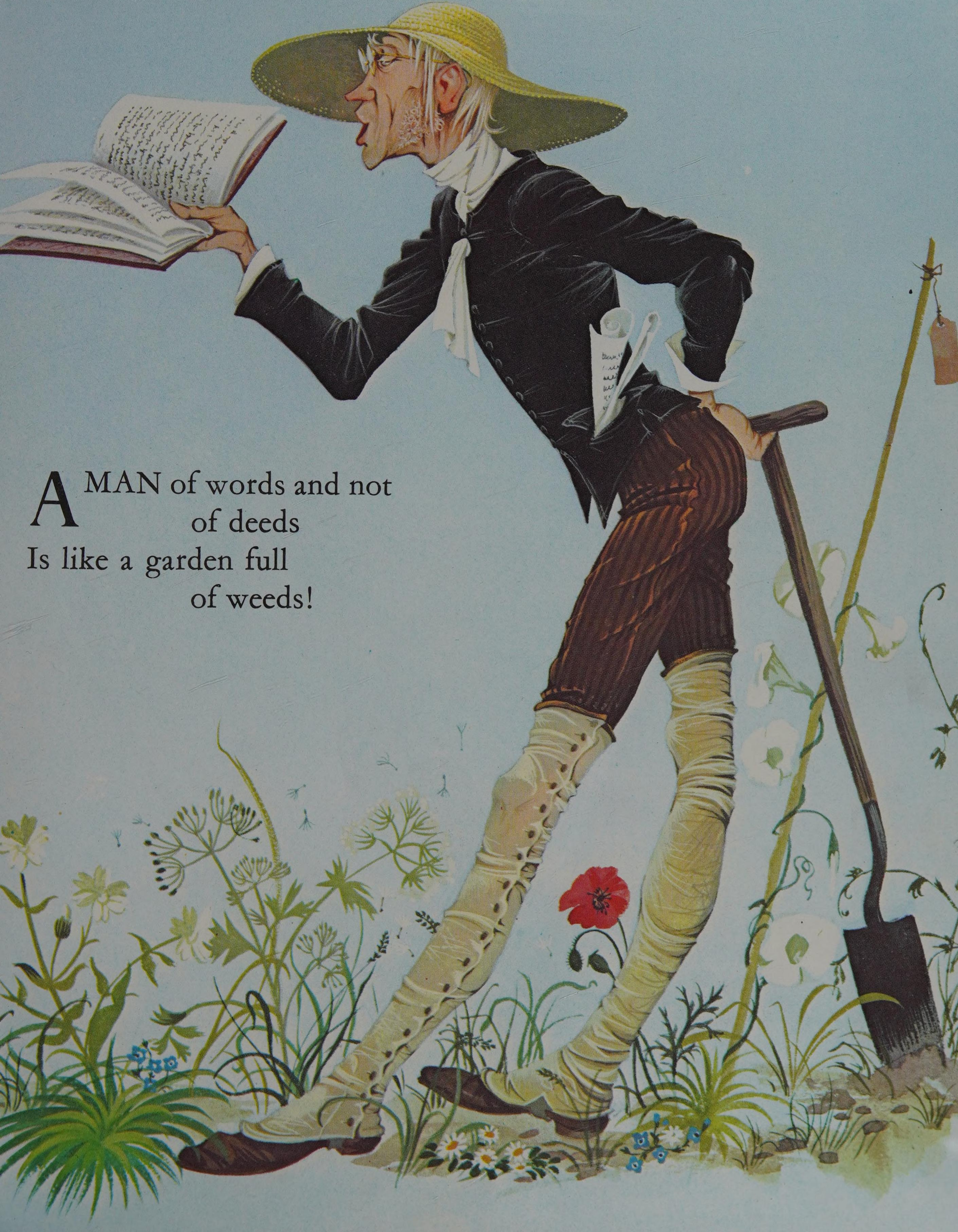
PEASE pudding hot, pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.



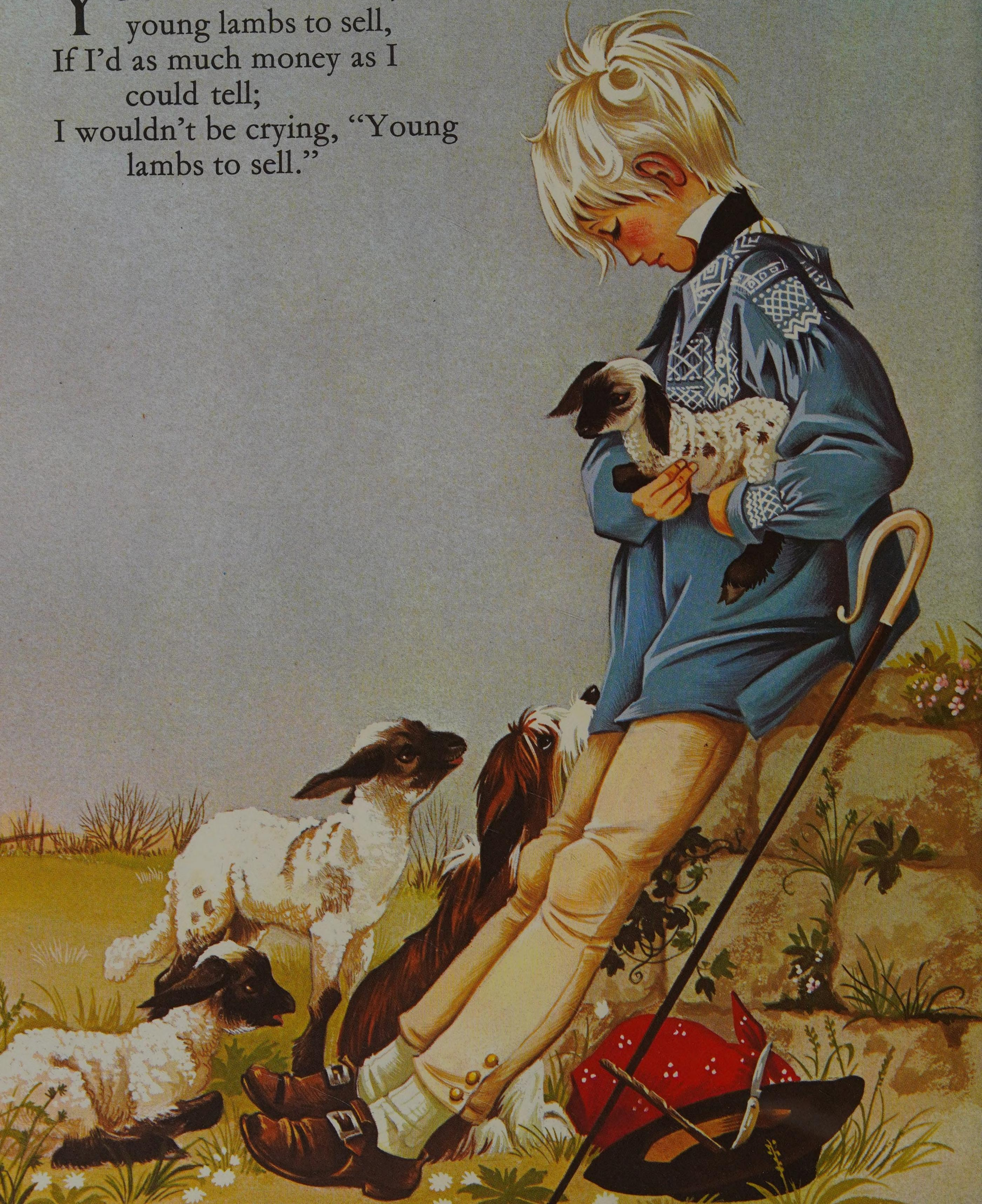
BABY shall have an apple,
Baby shall have a plum,
Baby shall have a rattle,
When Daddy comes home.

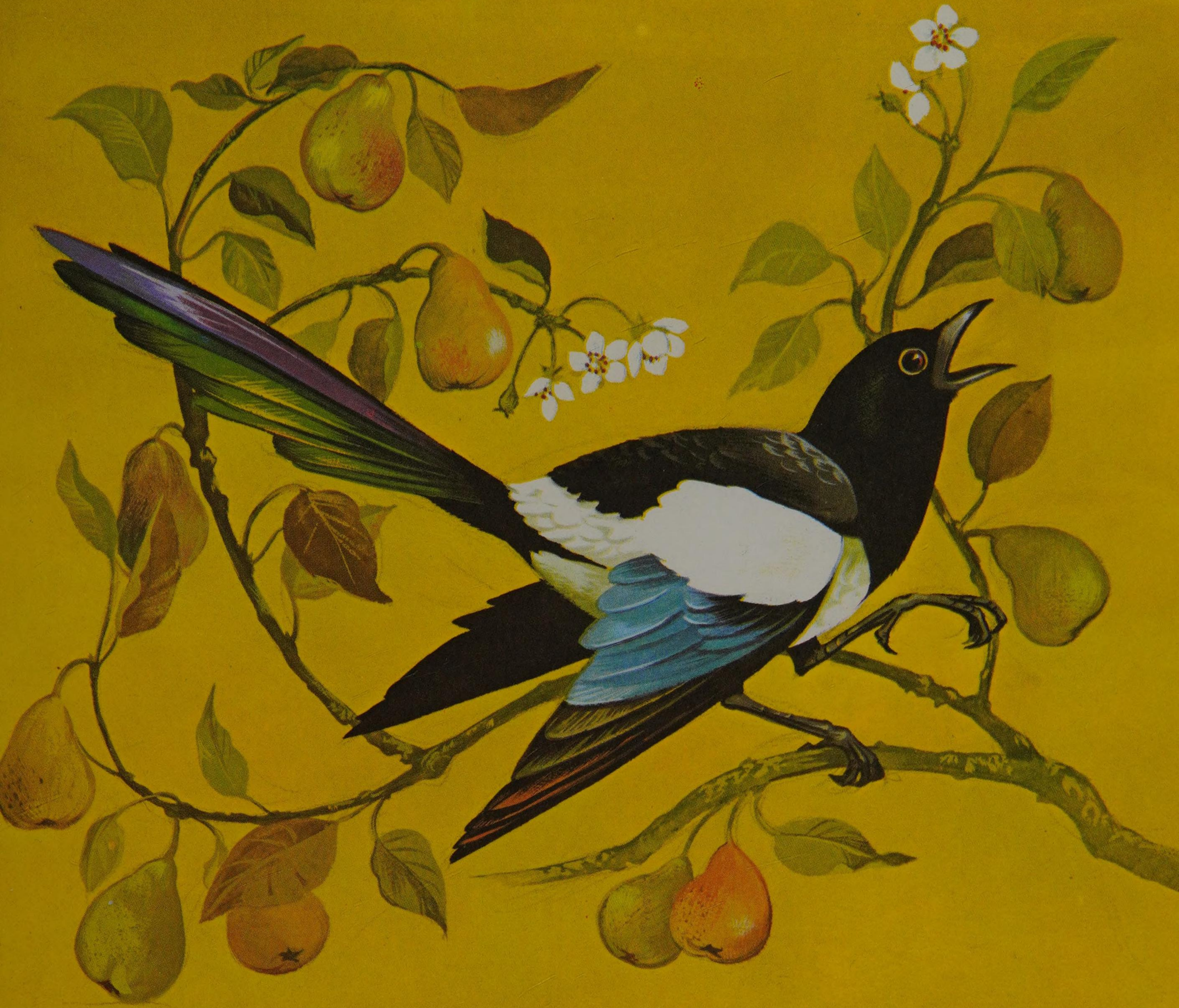


A MAN of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds!



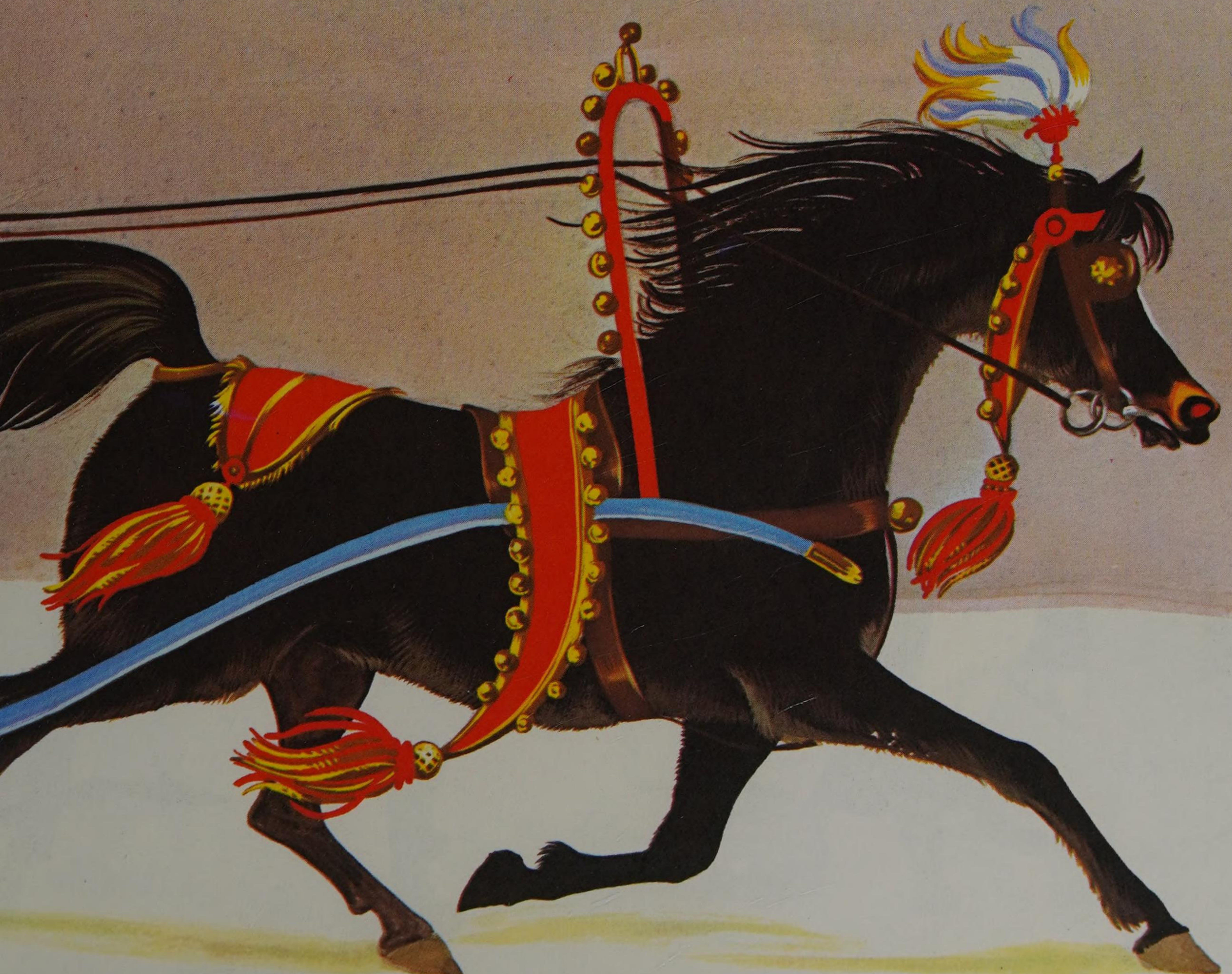
YOUNG lambs to sell,
young lambs to sell,
If I'd as much money as I
could tell;
I wouldn't be crying, "Young
lambs to sell."



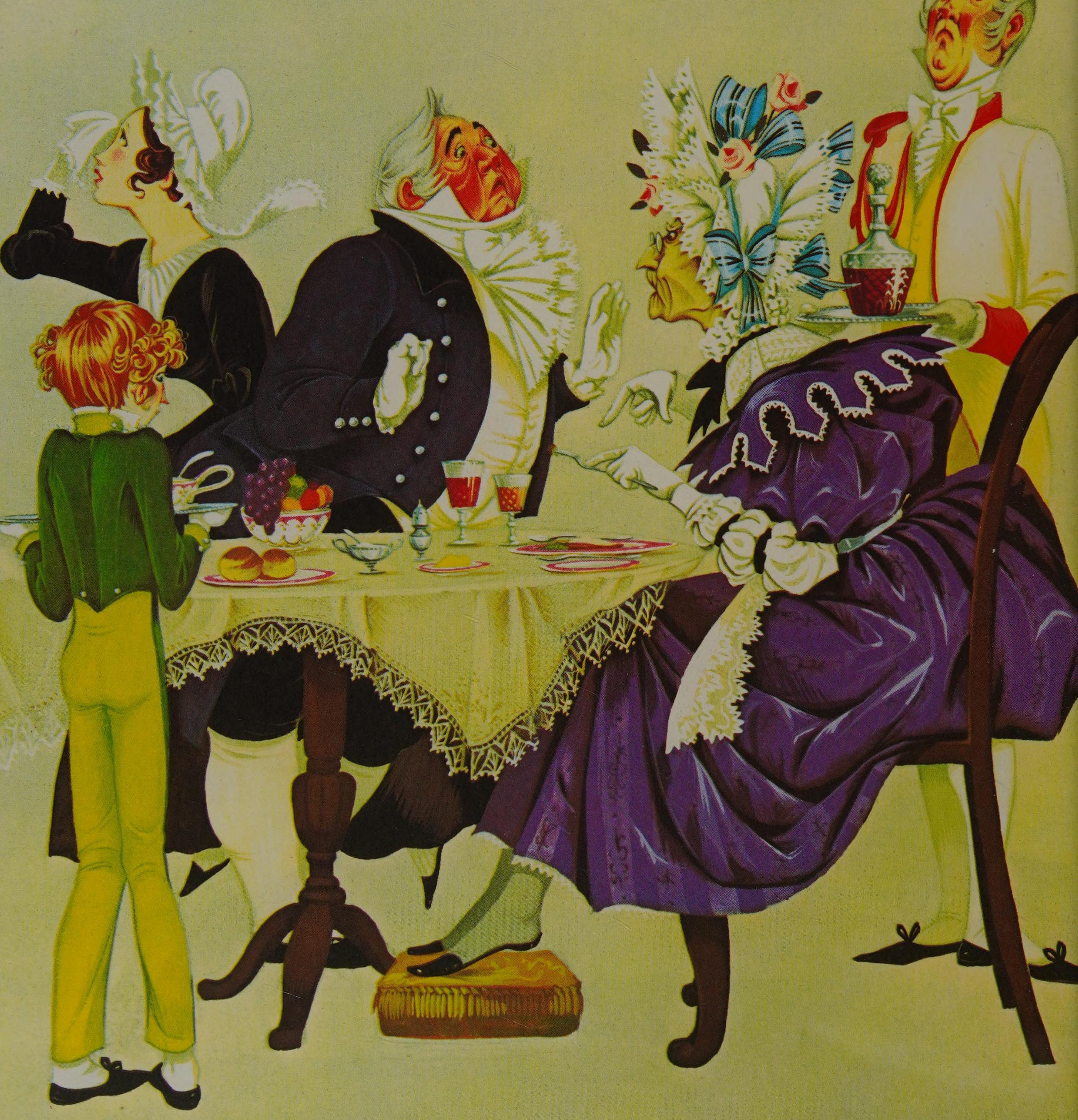


A PIE sat on a pear tree.
A pie sat on a pear tree.
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.
Once so merrily hopped she.
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.

JINGLE bells, Jingle bells
Jingle all the way.
O what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

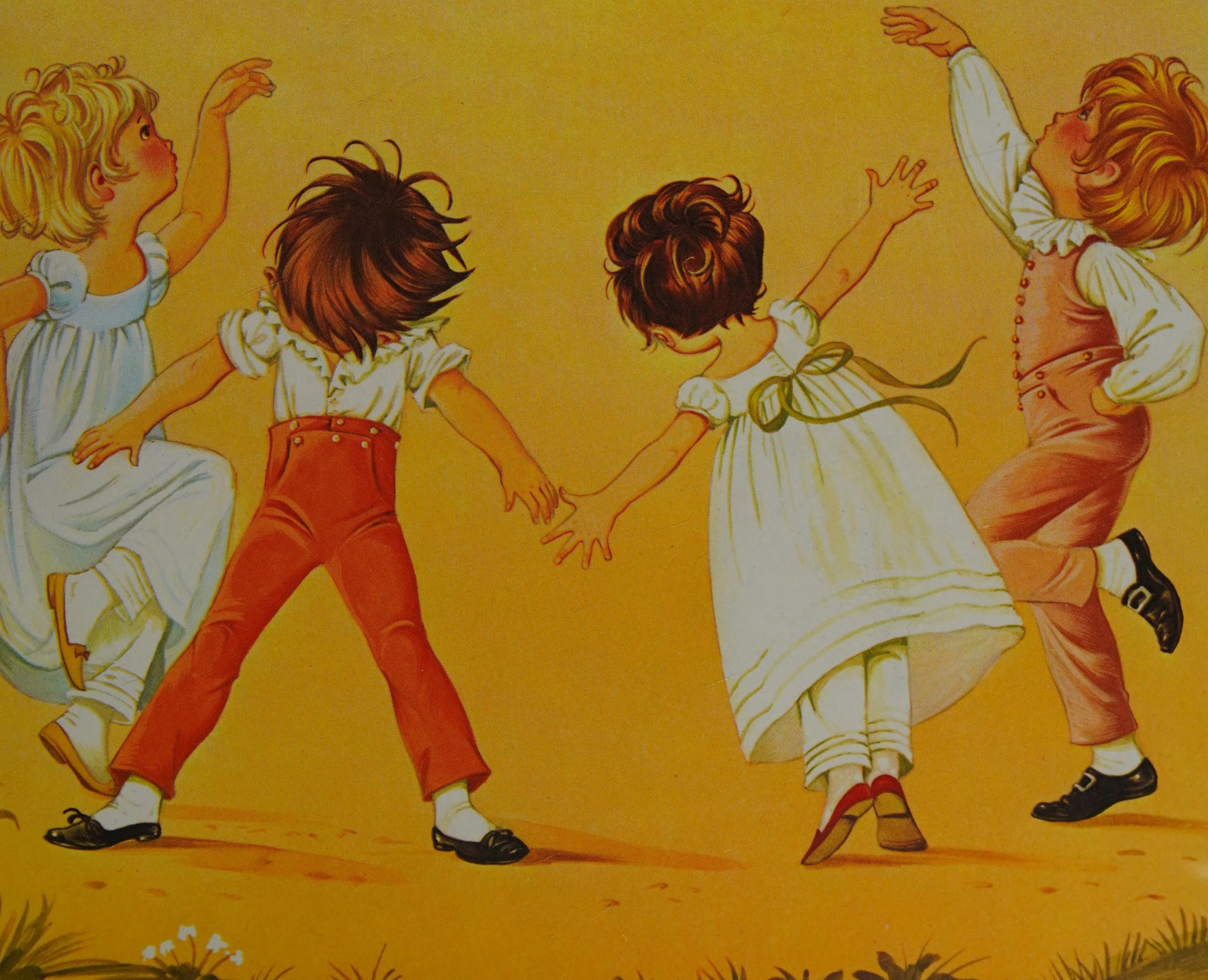


THERE was an old woman and what do
you think?
She lived on nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this plaguy old woman could never be quiet.

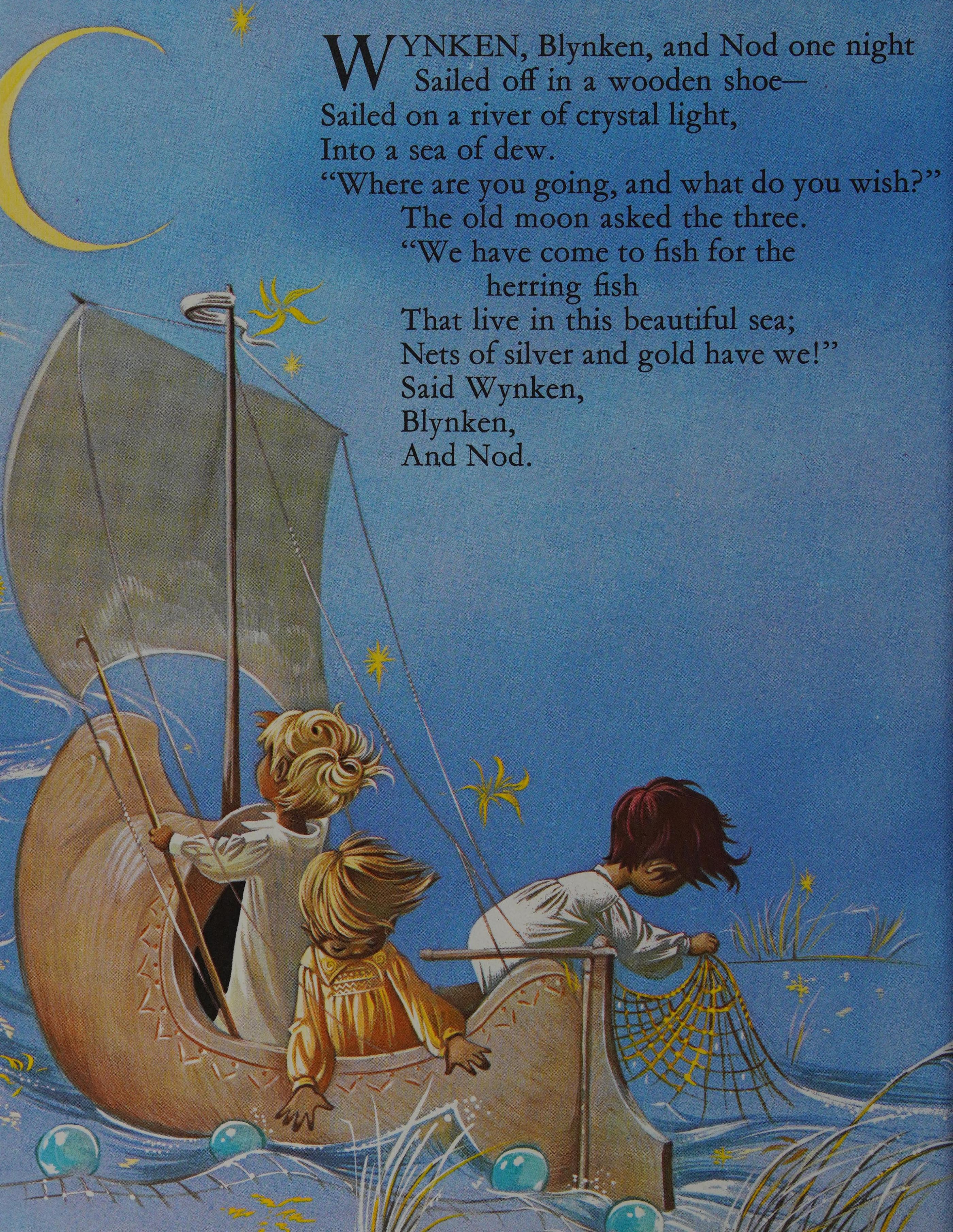


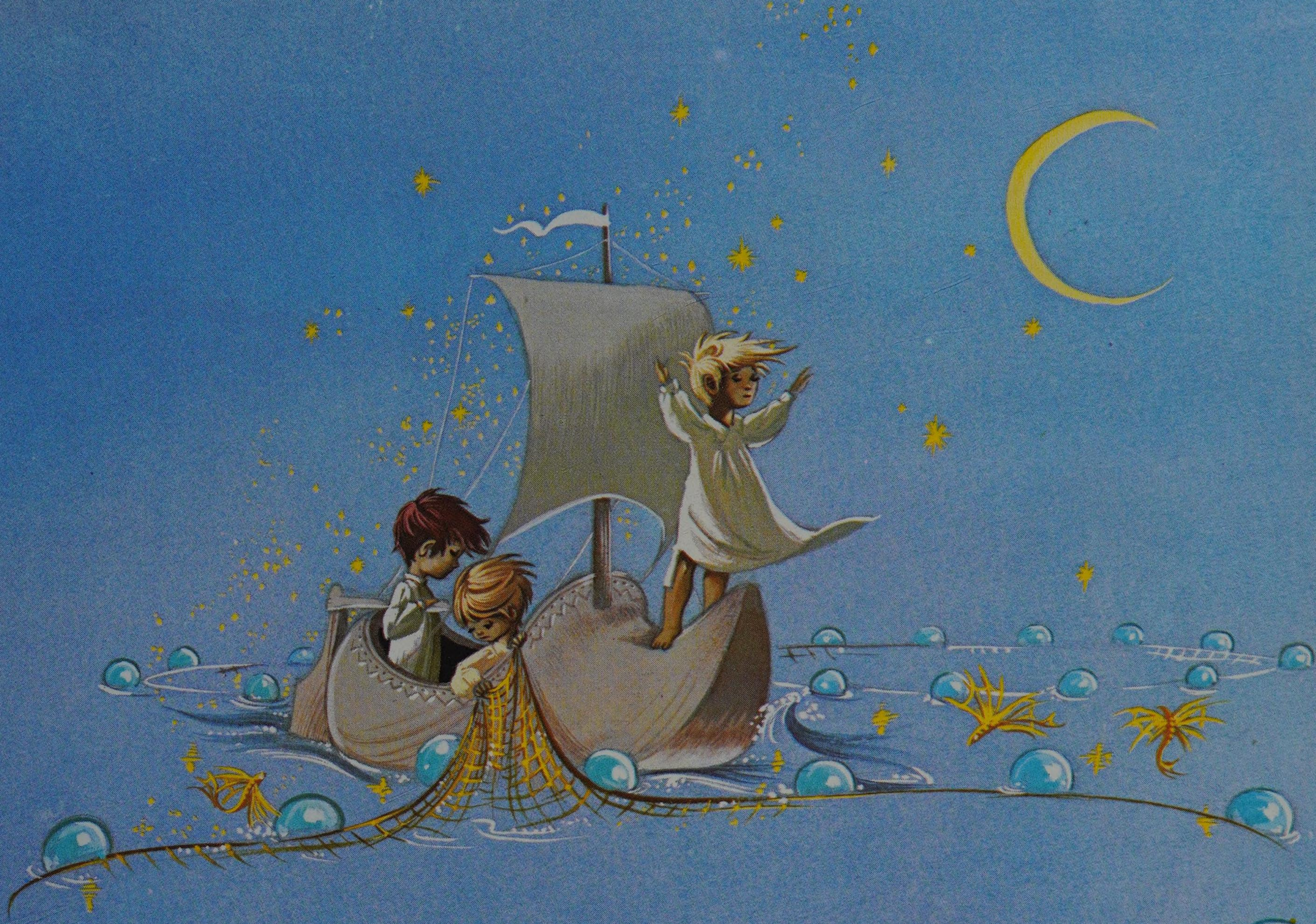
NOW we dance looby looby,
Now we dance looby light;
Now we dance looby, looby looby,
Now we dance looby yester-night.

Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your head a little,
And turn you round about.



WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the
herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

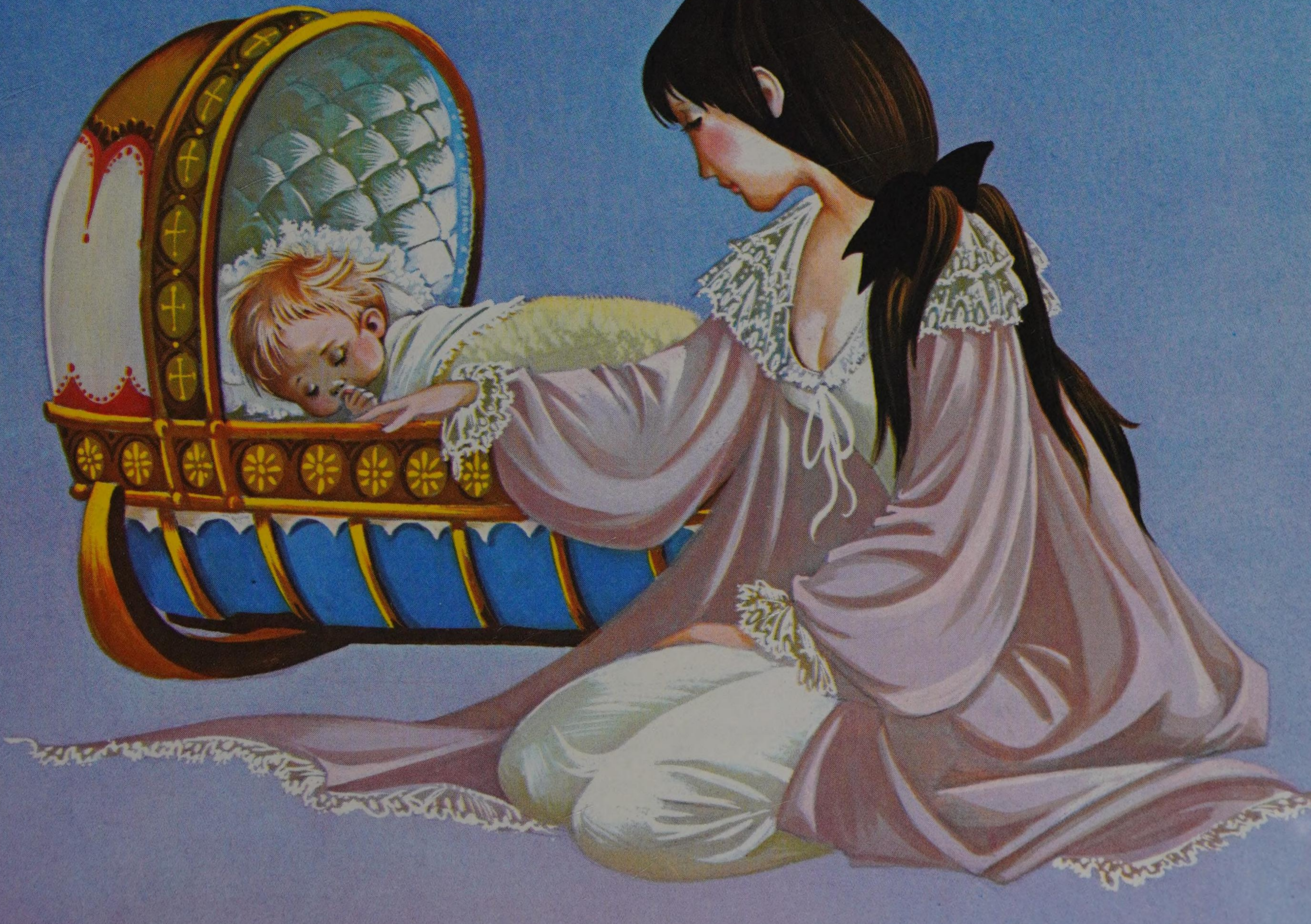




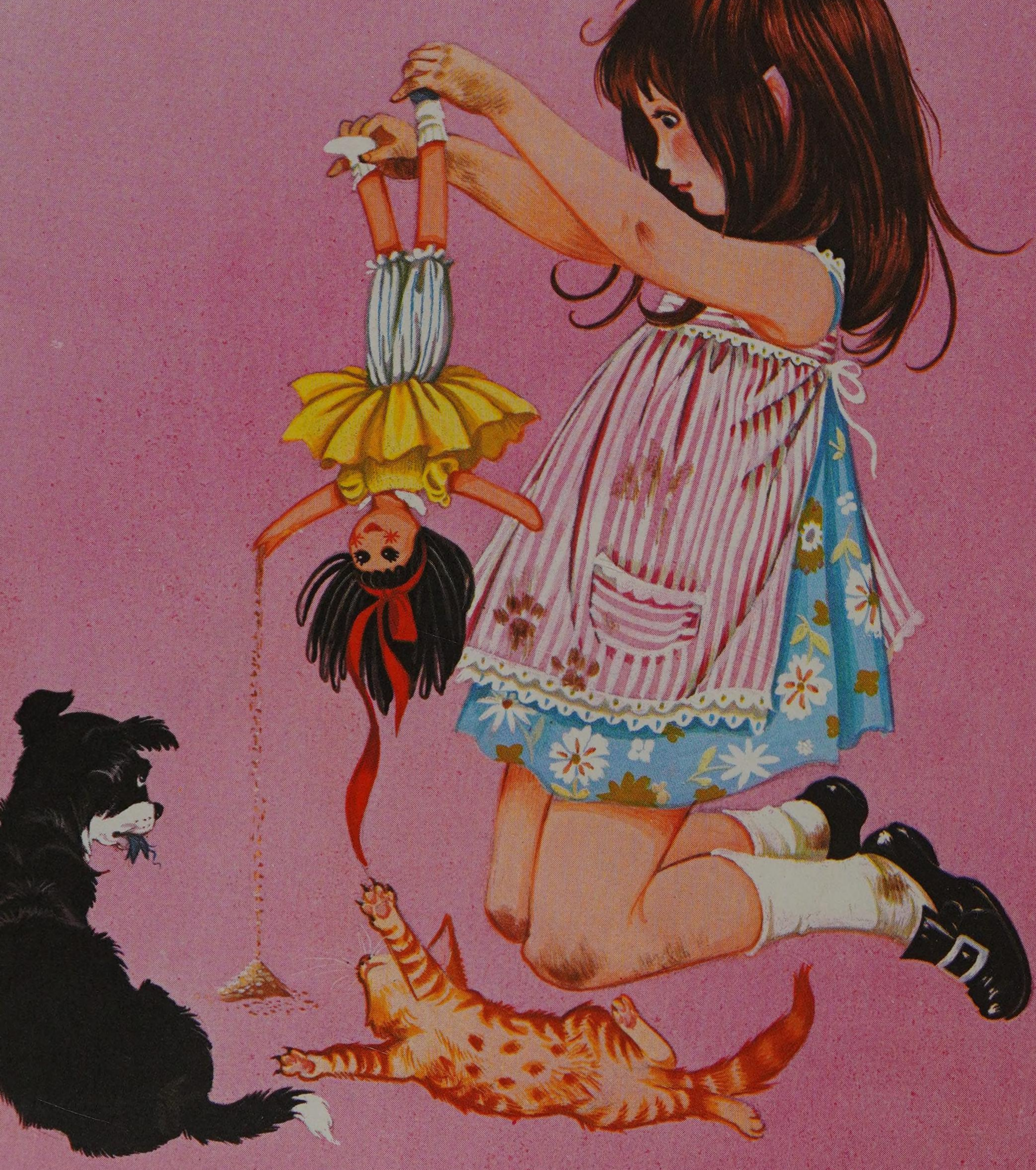
The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
’Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought ’twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.



DRIBBLE, dribble, trickle, trickle,
What a lot of sawdust.
My dolly's had an accident,
And lost a lot of sawdust.



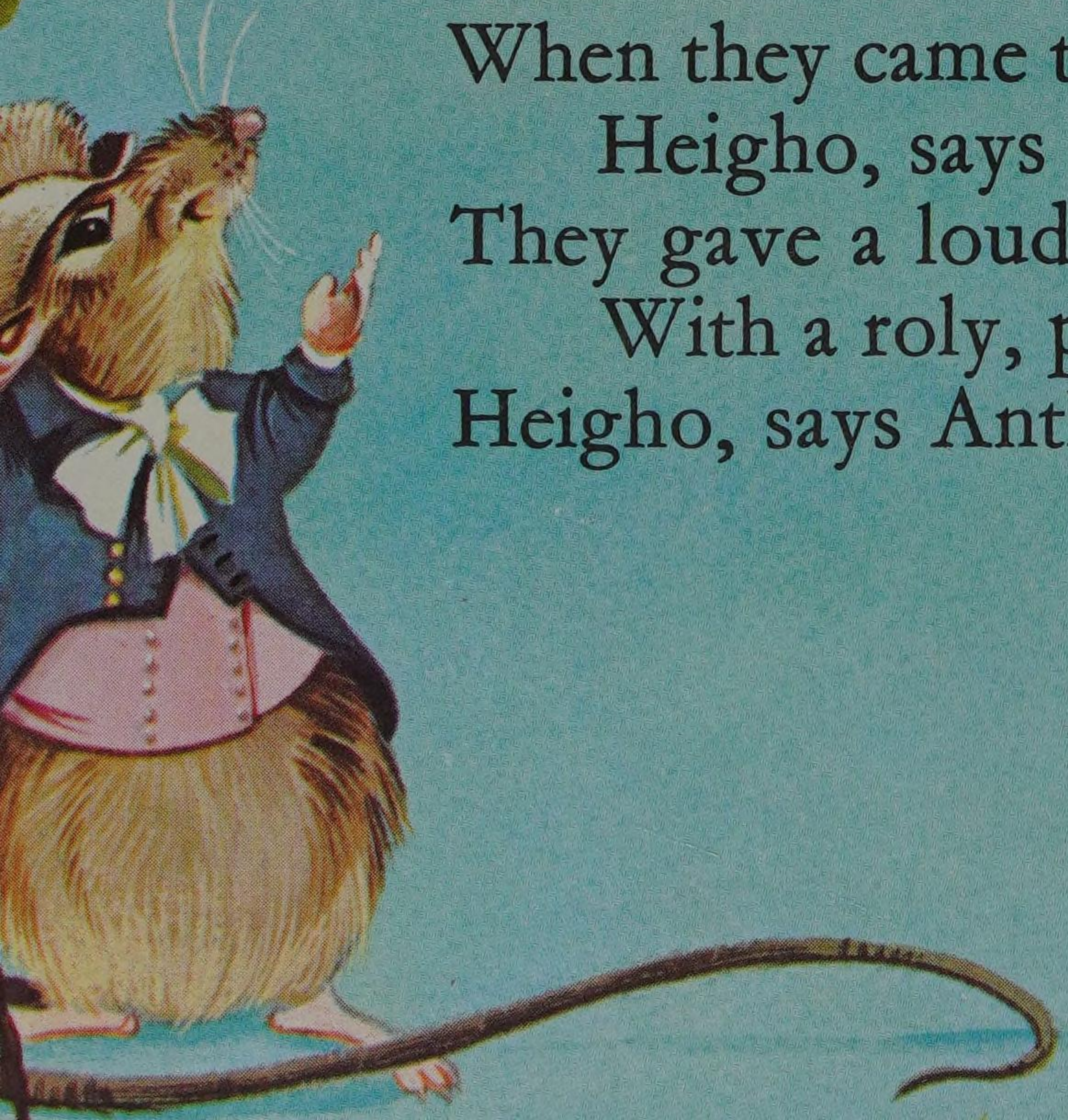
I OFTEN sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow;
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail,
Like me, before the merry gale,
Until like them at last I came
To some place with a foreign name.

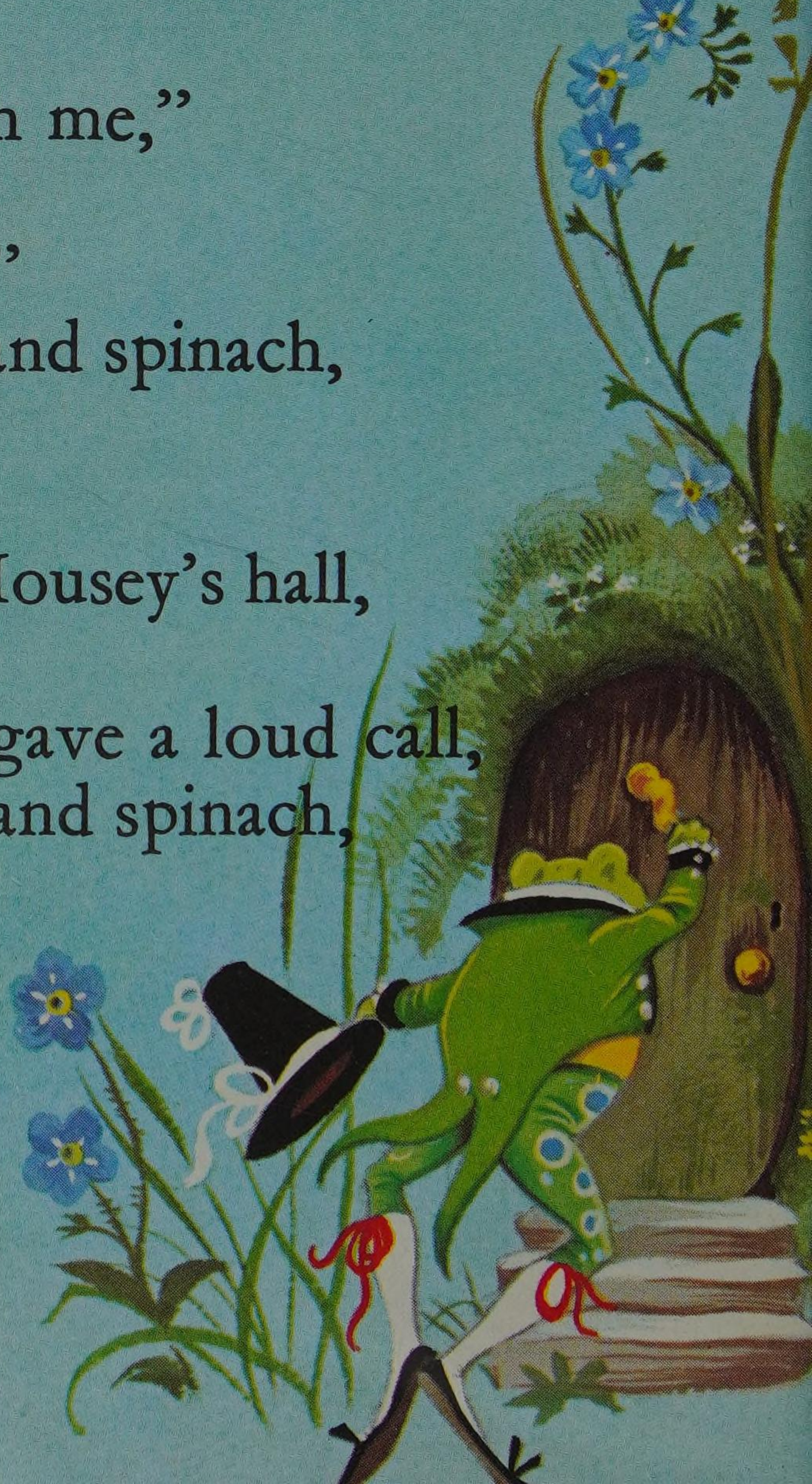
A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley;
Whether his mother would let him or no:
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he went with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley;
And on the road he met with a rat,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

When they came to the door at Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley;
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.





"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin,"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho says, Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

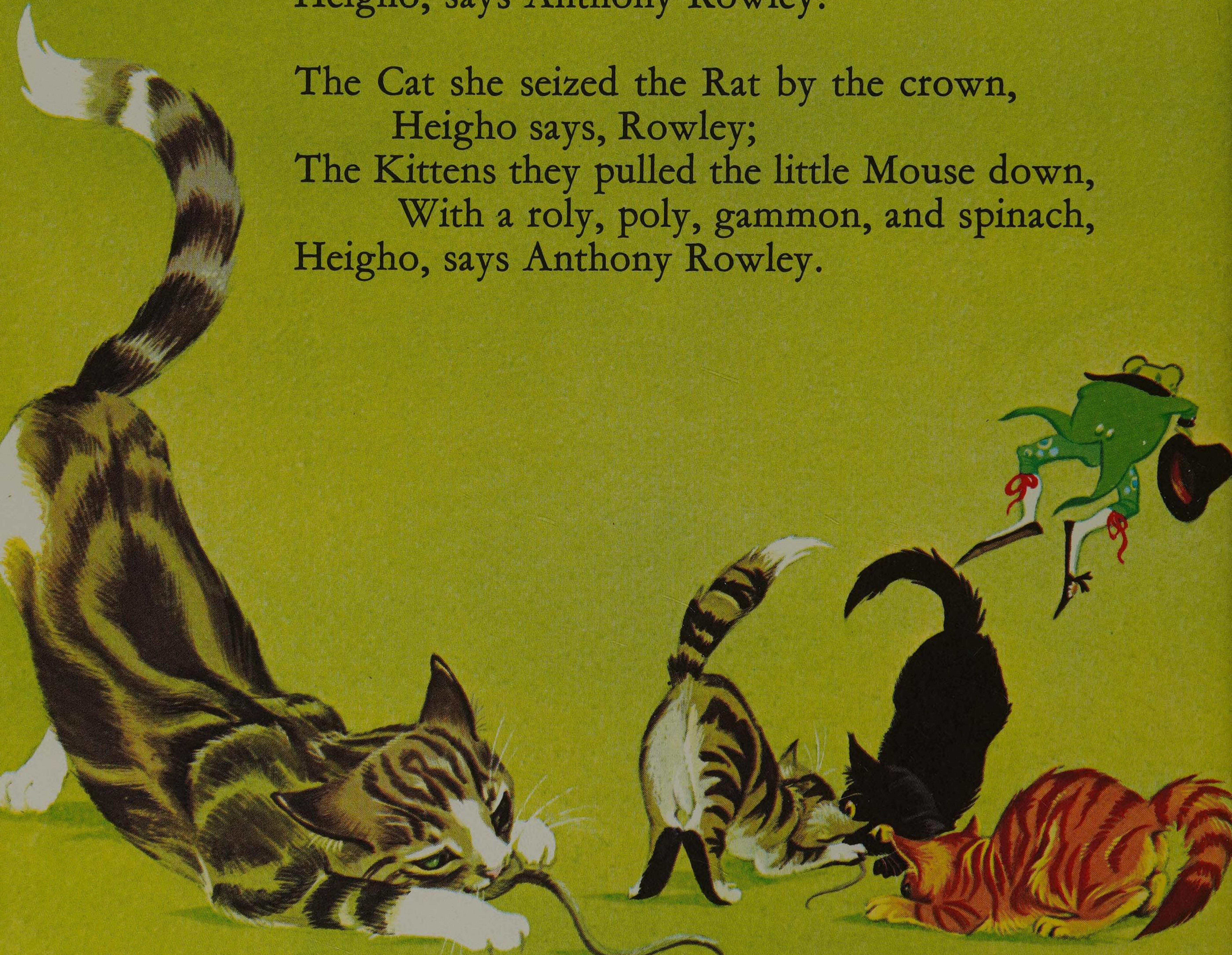
"Pray Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"But let it be something that's not very long,"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

"Since you've caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made,"
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

But while they were all a-merrymaking,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

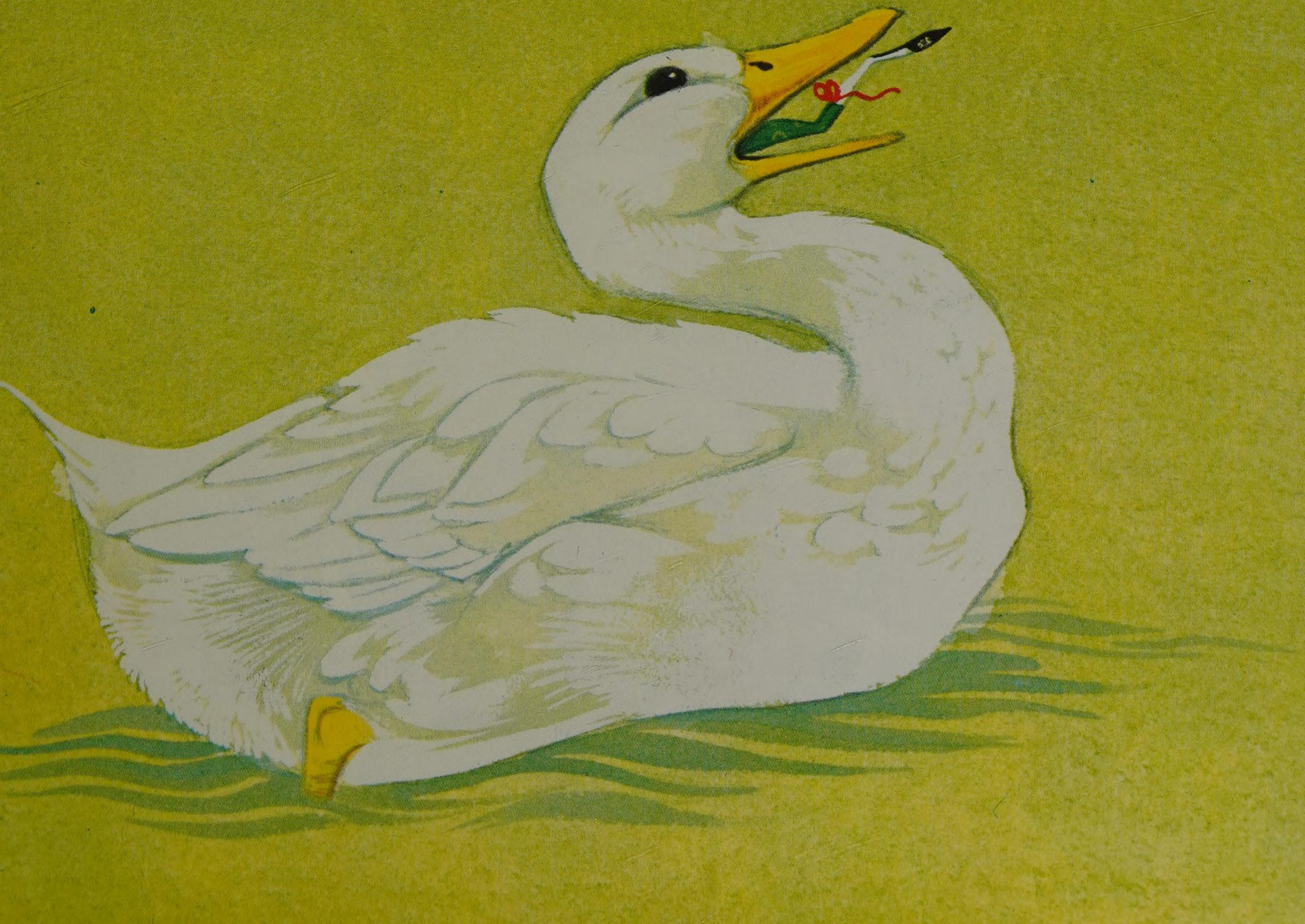
The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,
Heigho says, Rowley;
The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.



This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley;
He took up his hat and he wished them good night,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

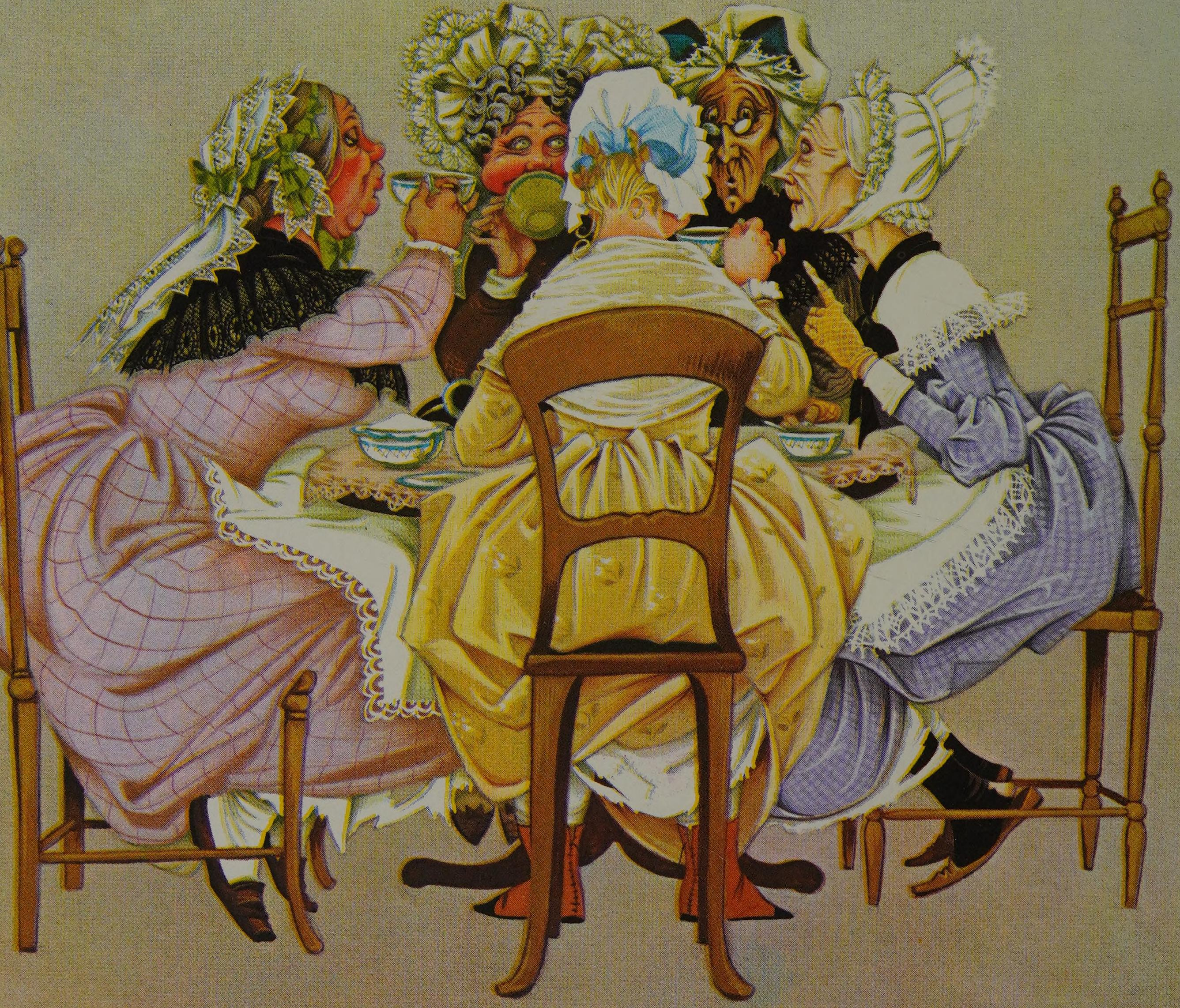
As Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So here is an end of one, two, and three—
Heigho, says Rowley;
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy,
With a roly, poly, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.



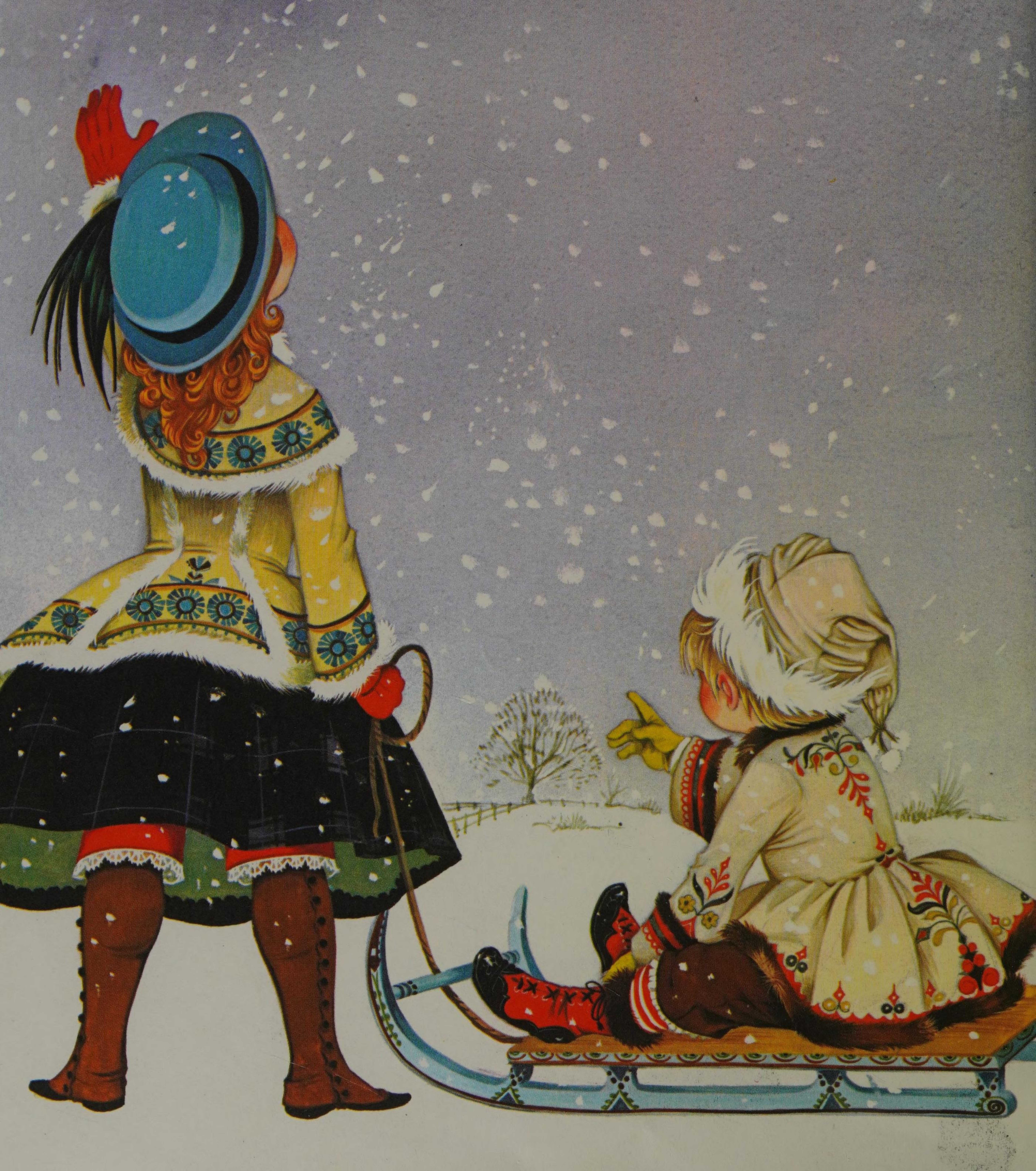
THE gossips of the village—see,
Their fine lace caps are wearing.
They sip their dainty cups of tea,
White sugar they are sharing.

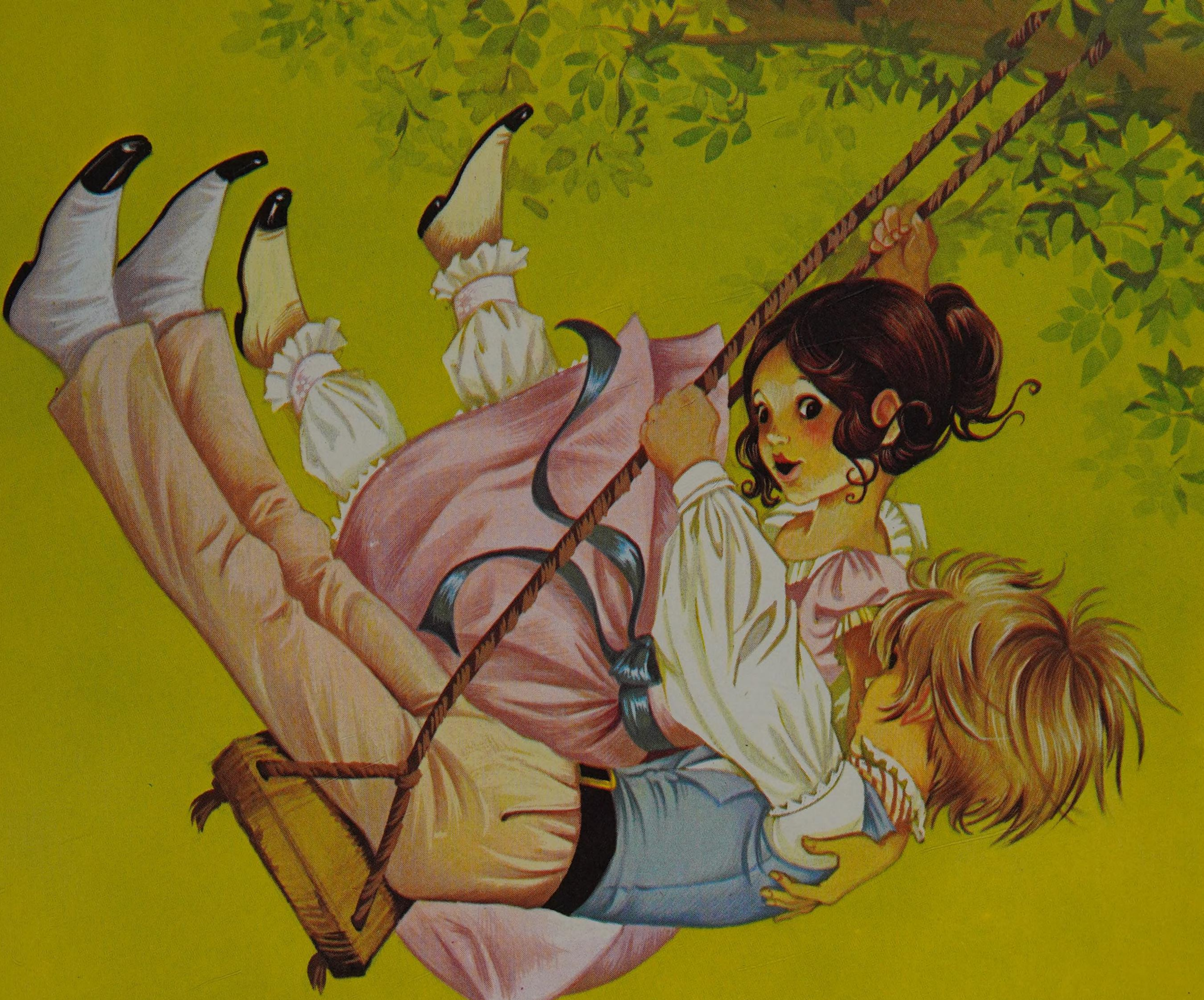
Their fingers shine with golden rings,
But—duty never matters!
Nothing is ready for the men
And under—they are tatters.



CHARLEY PARLEY stole
the barley
Out of the baker's shop.
The baker came out, and gave
him a clout,
Which made poor Charley hop.

A PILLOW shaken in the sky,
See how all the feathers fly,
Little snowflakes soft and light
Make the trees and meadows white.

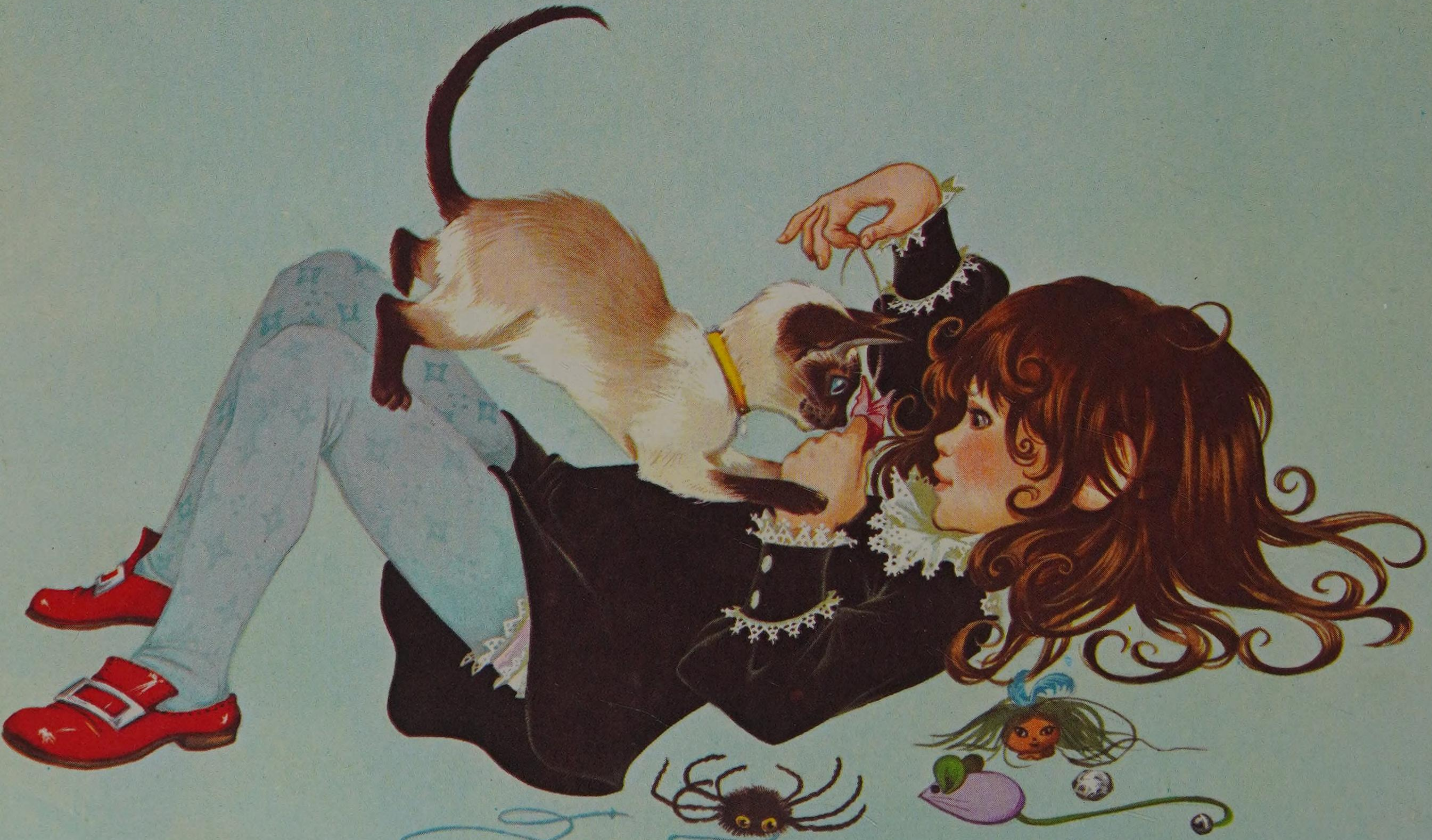




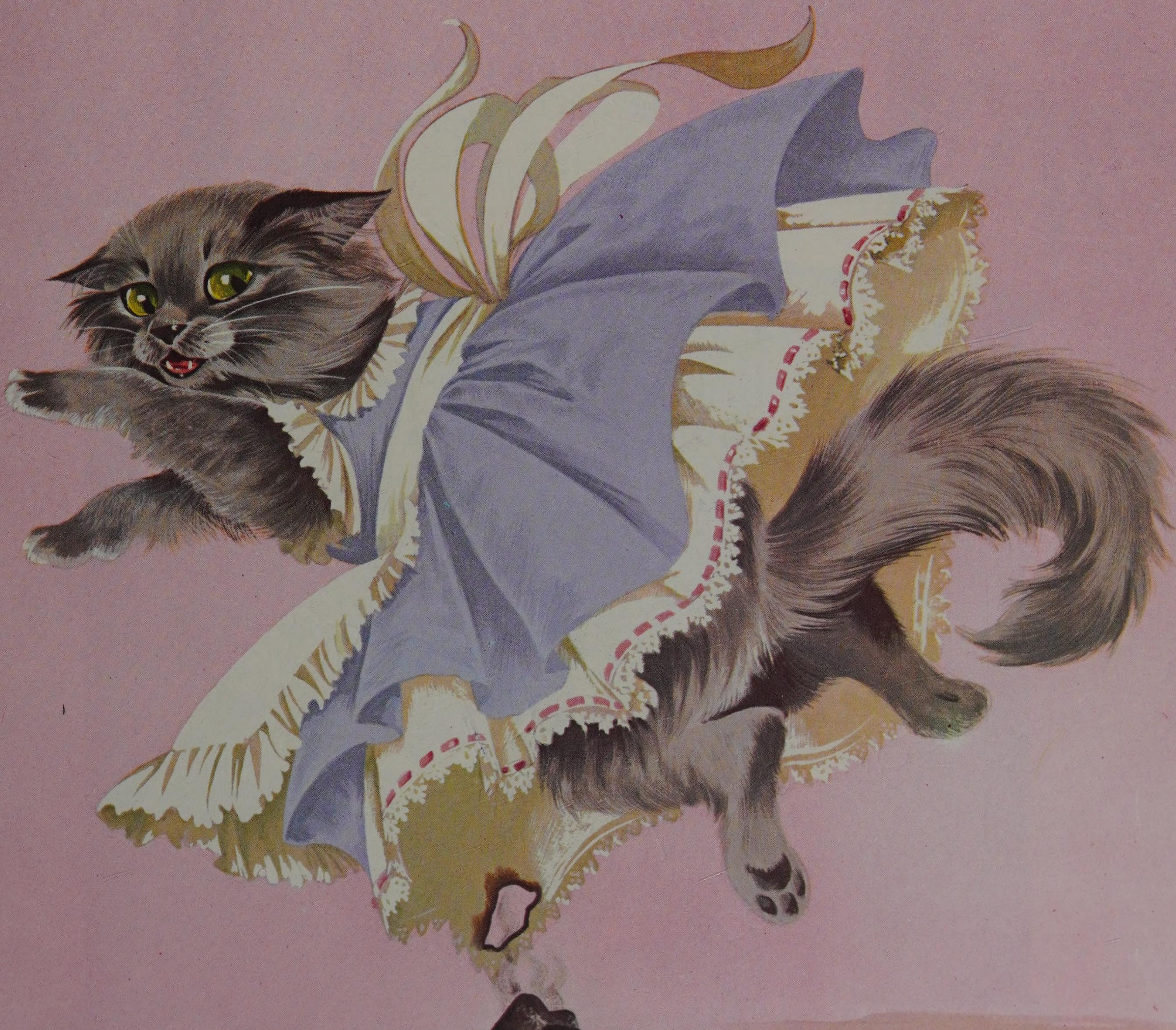
SWING high, swing low, away we go,
Up to the trees where the breezes blow,
Where the birdies nest and play all day,
And all the world is bright and gay.

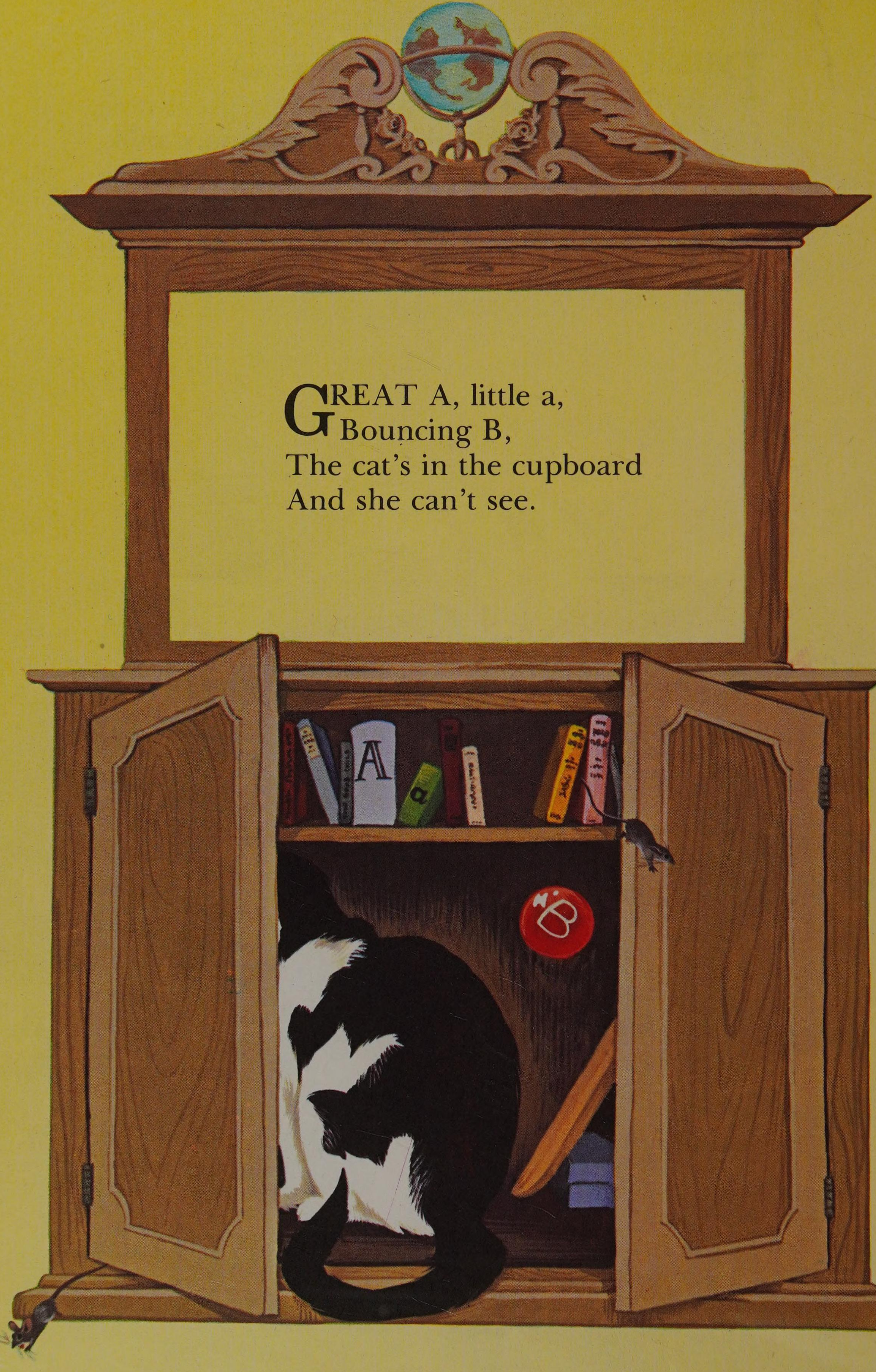
Swing high, swing low, away we go,
High up where the leaves do grow.
All the little birds are singing,
As we gaily go a-swinging.

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm,
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

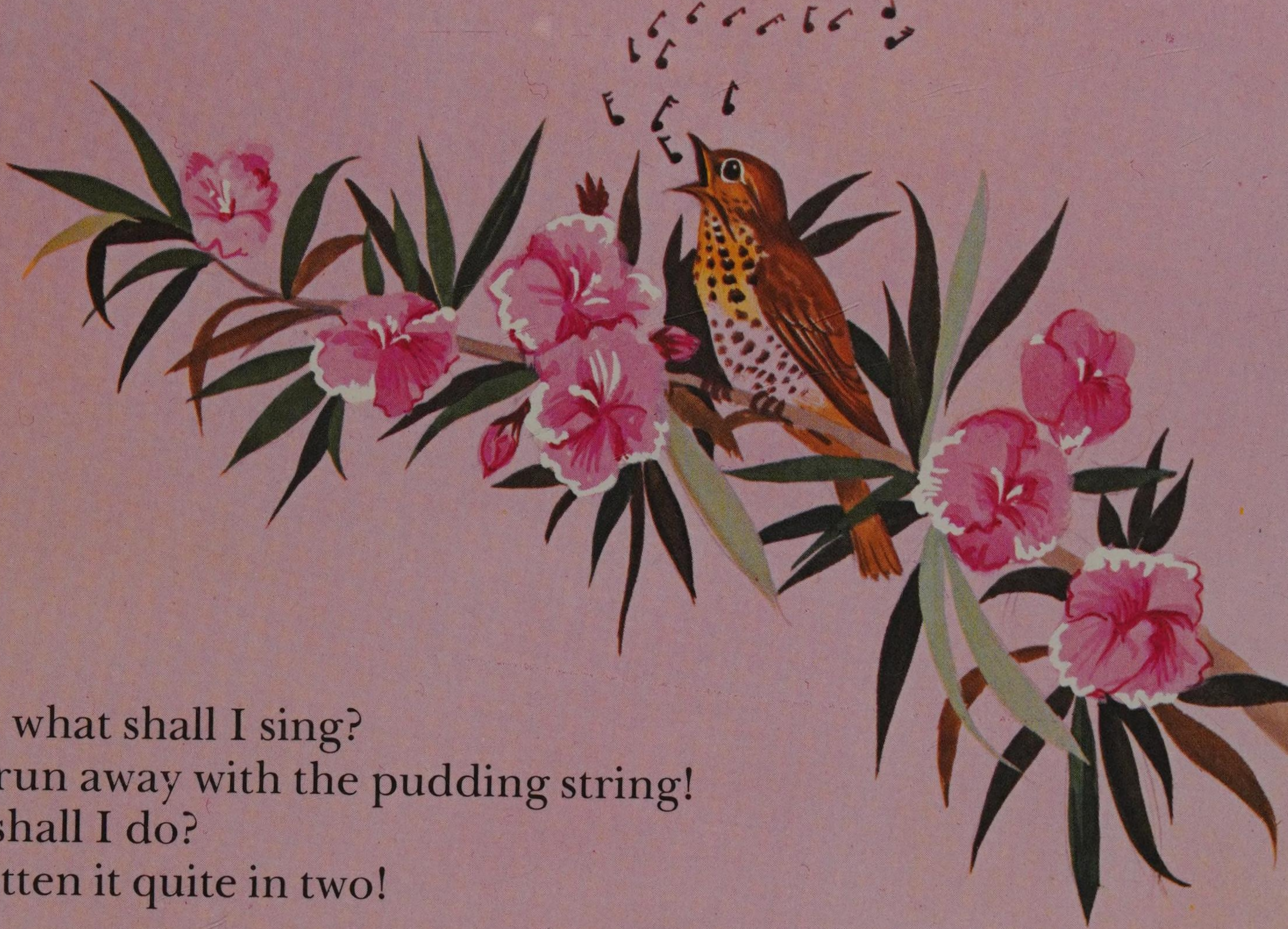


PUSSY cat Mole jumped over a coal
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

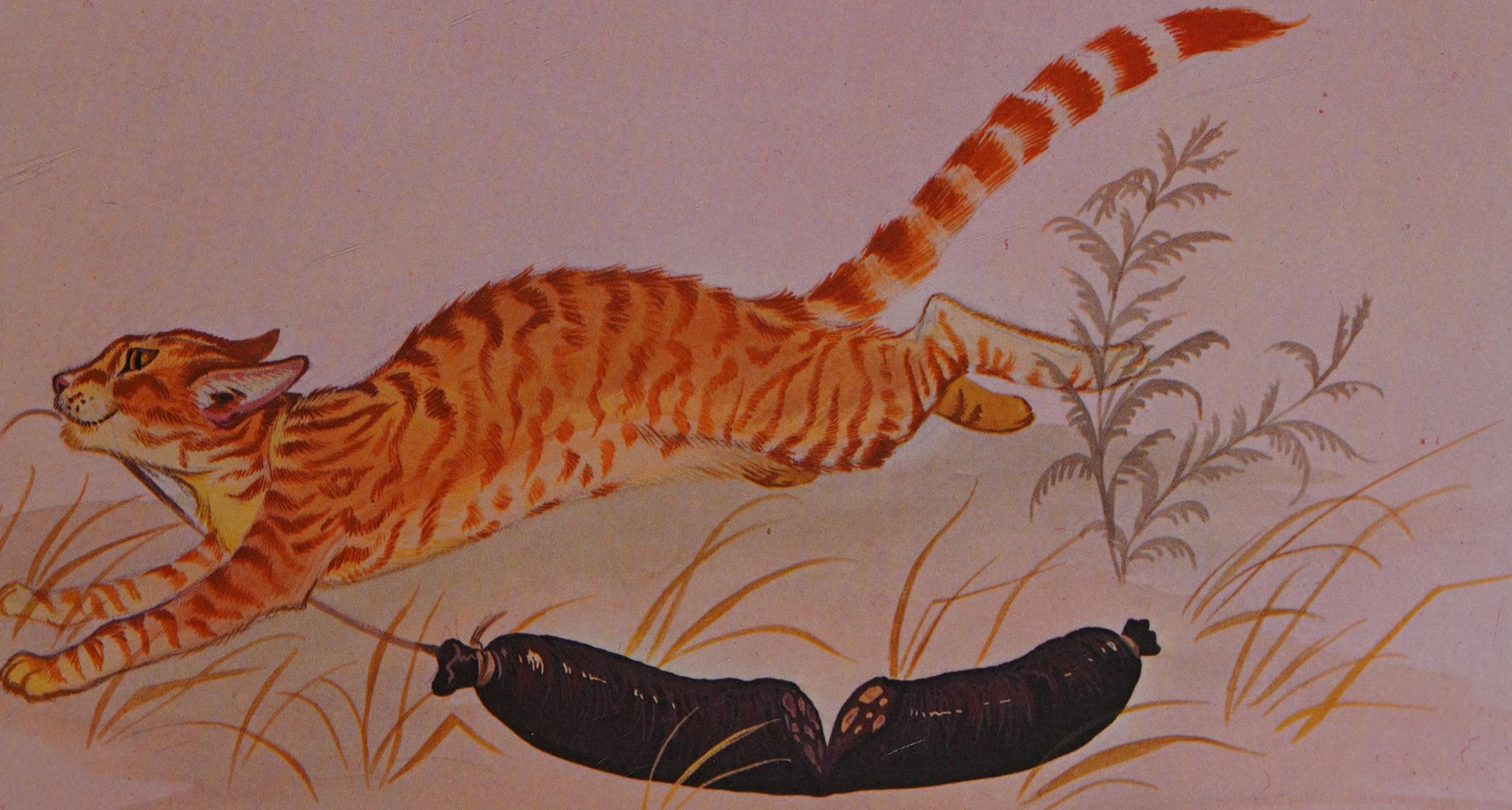




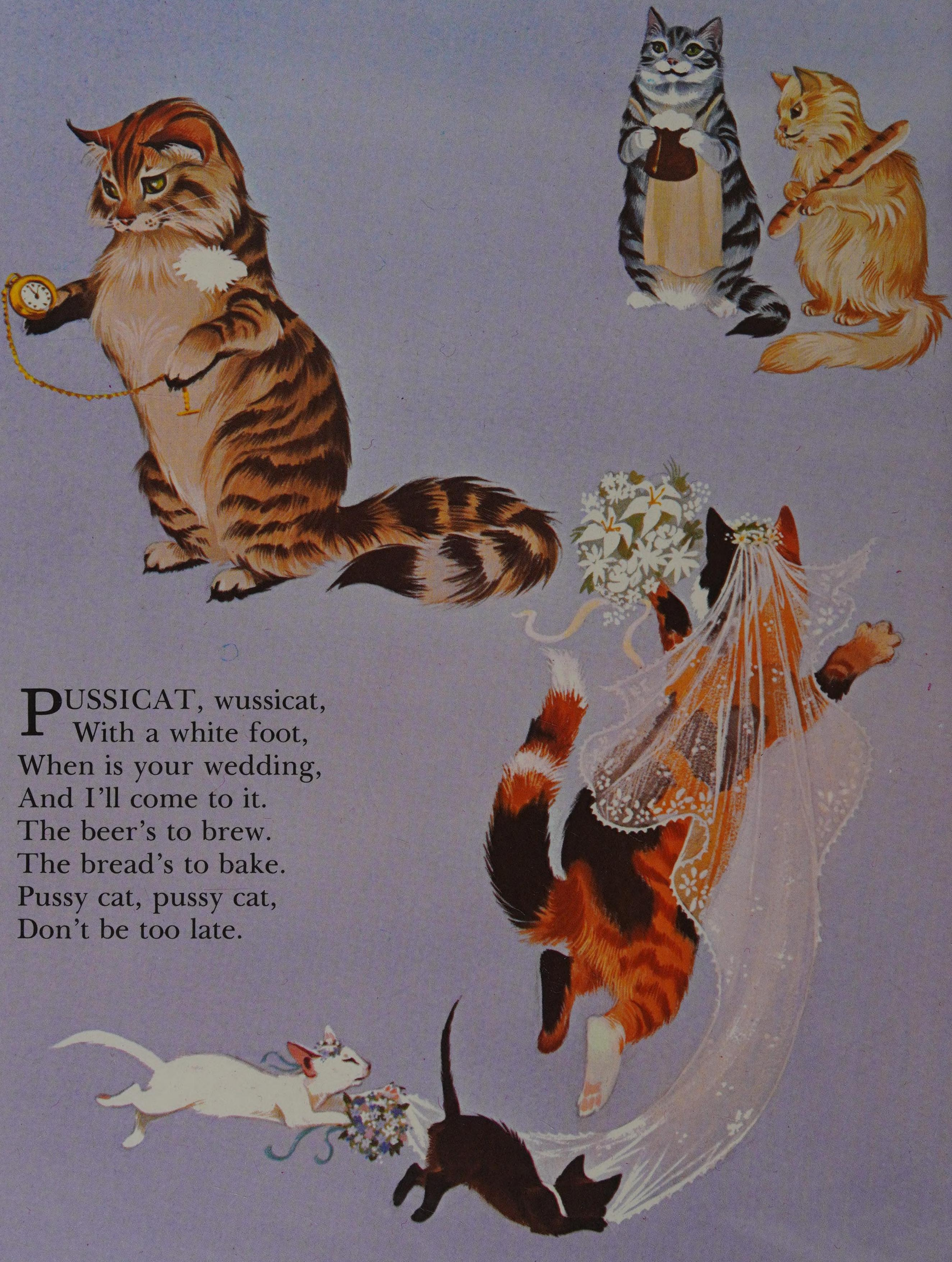
GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see.



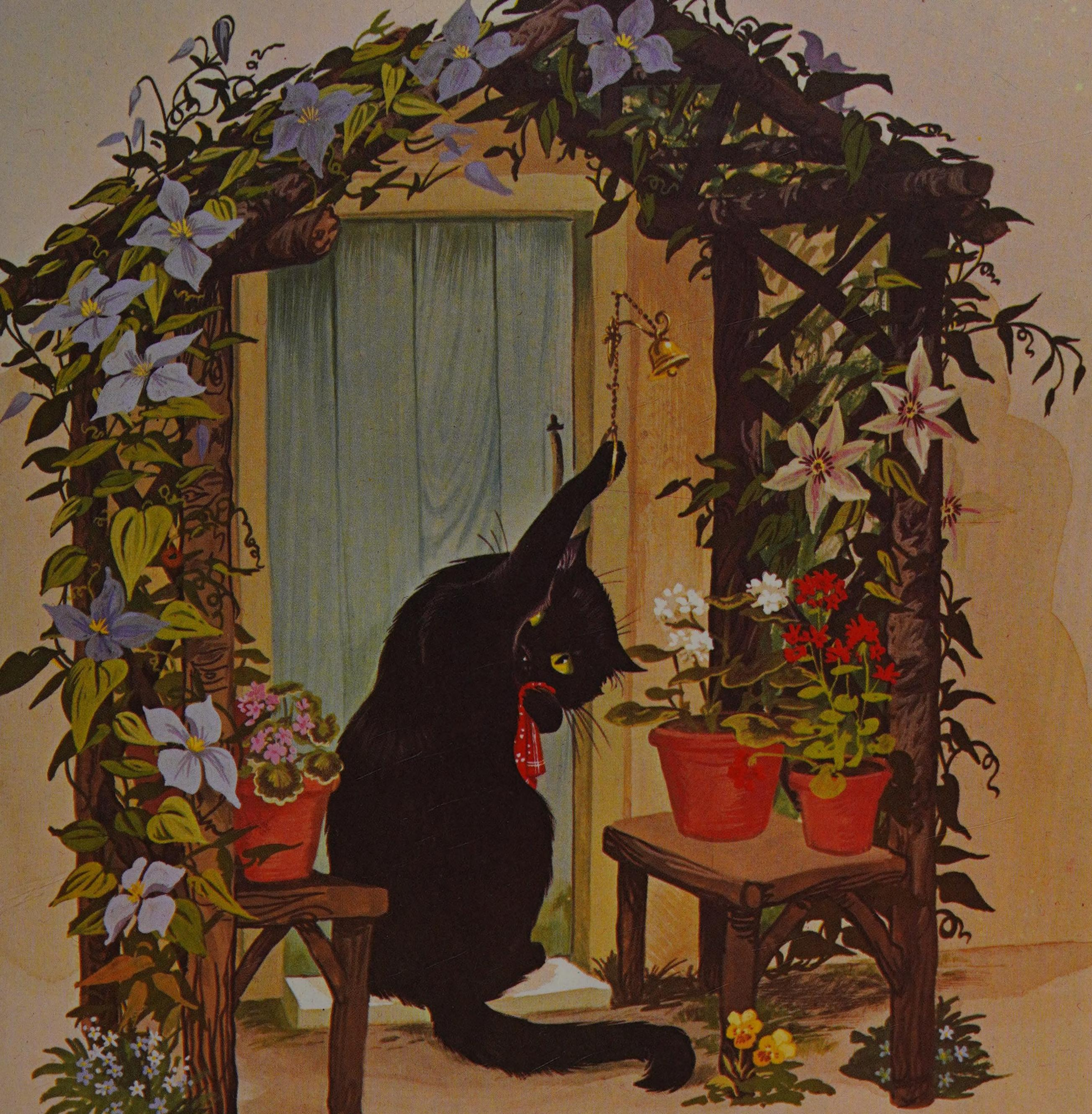
SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two!



DING, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well,
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn.

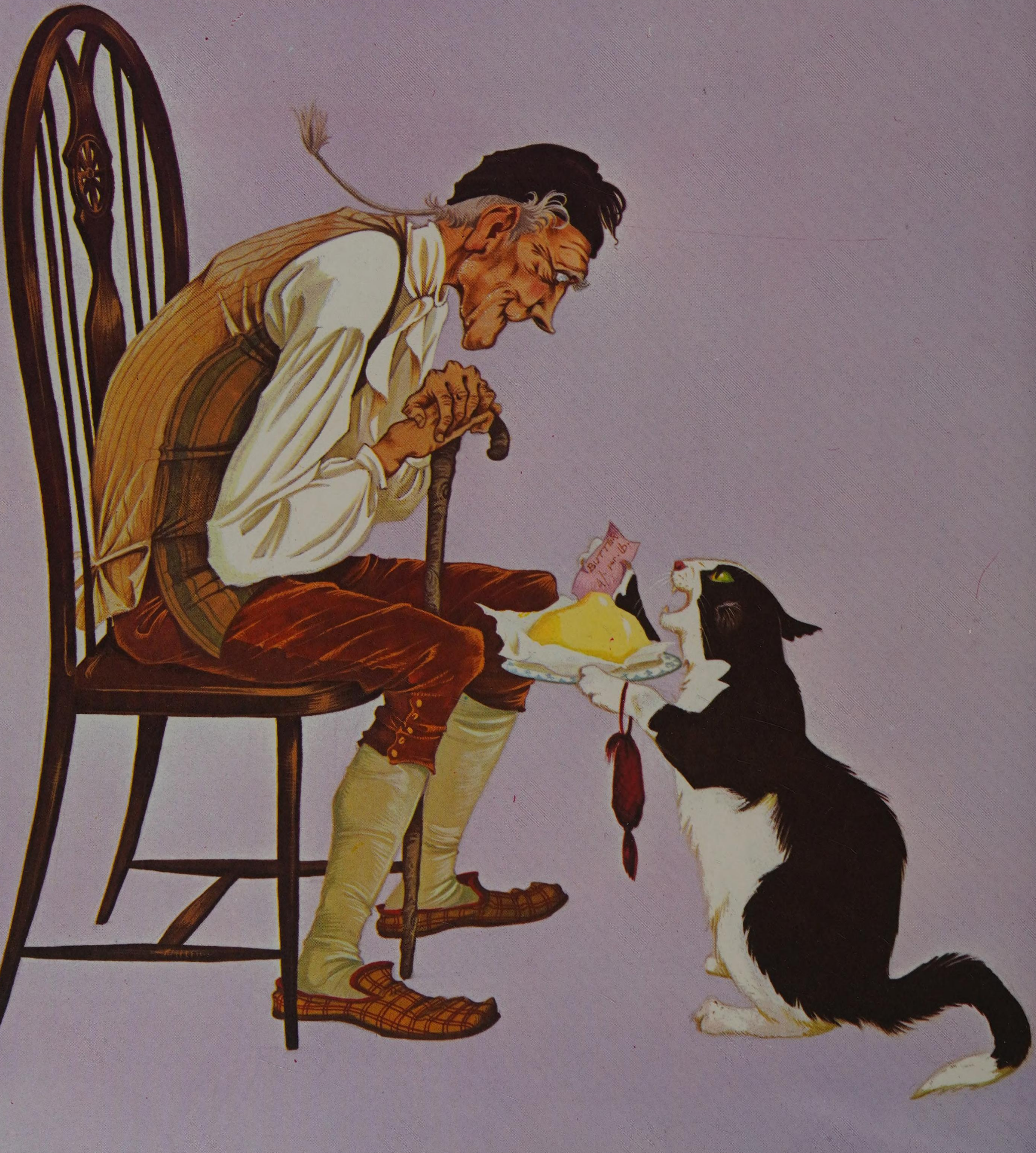


PUSSICAT, wussicat,
With a white foot,
When is your wedding,
And I'll come to it.
The beer's to brew.
The bread's to bake.
Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Don't be too late.

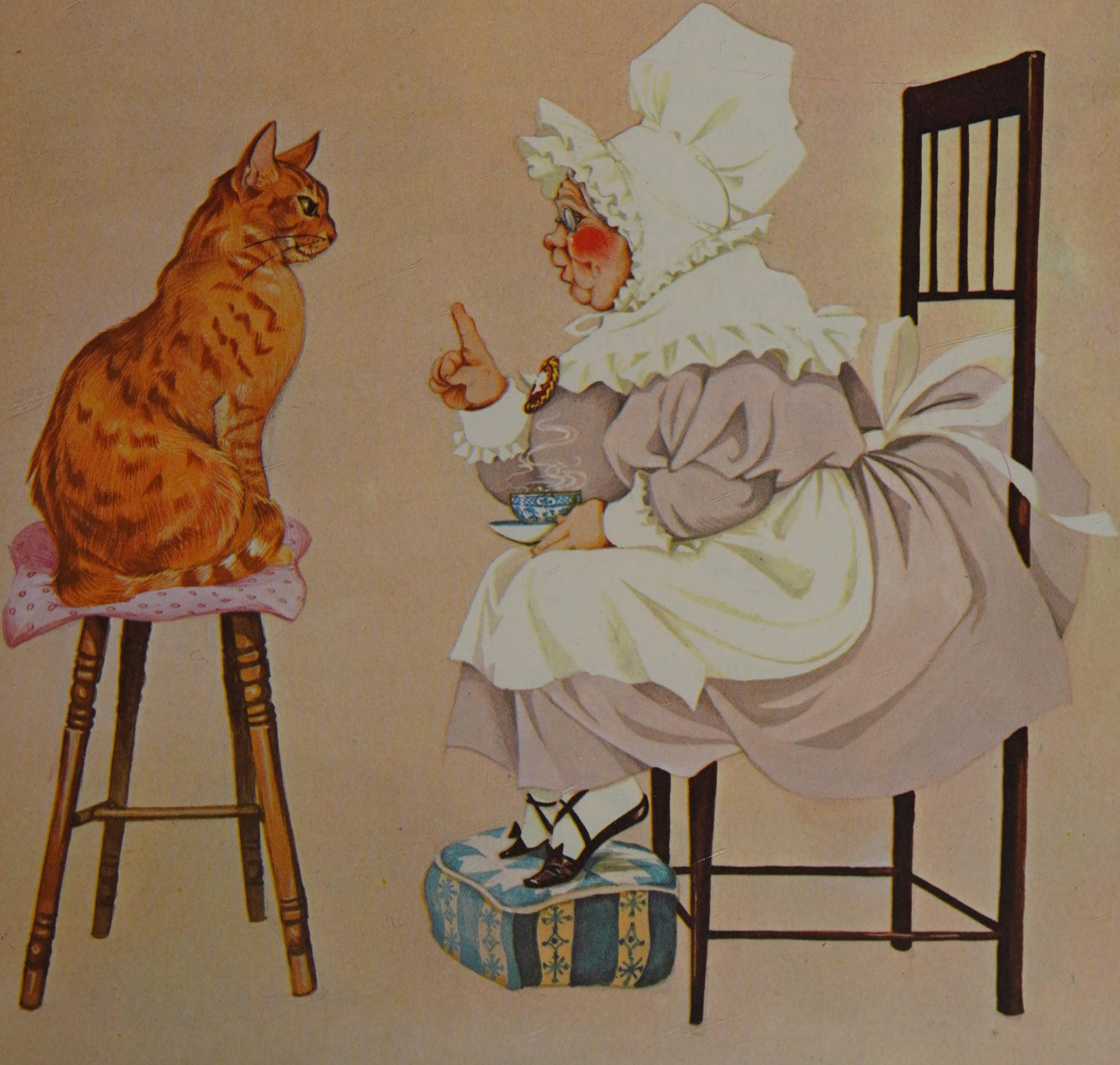


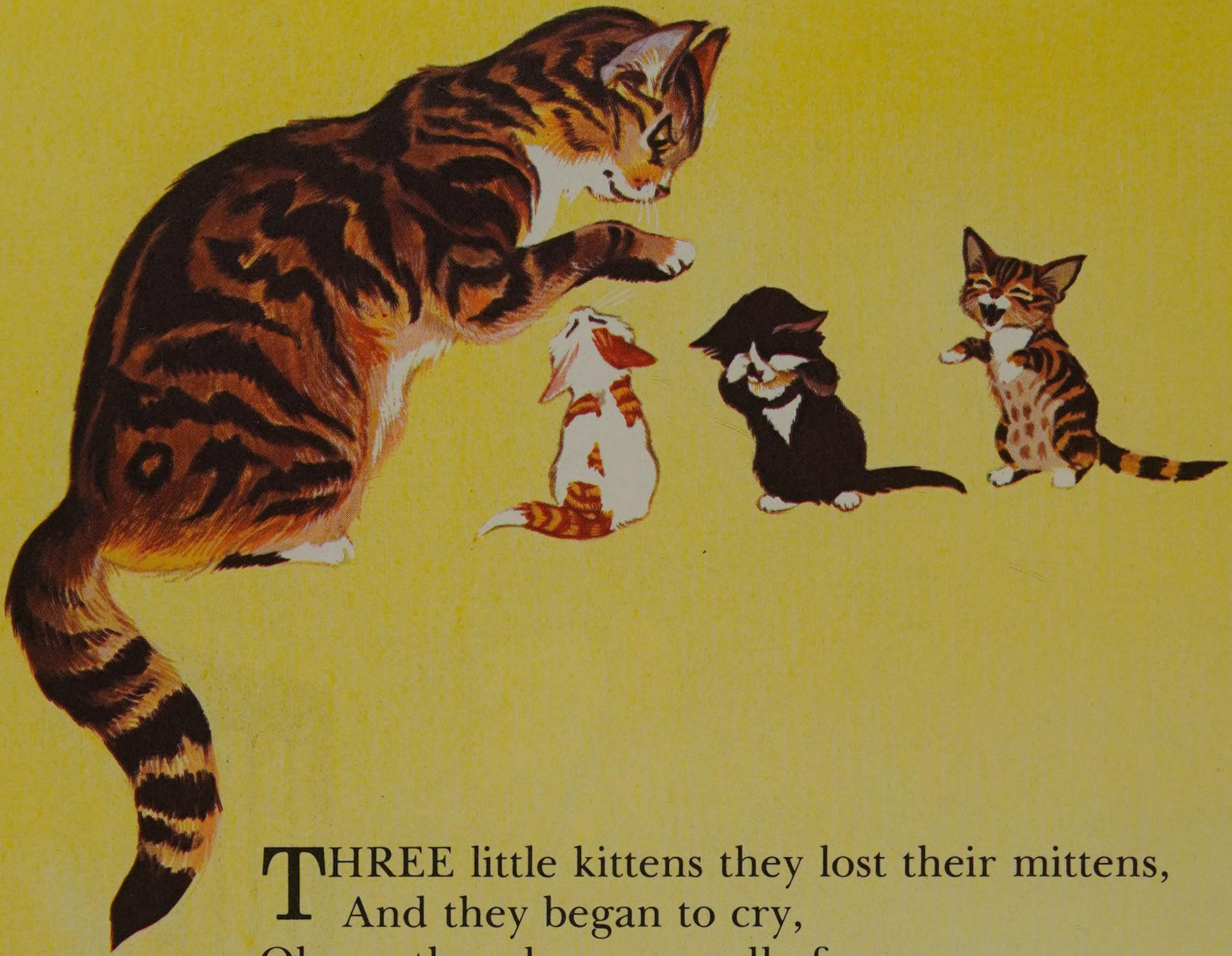
WHO is that ringing at my door bell?
A little pussy cat that isn't very well.
Rub its little nose with a little mutton fat,
For that's the best cure for a little pussy cat.

JACK Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one ear.
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

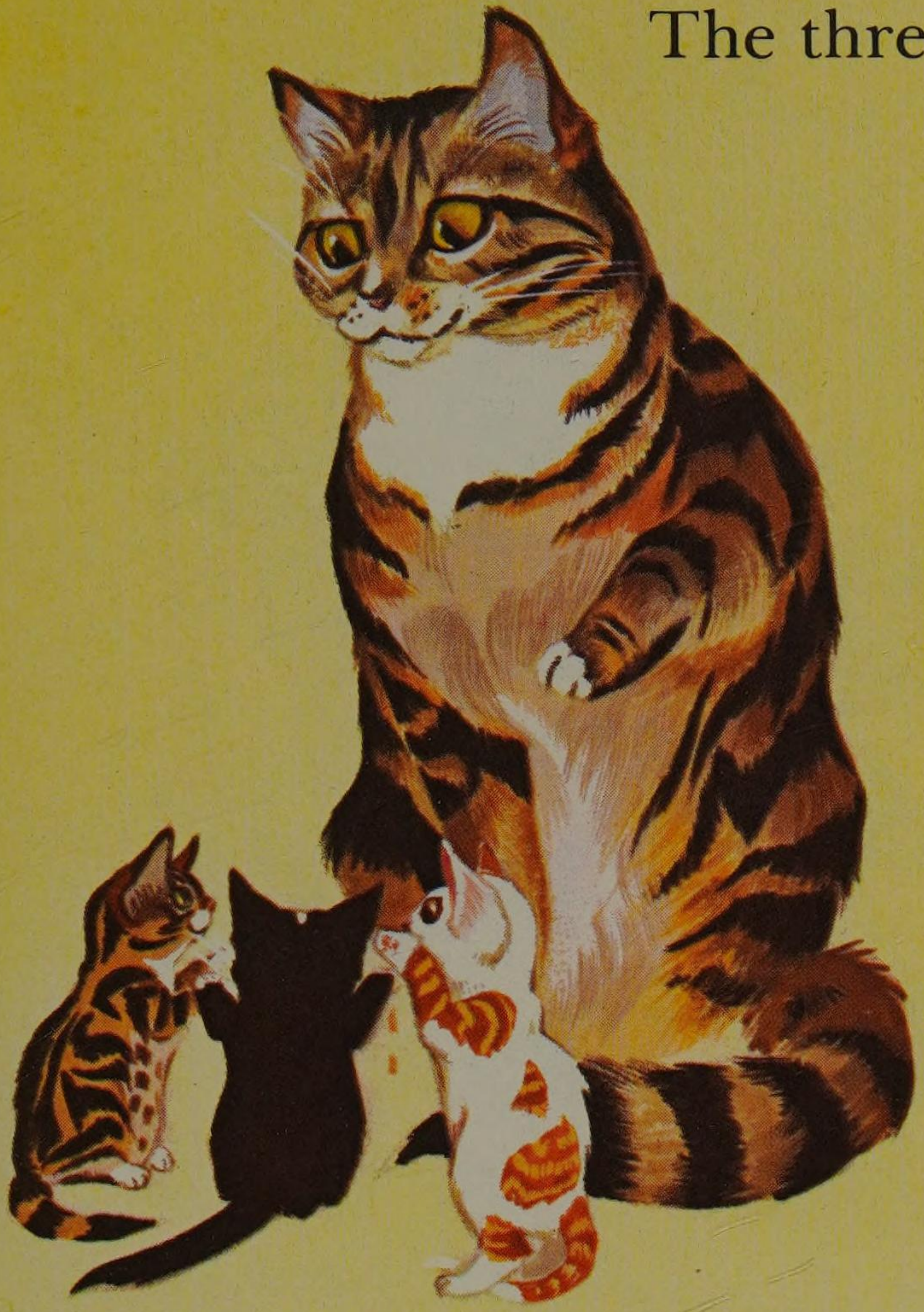

BUTTER
4/- per lb.

DAME Trot and her cat
Sat down for a chat.
The Dame sat on this side
And Puss sat on that.
Puss, says the Dame
Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark?
Purr, says the cat.





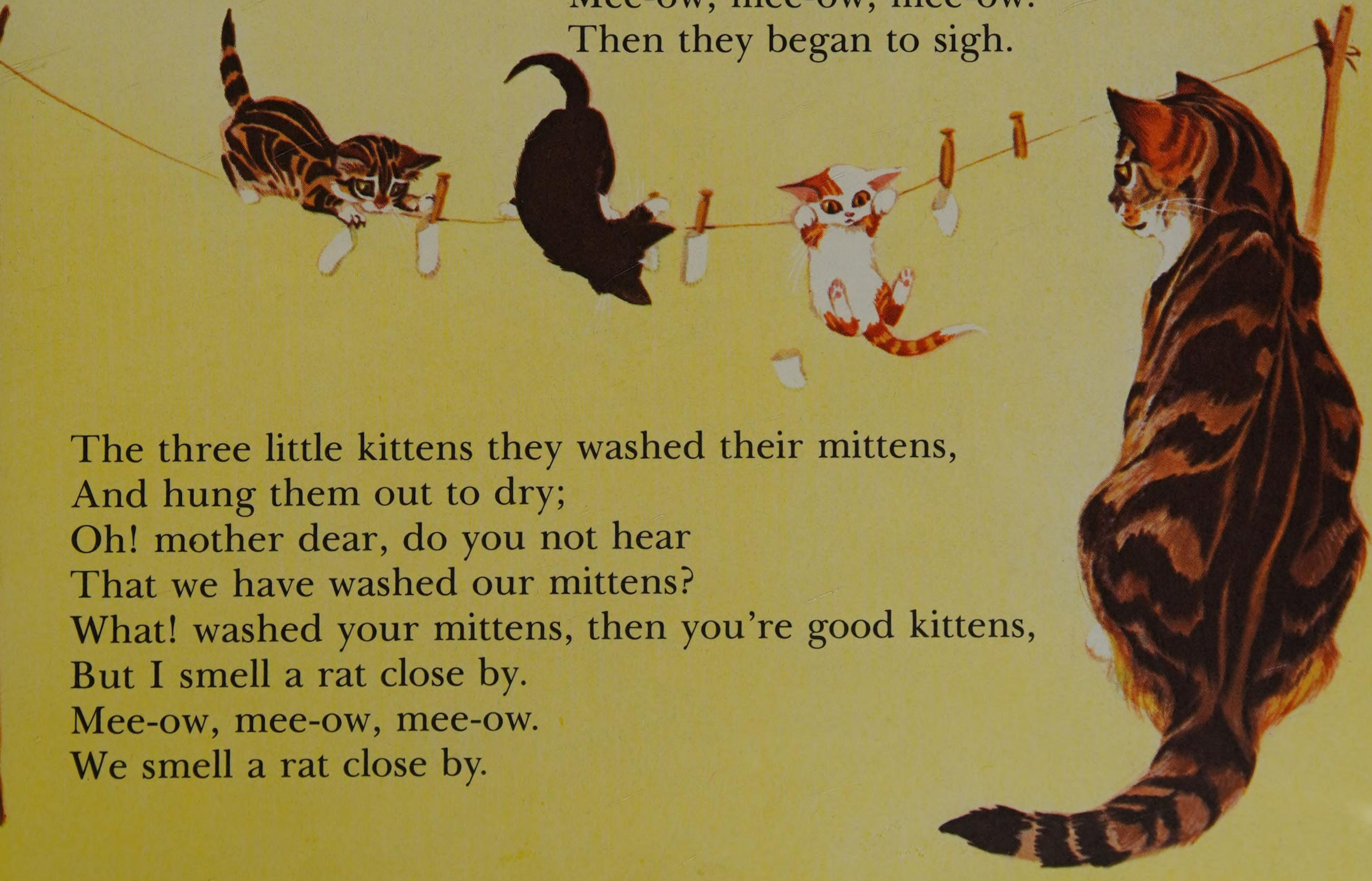
THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens.
What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.



The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry.
Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,
For we have found our mittens.

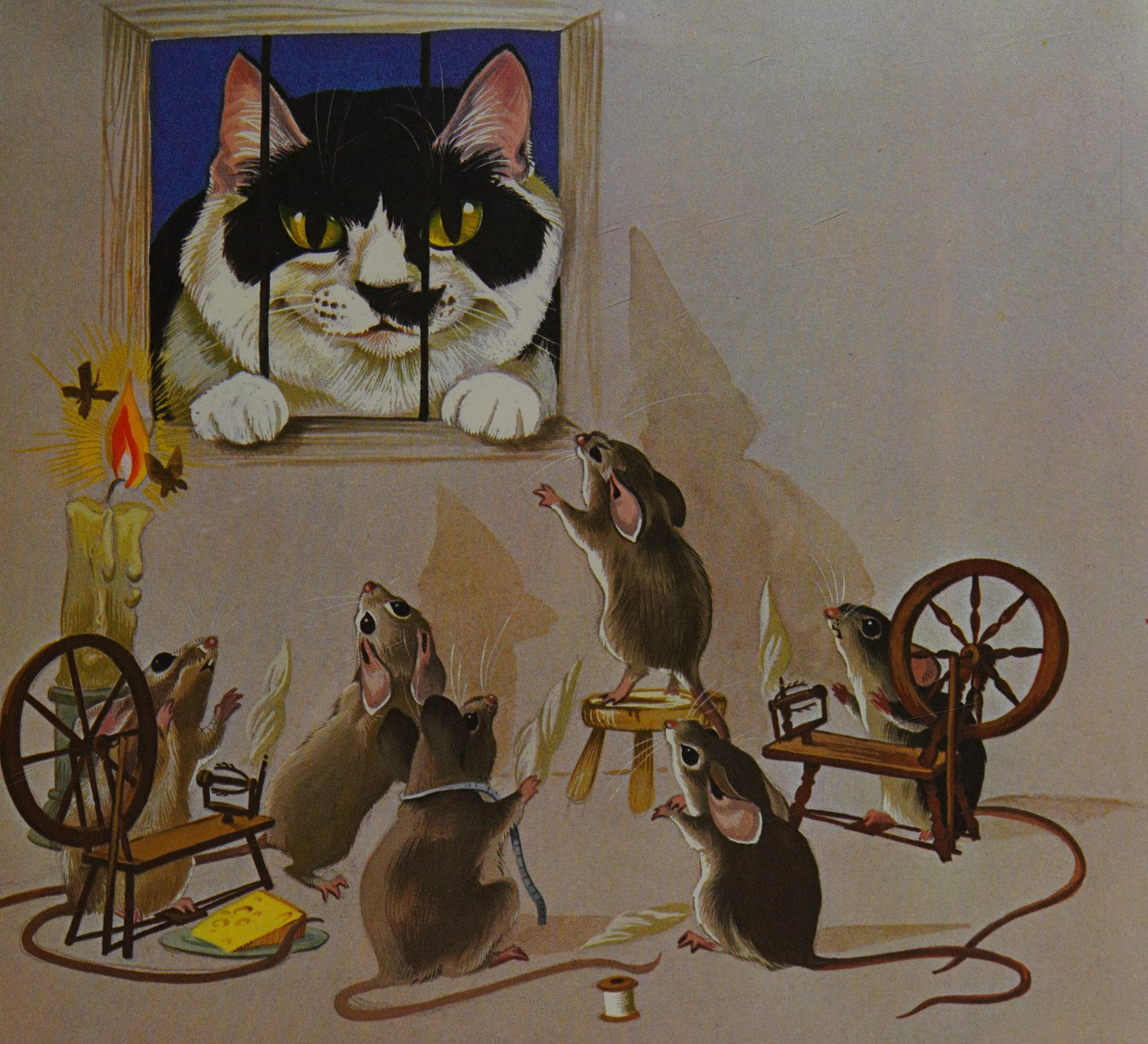
Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.
Oh, let us have some pie.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie,
Oh mother dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Then they began to sigh.



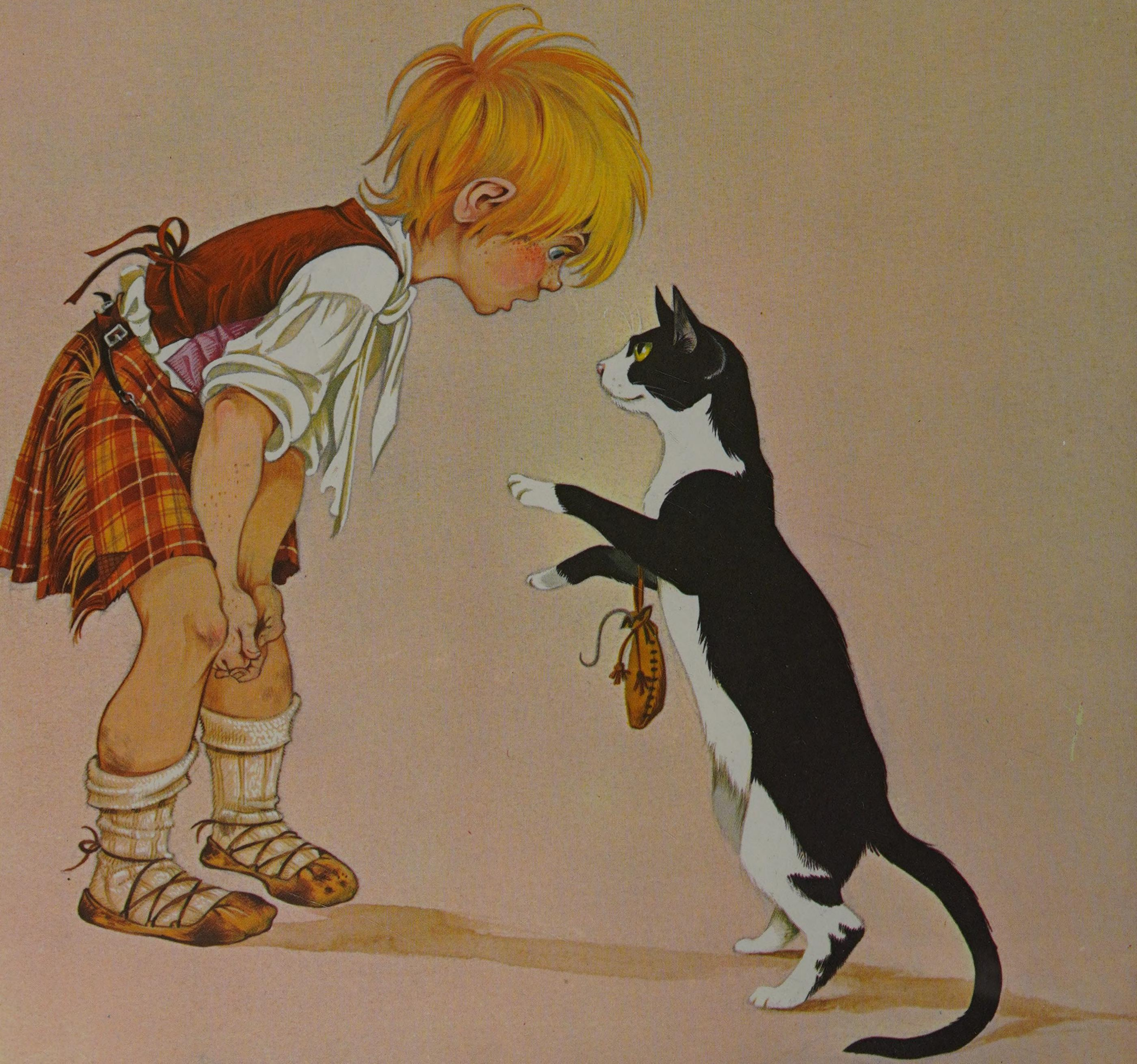
The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?
What! washed your mittens, then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by.

DIDDLETY diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree;
Half a crown to fetch him down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.



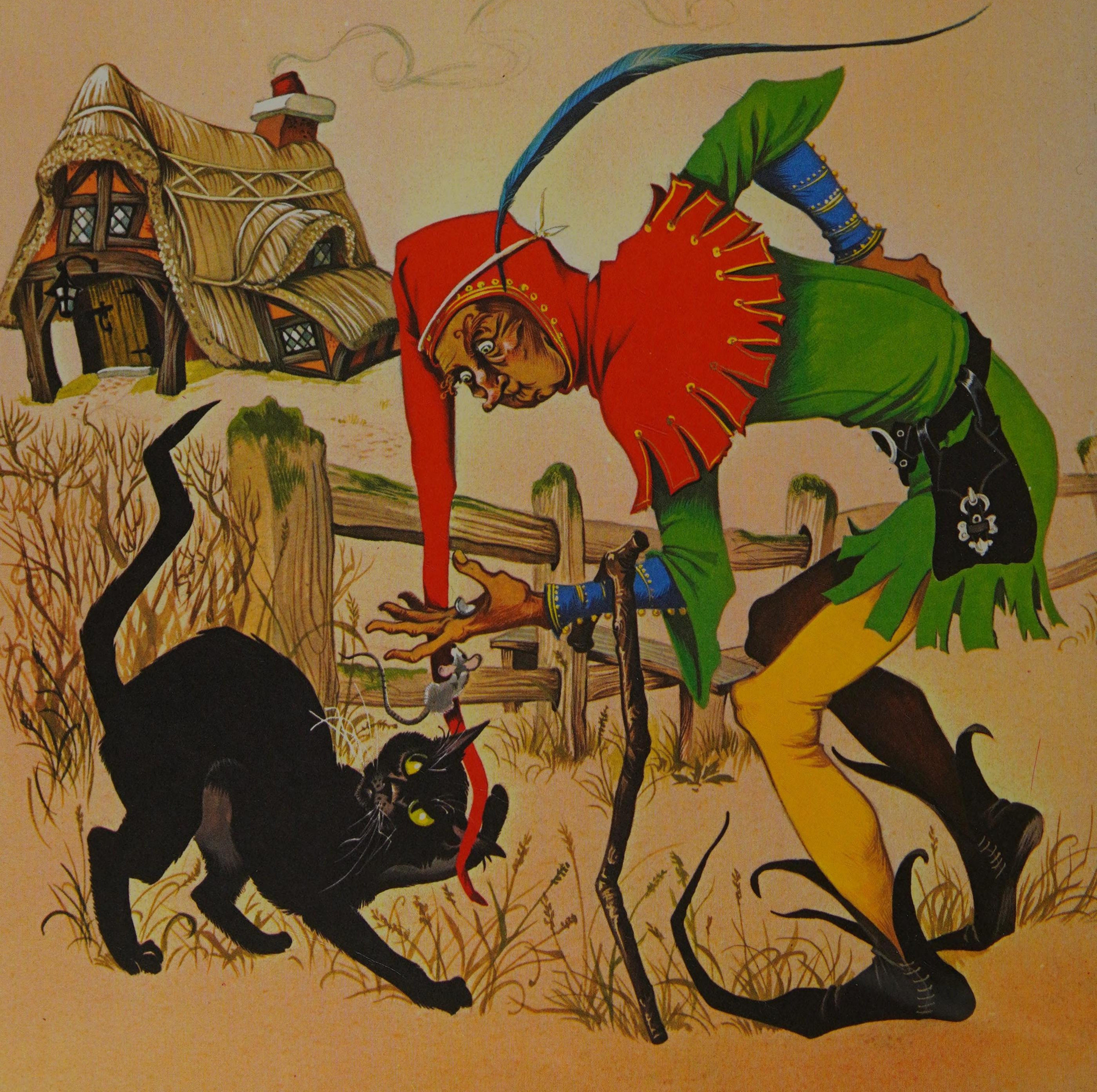
SIX little mice sat down to spin;
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
What are you doing, my little men?
Weaving coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
No, no, Mistress Pussy, you'd bite off our heads.
Oh, no, I'll not; I'll help you to spin.
That may be so, but you don't come in.

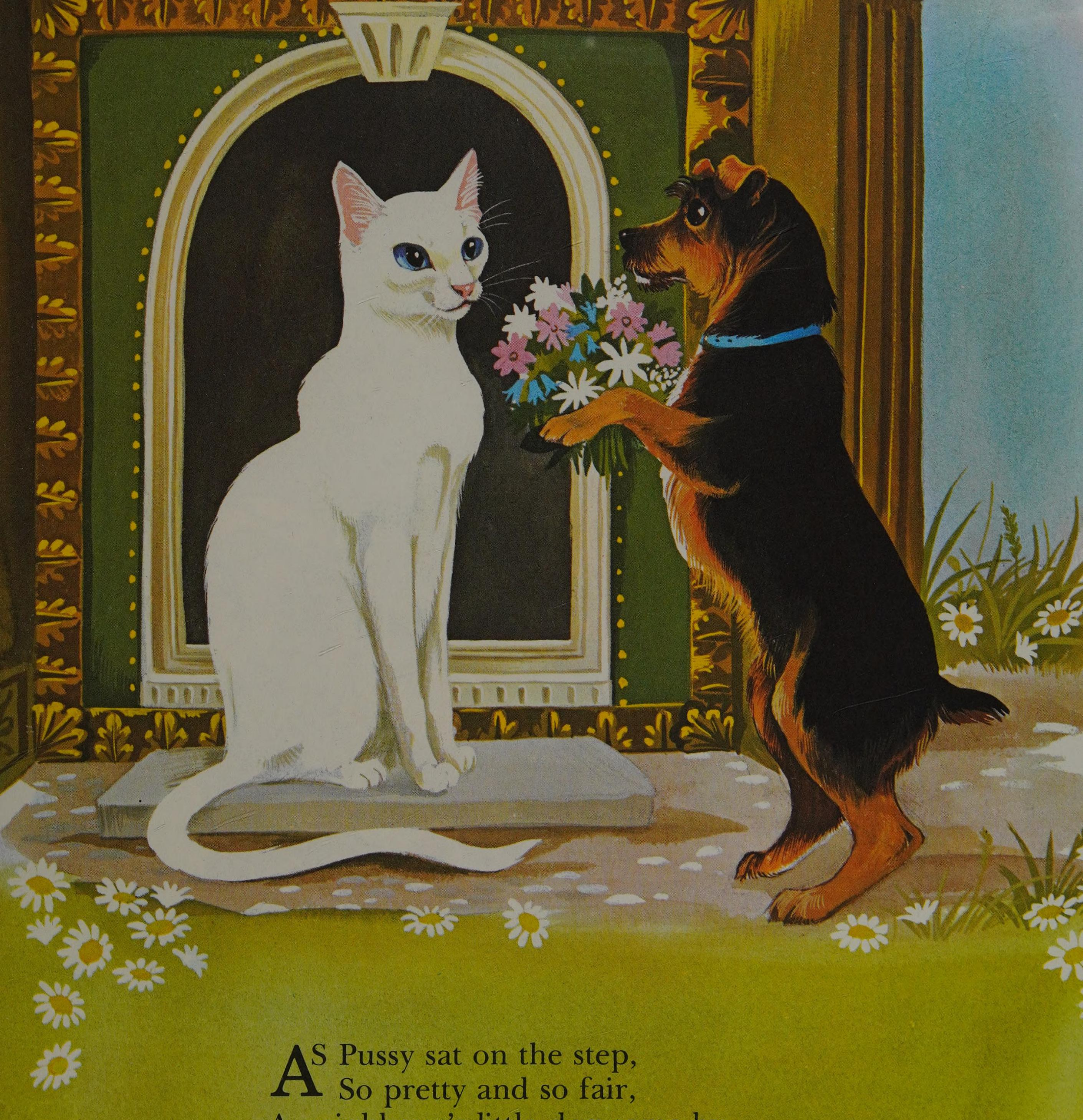
PUSSY CAT, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.



PUSSY cat ate the dumplings,
Pussy cat ate the dumplings,
Mama stood by,
And cried, Oh, fie,
Why did you eat the dumplings?

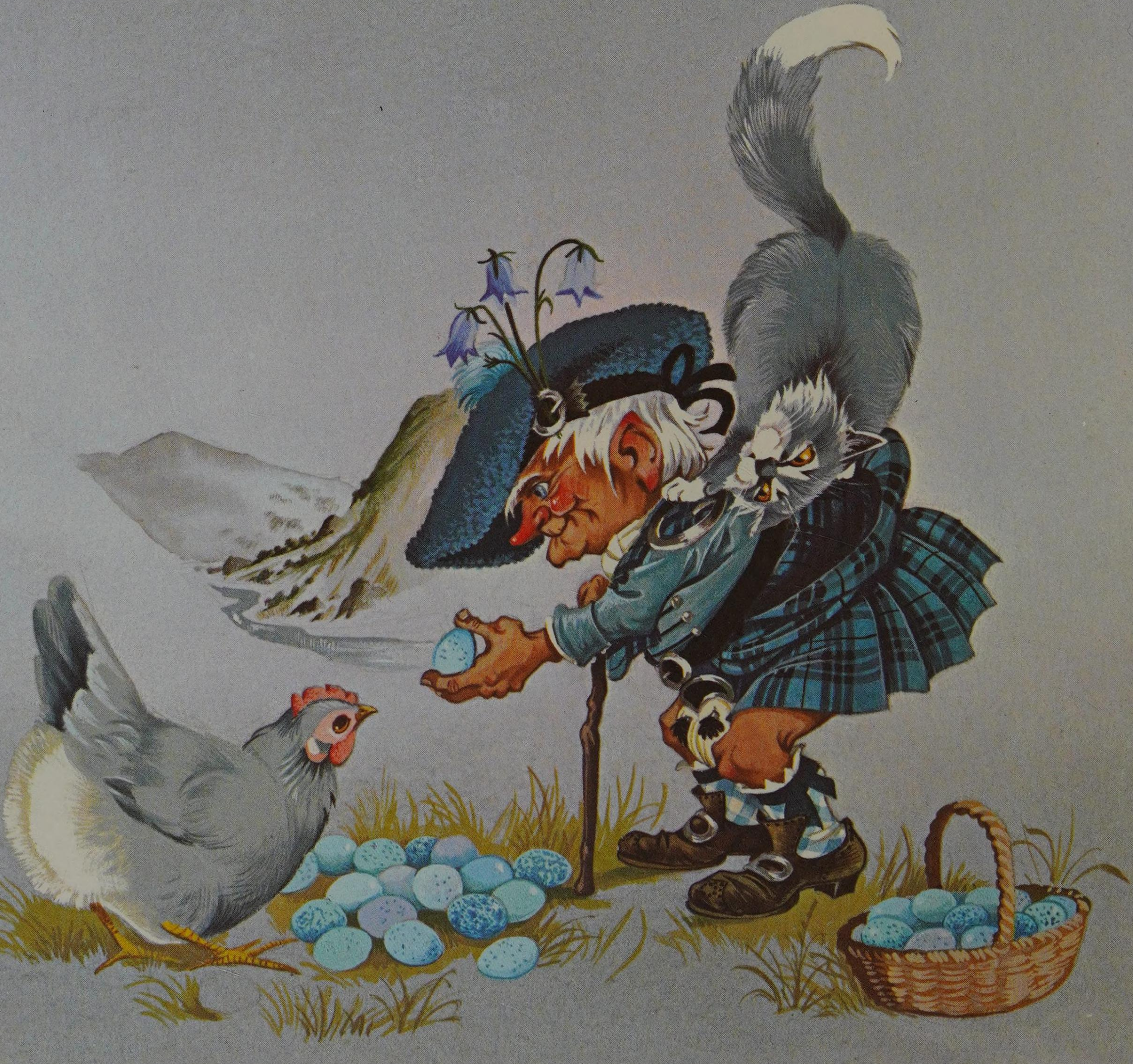
THERE was a crooked man
And he walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence,
Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.



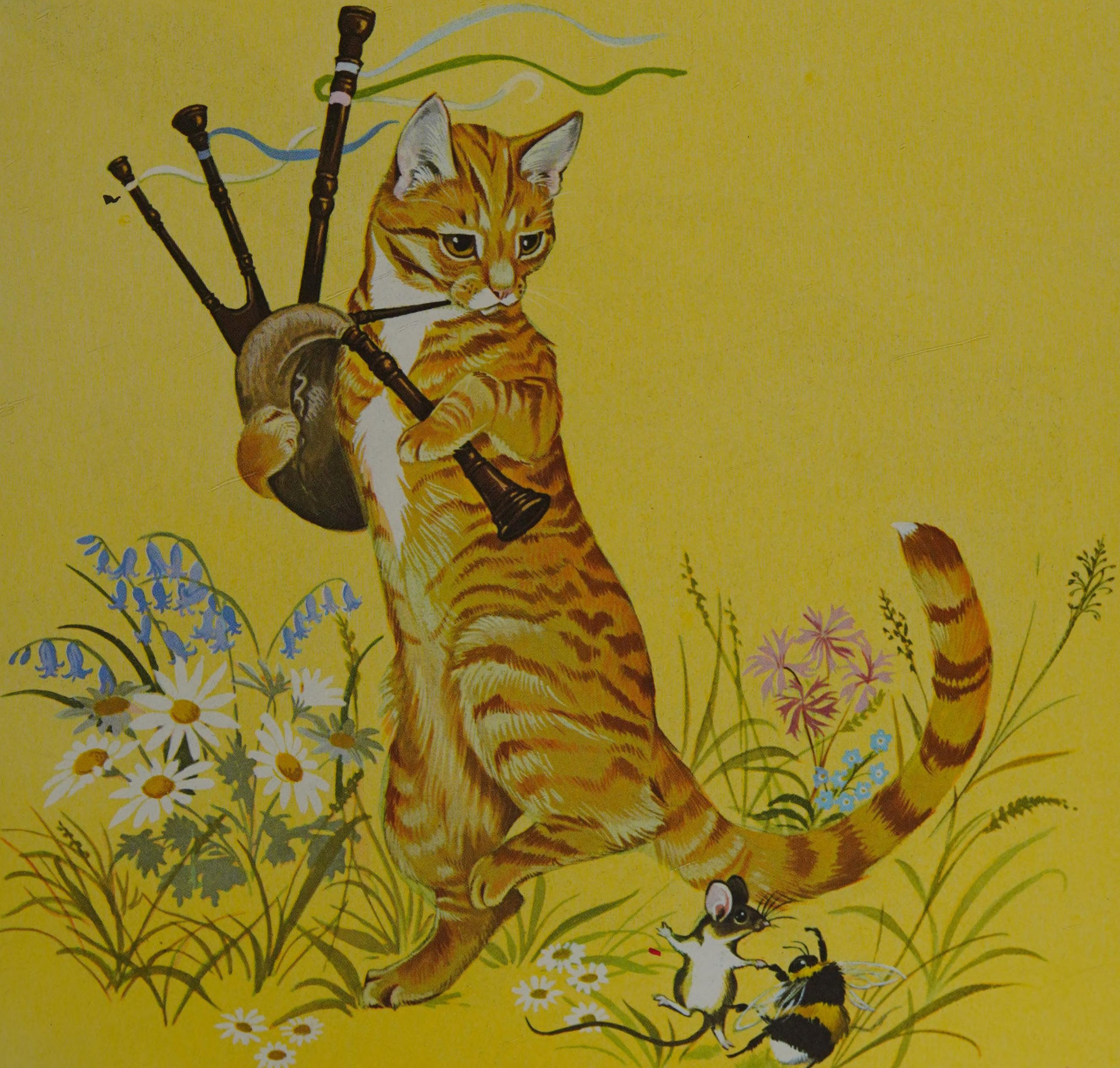


As Pussy sat on the step,
So pretty and so fair,
A neighbour's little dog came by,
Ah, Pussy, are you there?
Good morning, Mistress Pussy cat.
Come tell me how you do?
Quite well, I thank you, Puss replied;
Now tell me how are you?

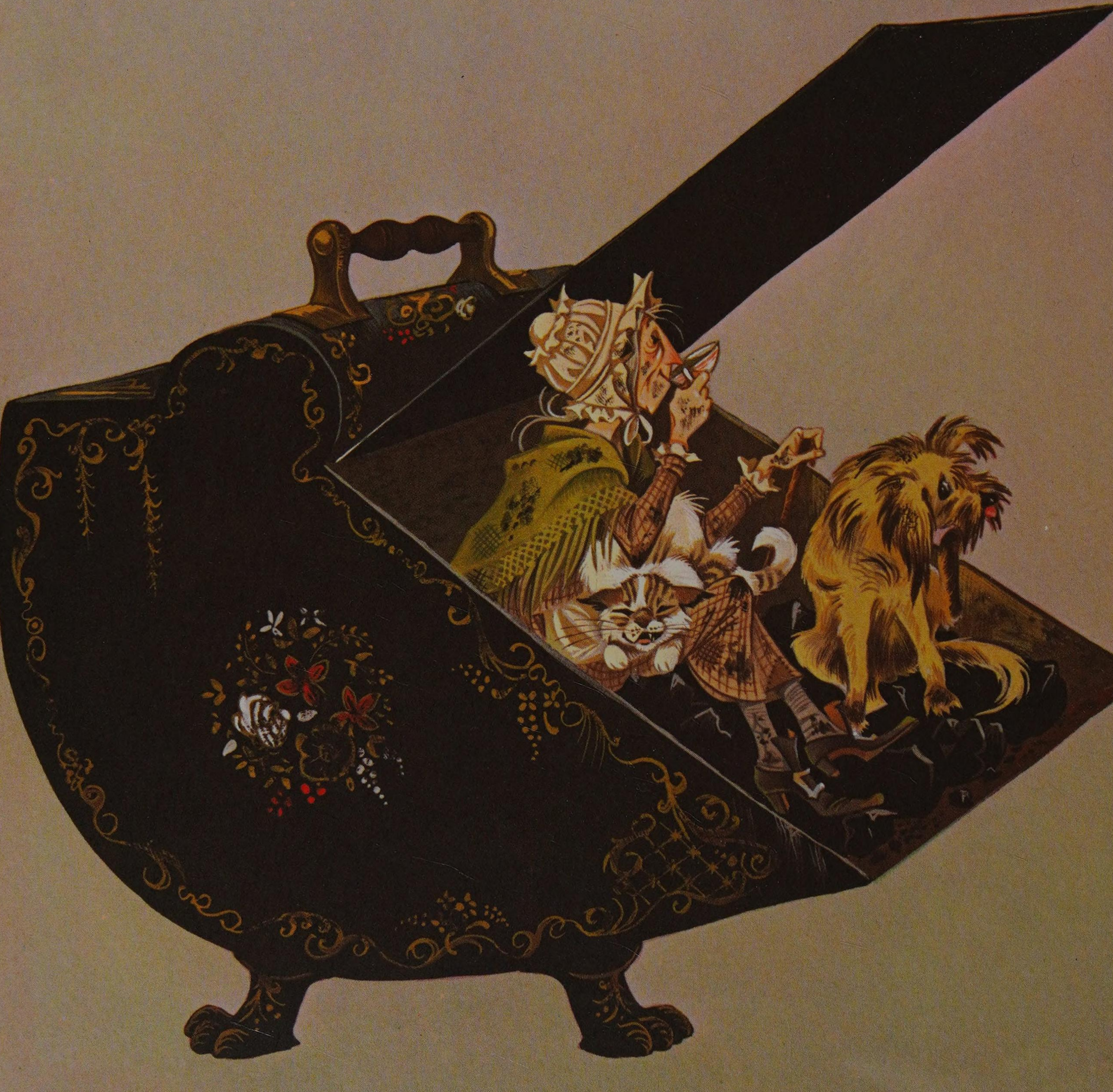
LITTLE Blue Ben, who lives in the glen,
Keeps a blue cat and one blue hen,
Which lays of blue eggs a score and ten;
Where shall I find the little Blue Ben?



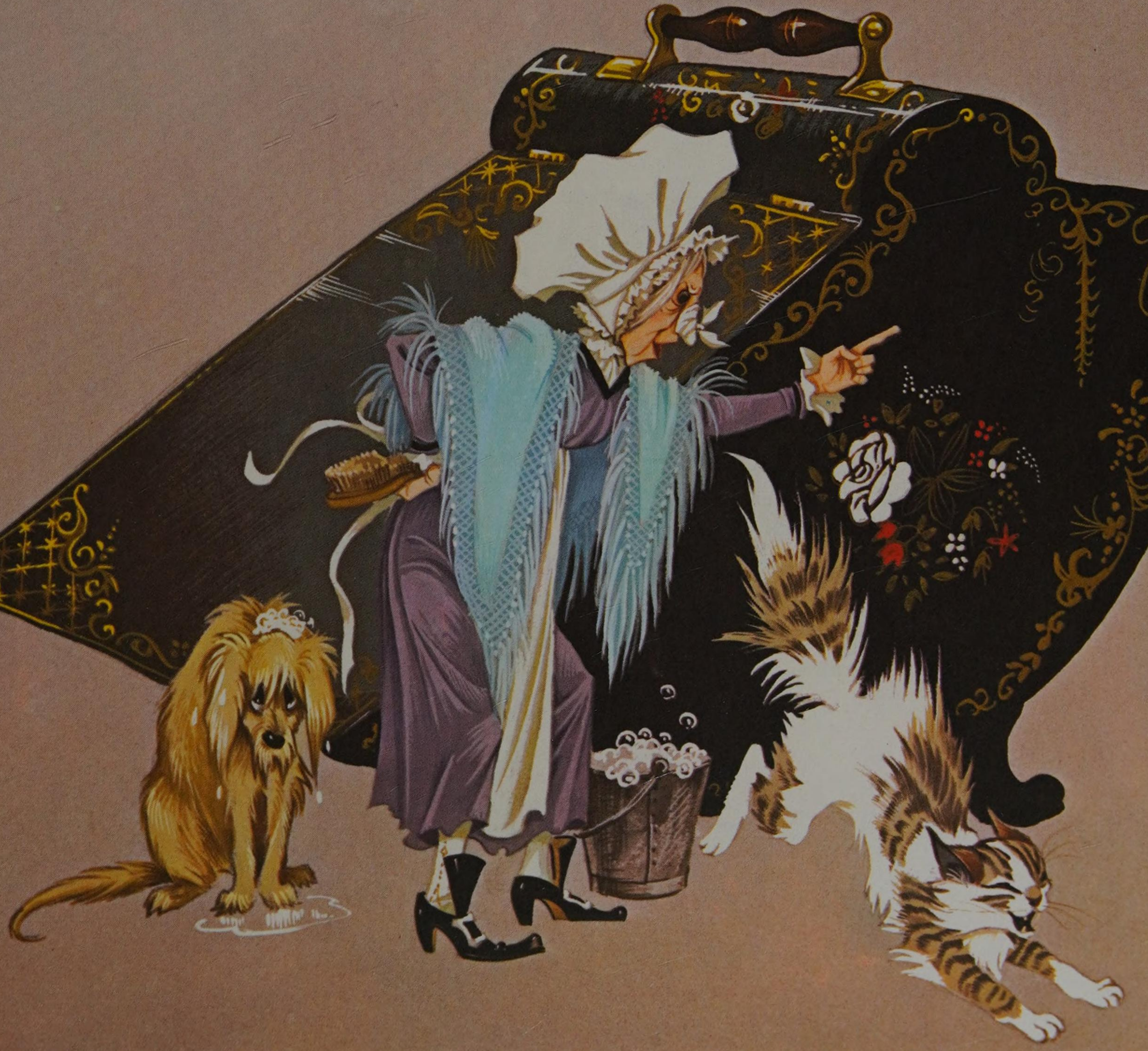
A cat came dancing out of a barn
With a pair of bag-pipes under his arm.
He could sing nothing but Fiddle-cum-fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee.
Pipe cat; dance mouse;
We'll have a wedding at our good house.



OLD Mother Shuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle
Along with her dog and her cat.
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well
That not one of the party was fat.

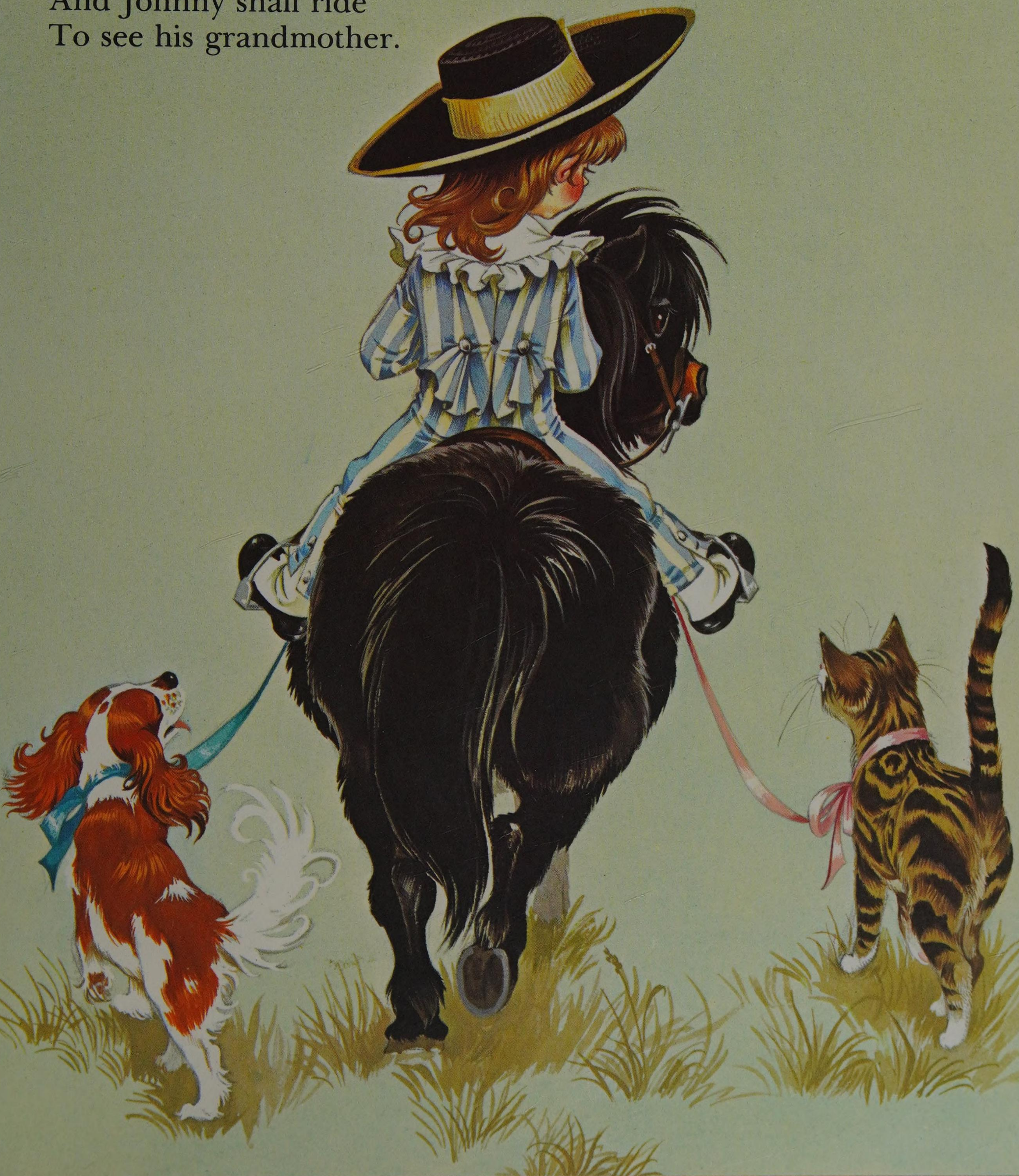


Old Mother Shuttle
Scoured out her coal-scuttle
And washed both her dog and her cat.
The cat scratched her nose,
So they came to hard blows,
And who was the gainer of that?

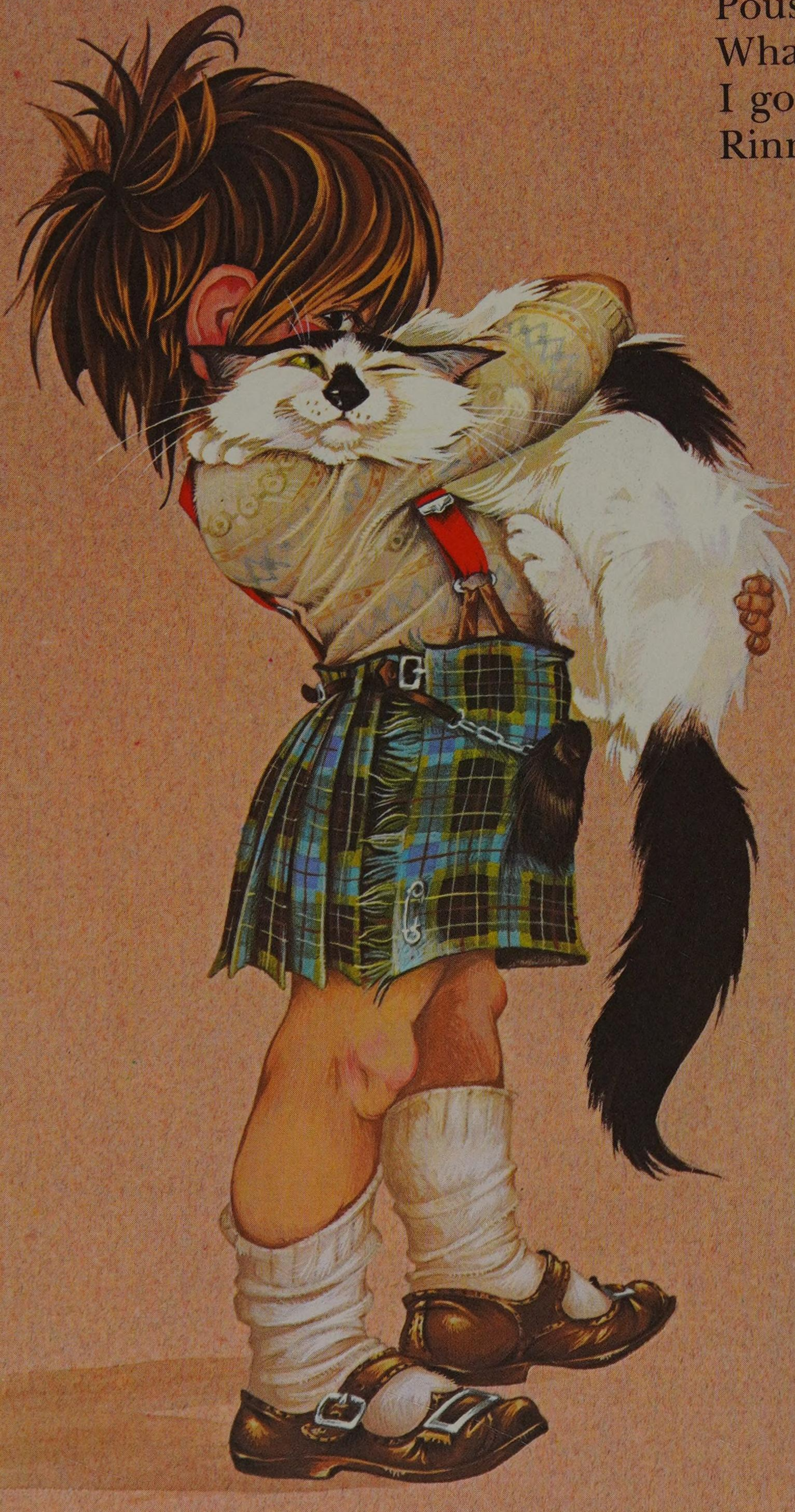


HIE, hie, says Anthony,
Puss in the pantry
Gnawing, gnawing
A mutton mutton-bone.
See how she tumbles it,
See how she mumbles it,
See how she tosses
The mutton mutton-bone.

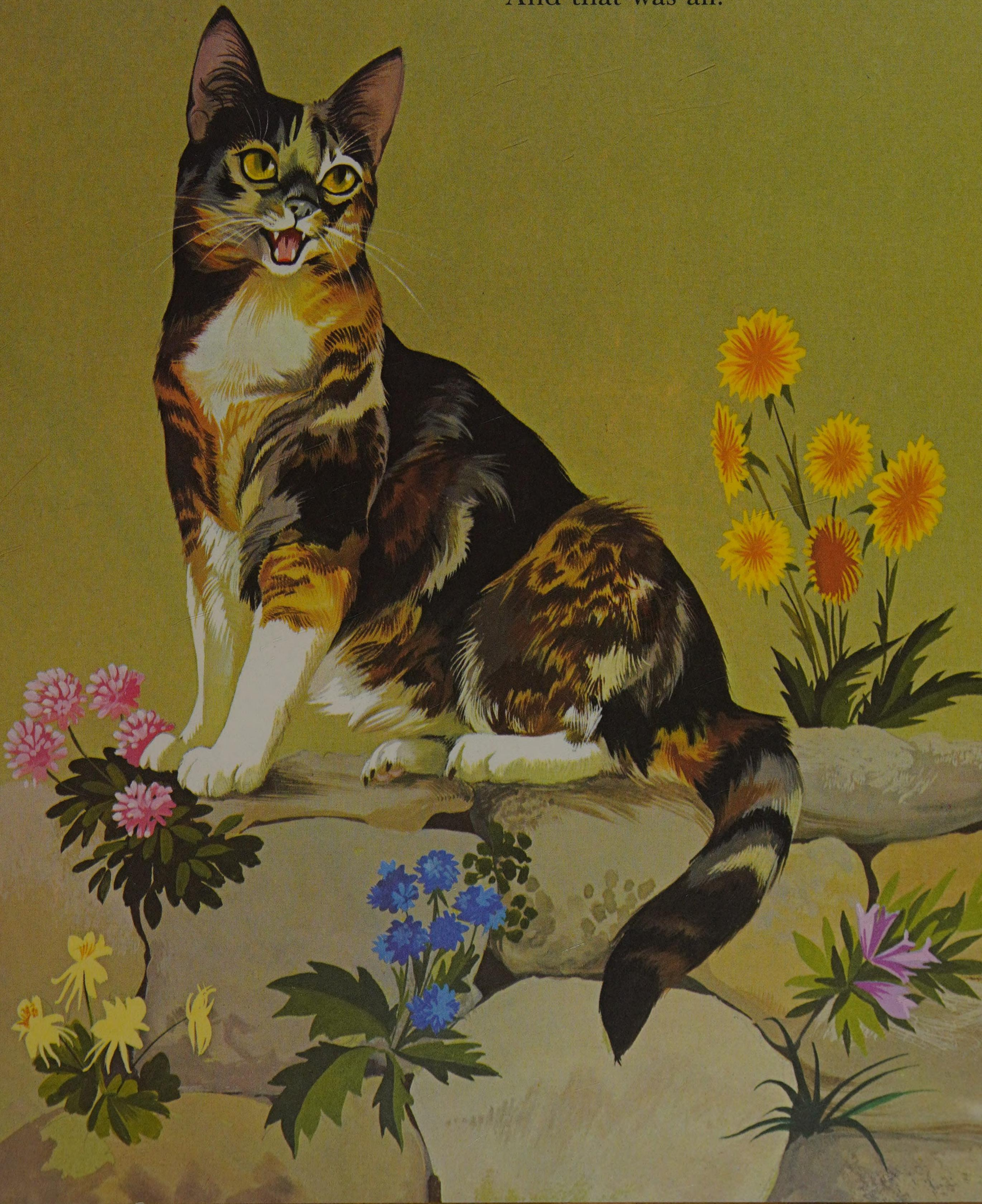
RIDE away, ride away
Johnny shall ride,
He shall have a pussy cat
Tied to one side;
He shall have a little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.



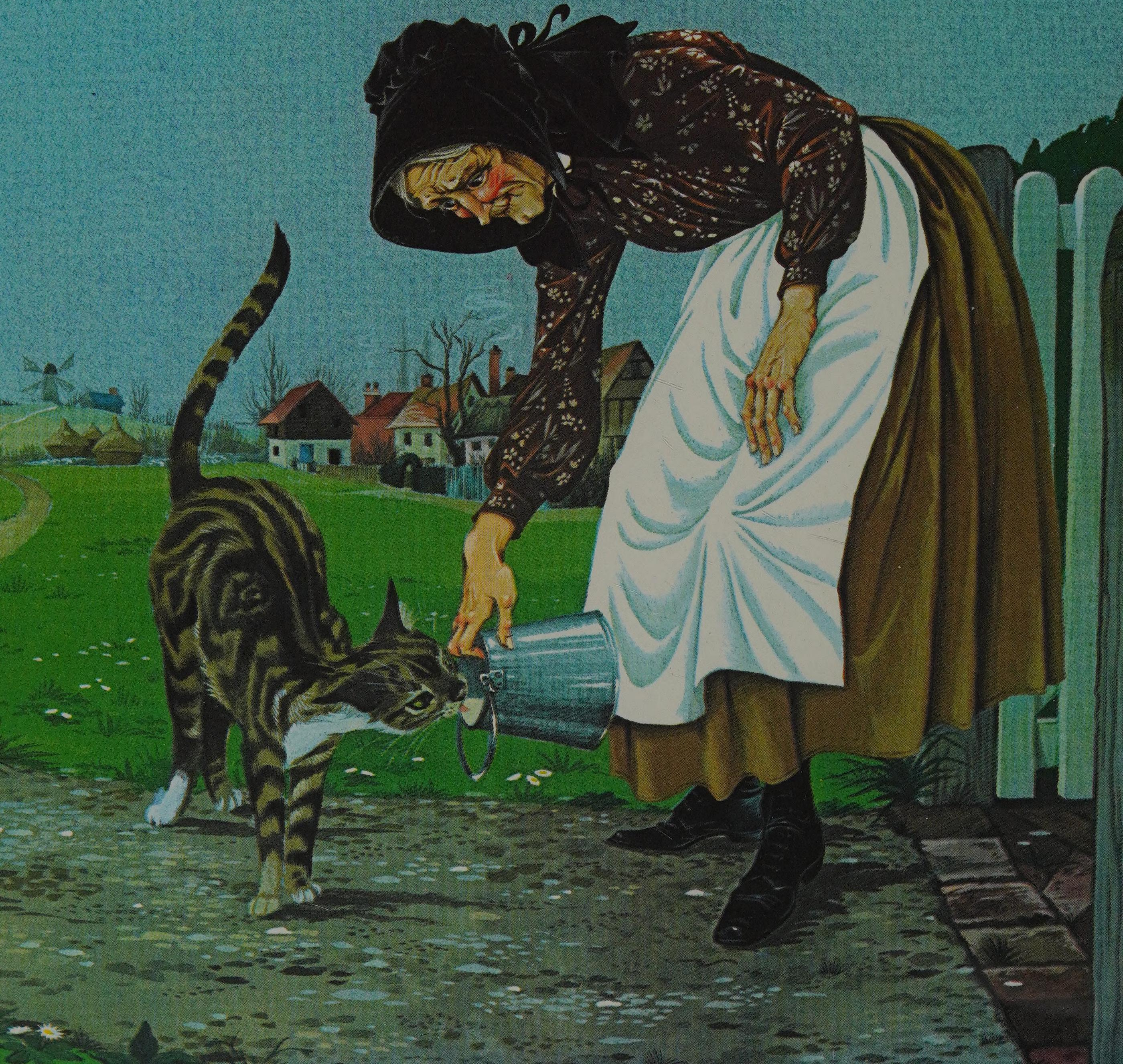
POUSSIE, POUSSIE, baudrons,
Where have ye been?
I've been at London
Seein' the king!
Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
What got ye there?
I got a wee mousie,
Rinnin' up a stair!



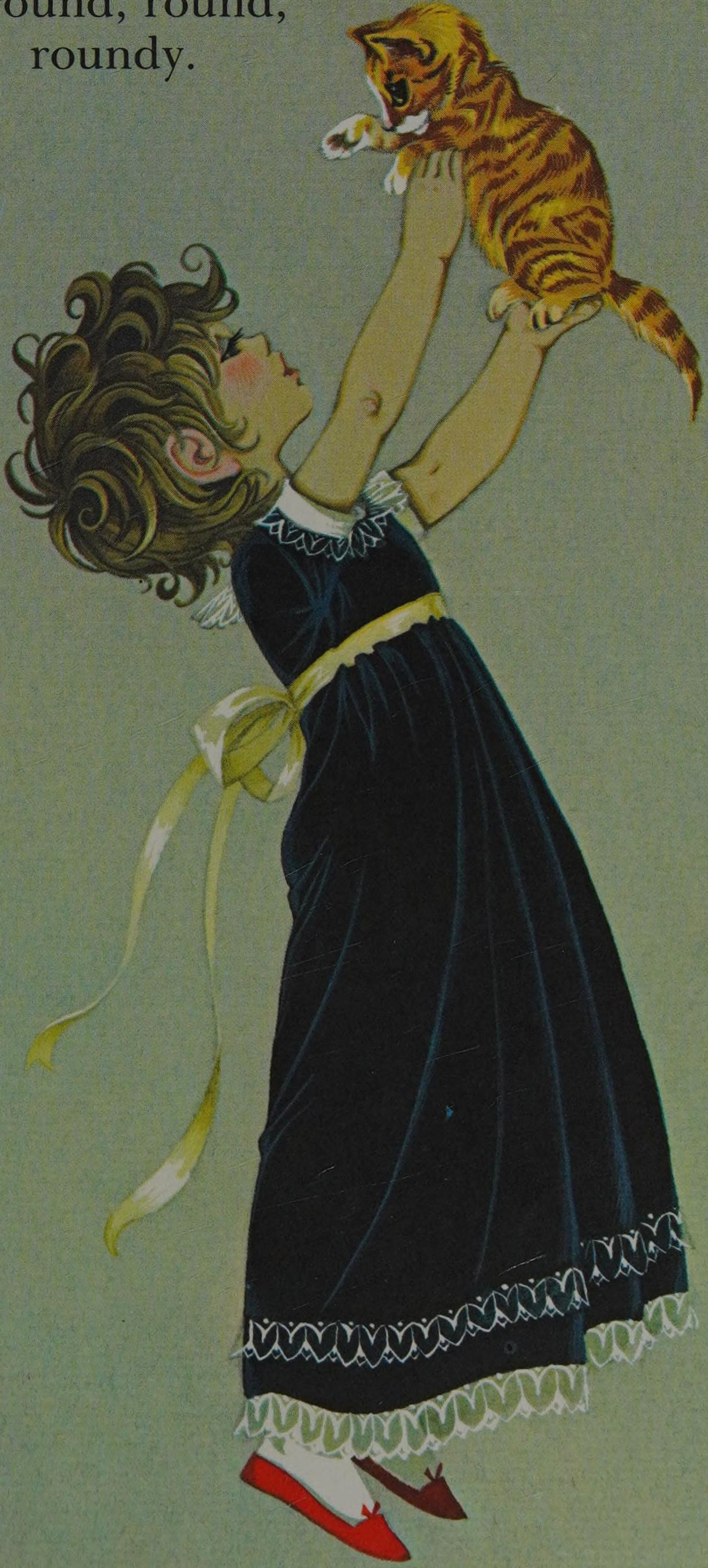
PUSSIE sat upon the wall;
Pussie said, "Mee-ow"
And that was all.



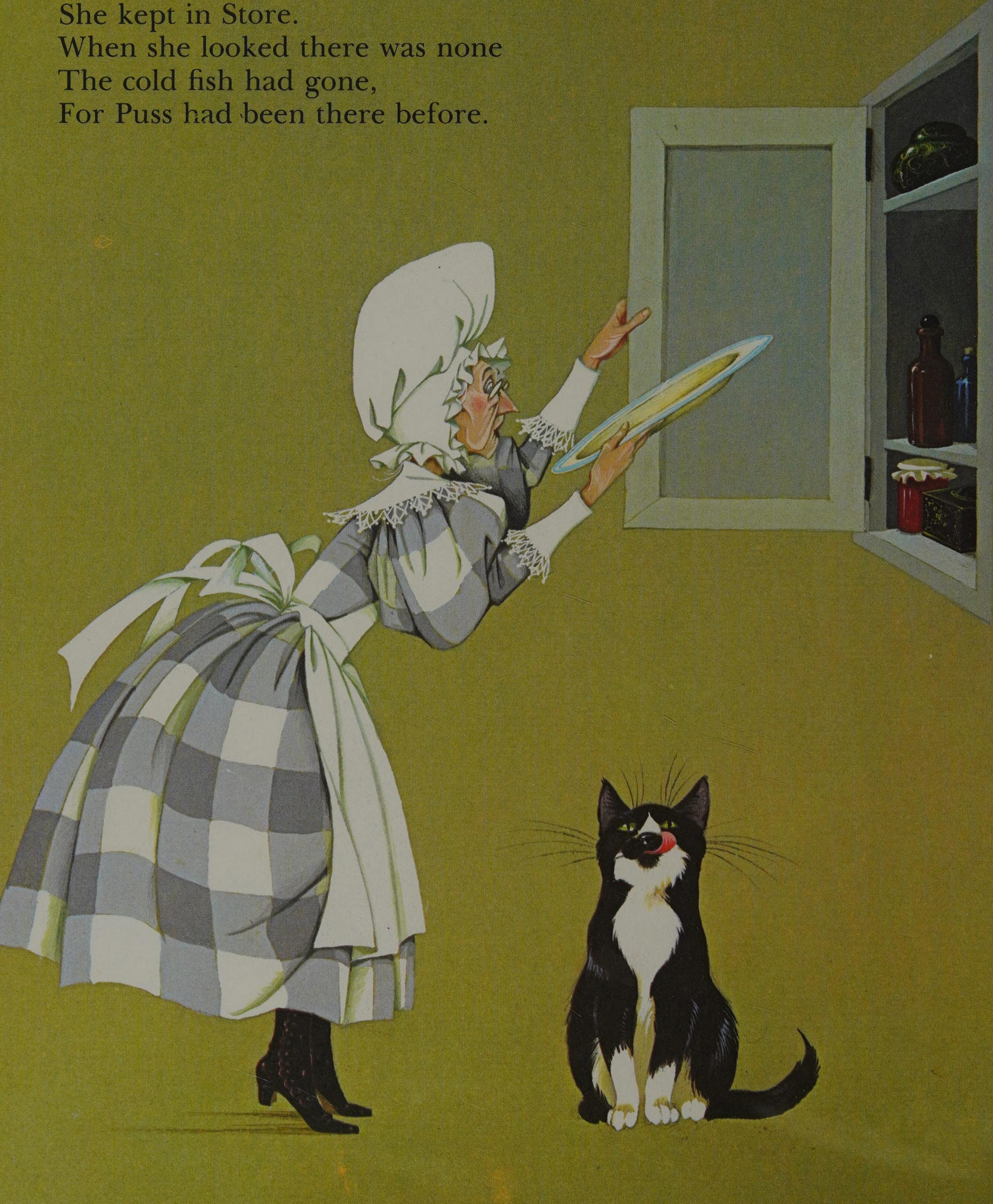
PUSSY cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to see grandmother
Over the green!
What did she give you?
Milk in a can.
What did you say for it?
Thank you, Grandam!



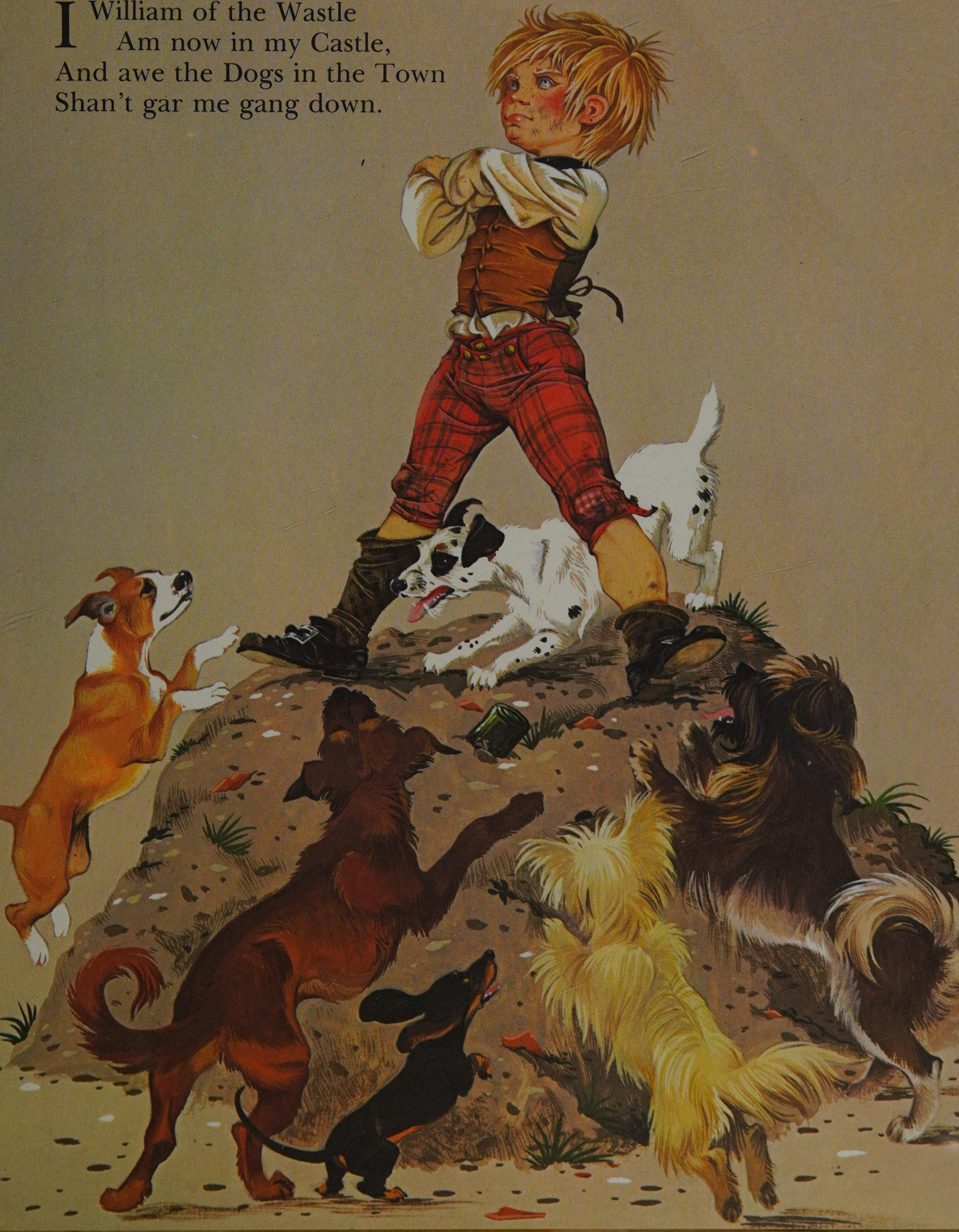
HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
There is not far nor neary.
Here we go up, up, up.
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go
round, round,
roundy.



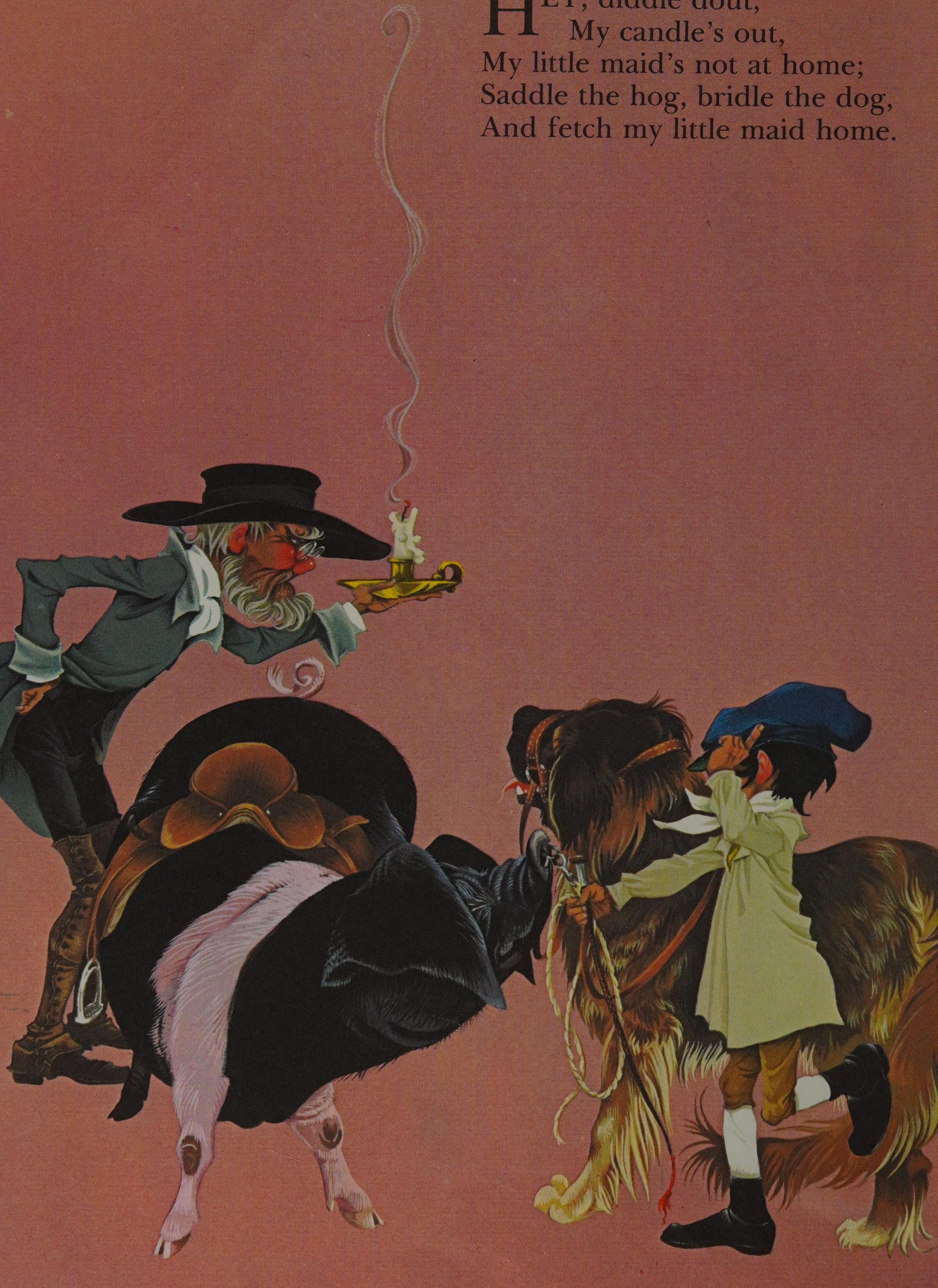
OLD Dame Trot,
Some cold fish had got,
Which for pussy,
She kept in Store.
When she looked there was none
The cold fish had gone,
For Puss had been there before.



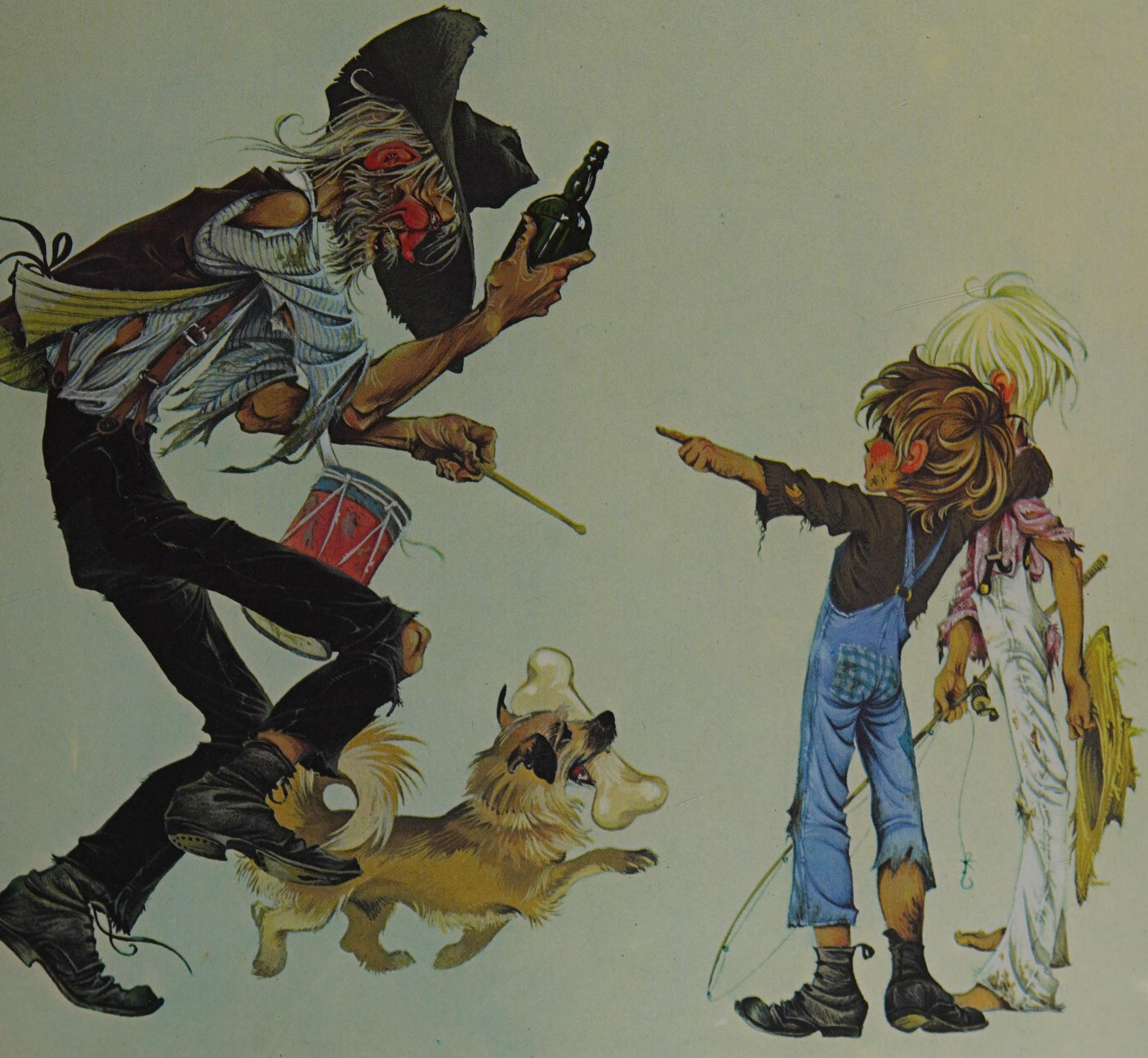
I William of the Wastle
Am now in my Castle,
And awe the Dogs in the Town
Shan't gar me gang down.



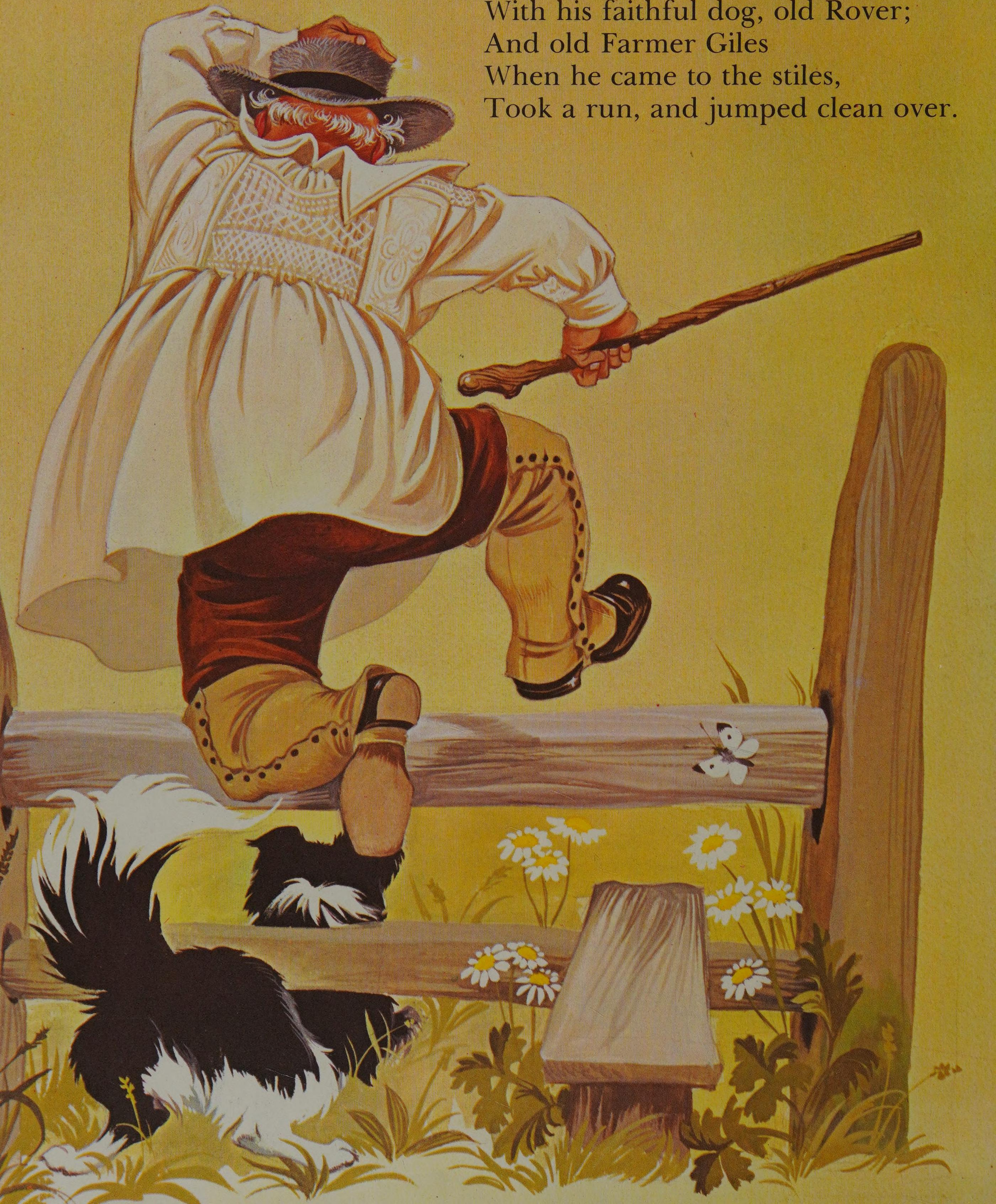
HEY, diddle dout,
My candle's out,
My little maid's not at home;
Saddle the hog, bridle the dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

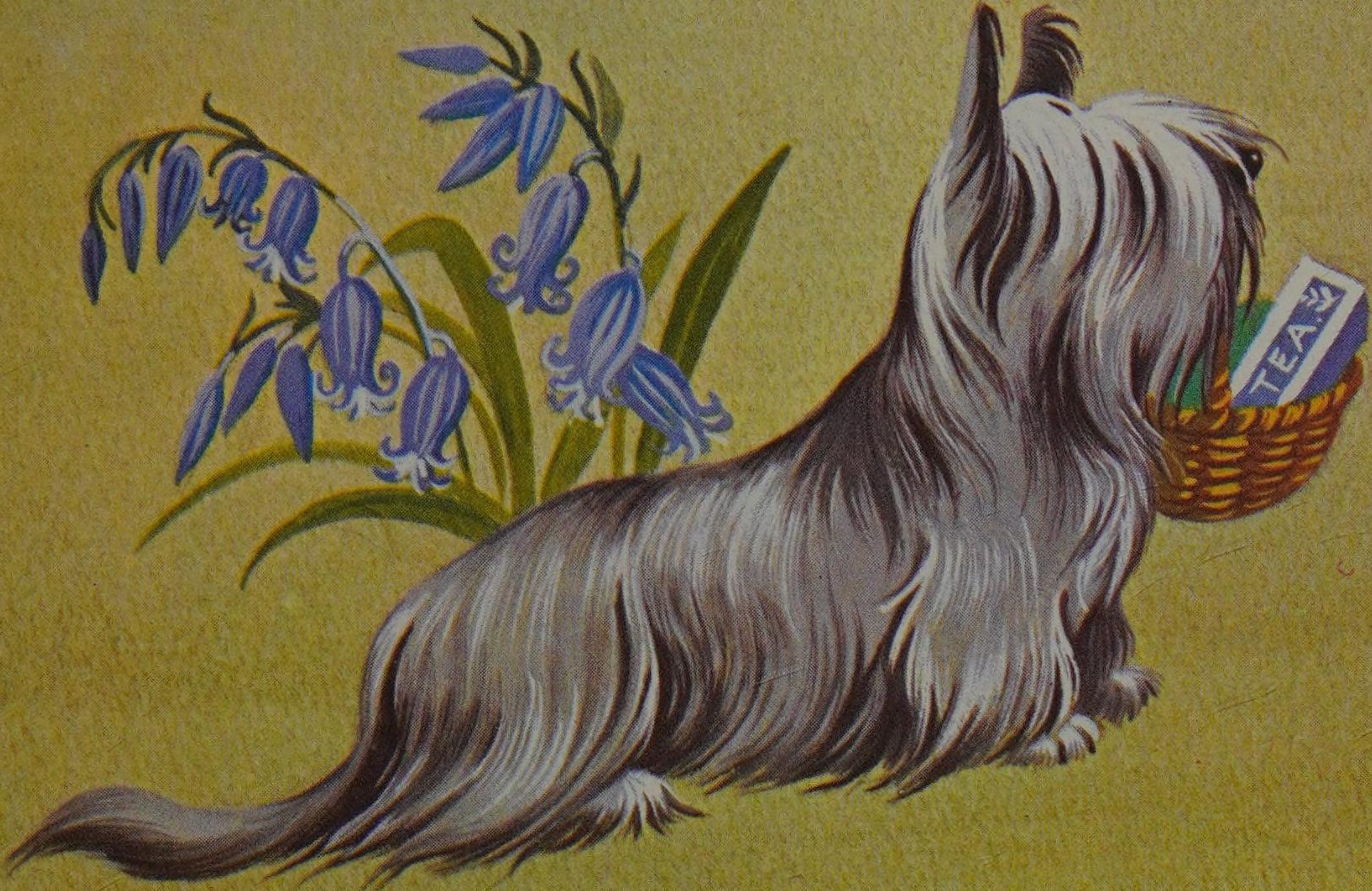


THIS old man, he went one,
He went Nick Nack
On my drum!
Nick Nack Paddy Whack!
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.



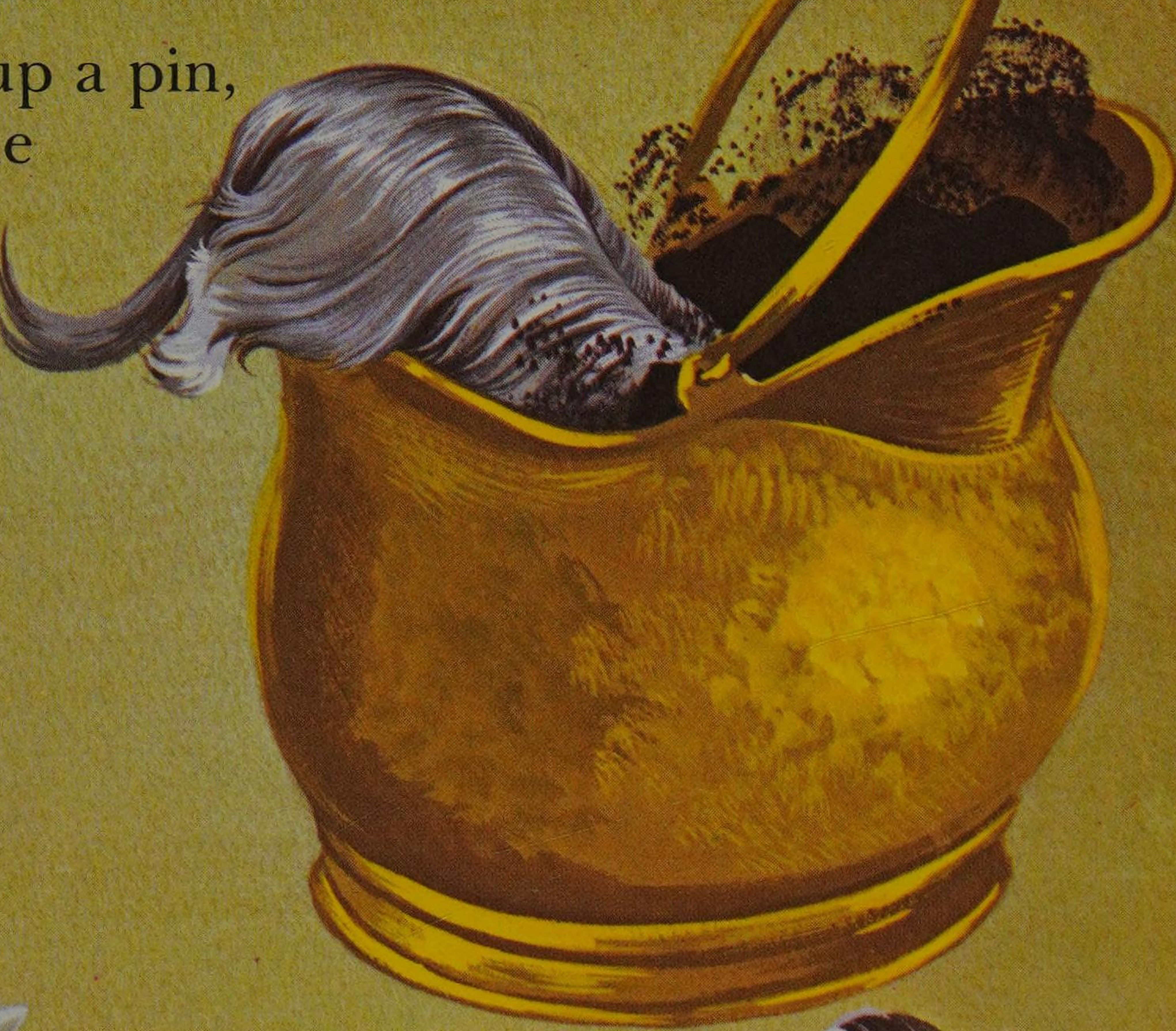
OLD Farmer Giles
Walked seven miles
With his faithful dog, old Rover;
And old Farmer Giles
When he came to the stiles,
Took a run, and jumped clean over.

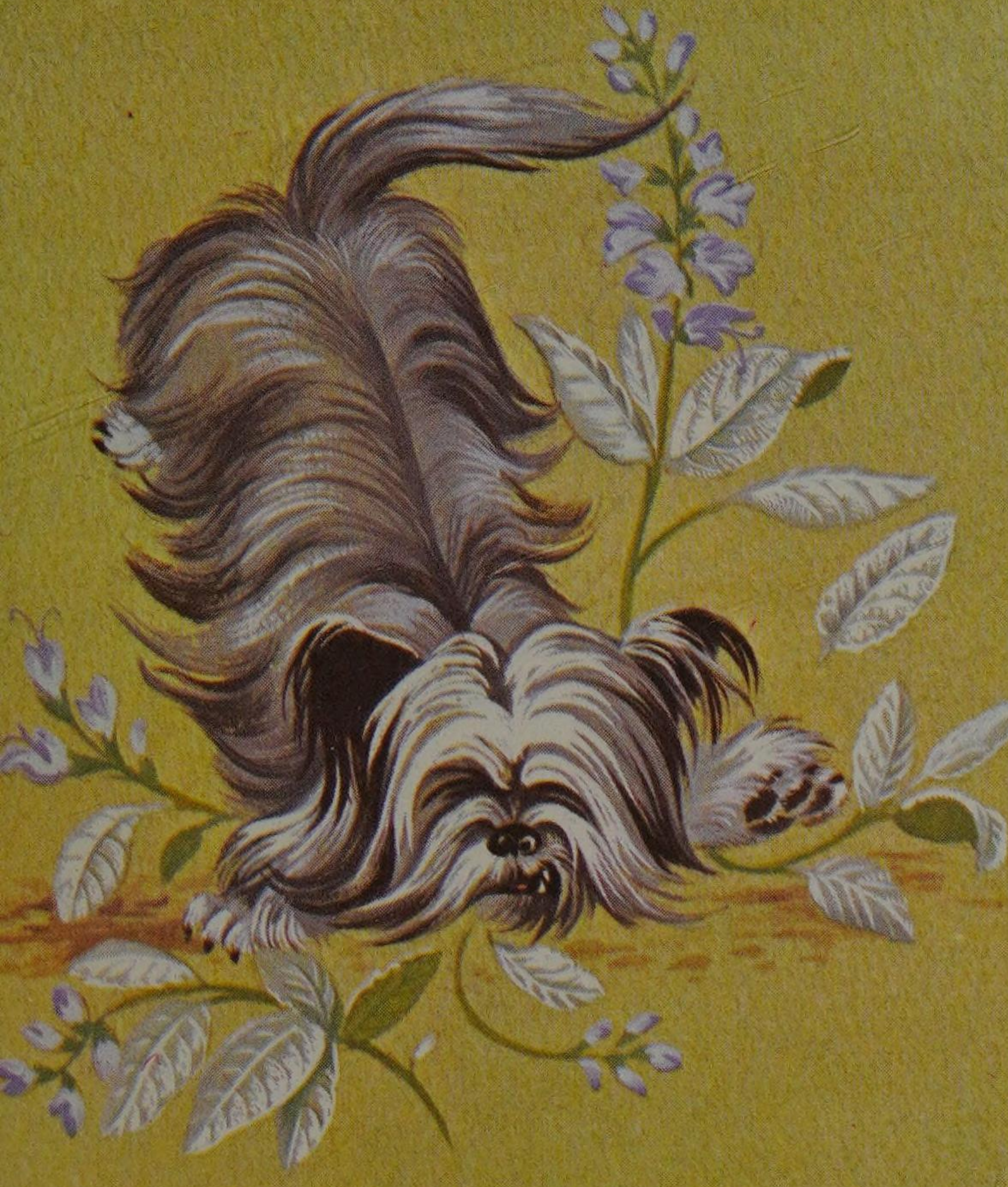


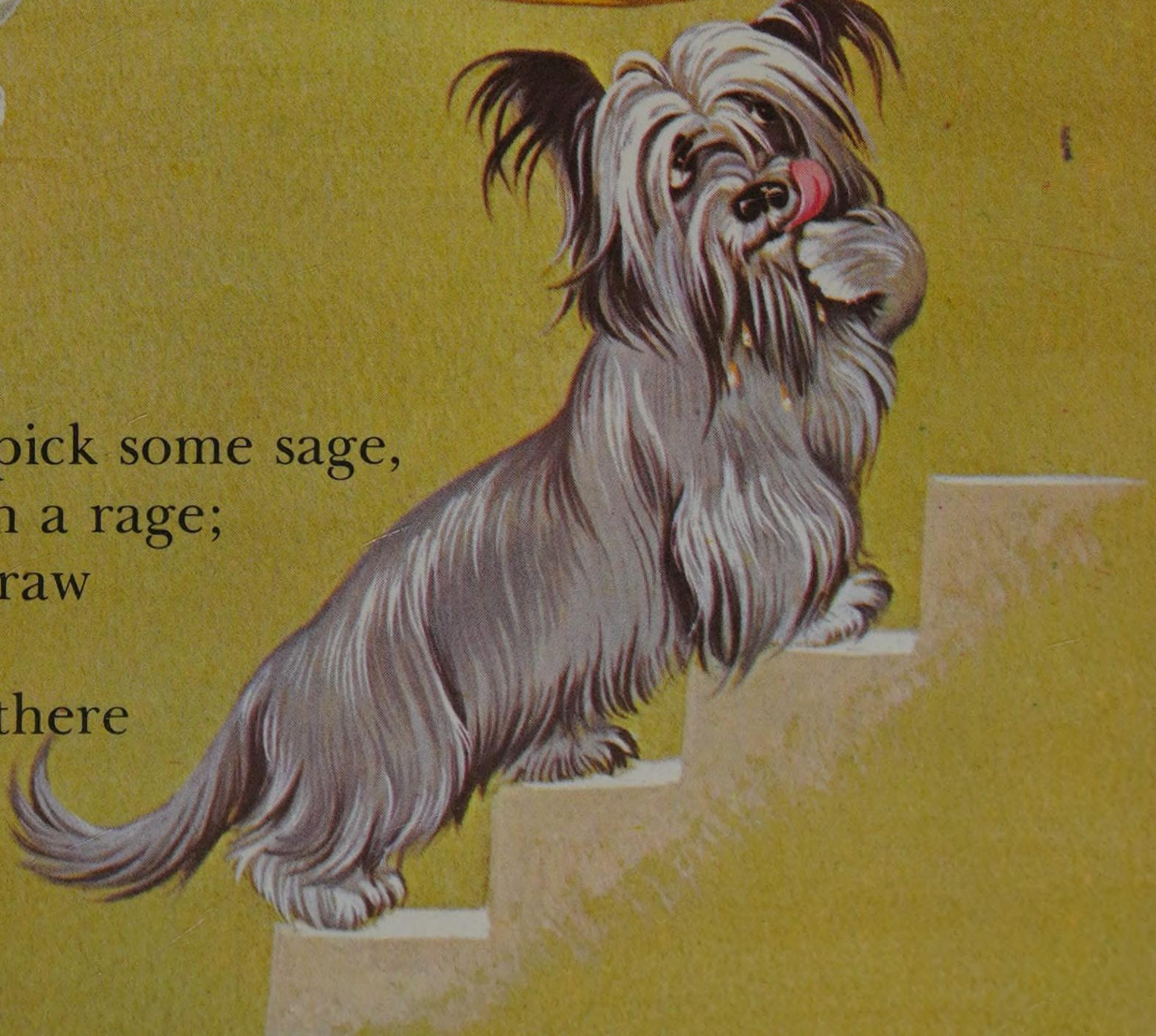


I had a little dog, and
his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work,
and he did it very
well;

I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle
up to his chin.

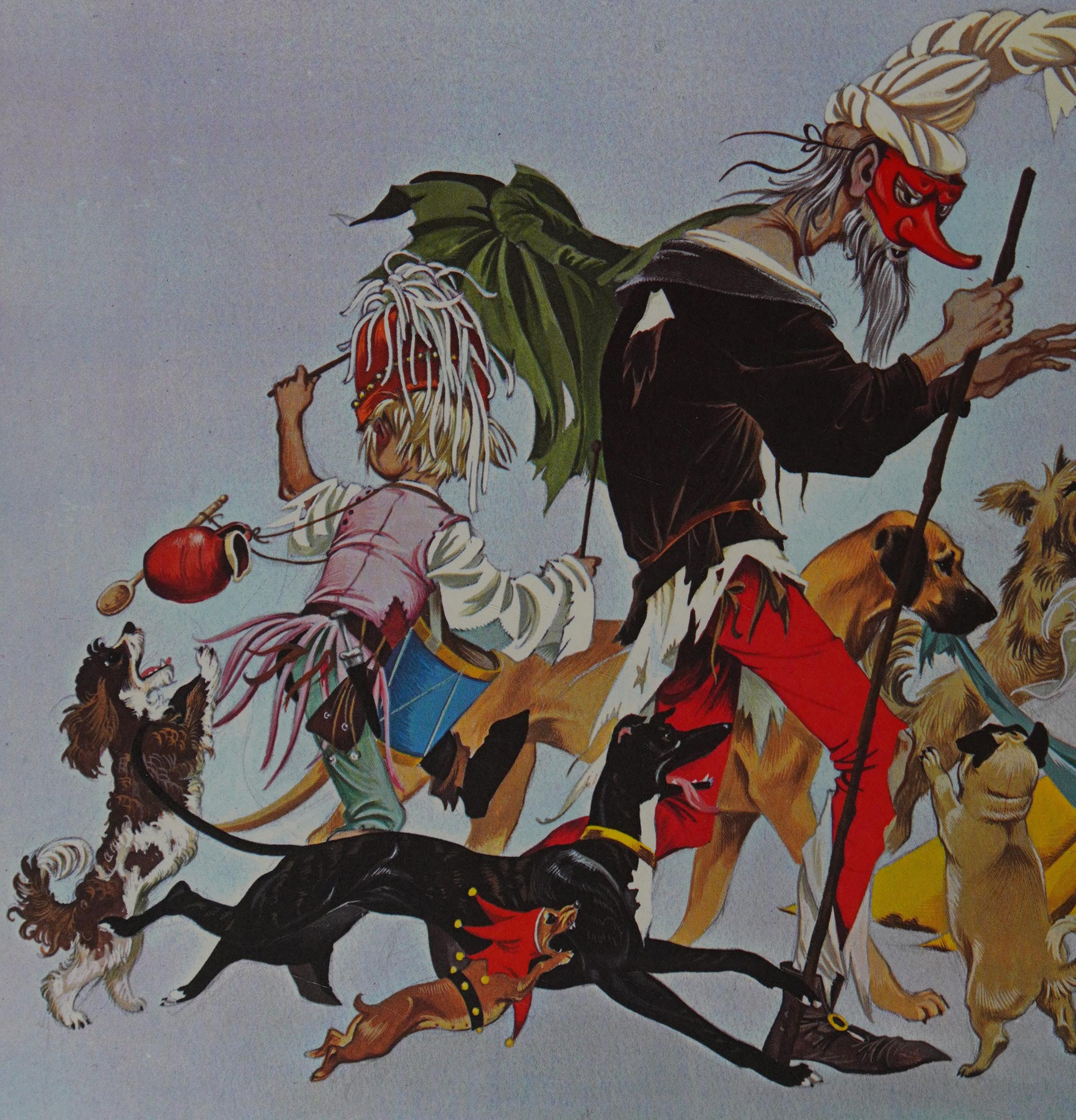


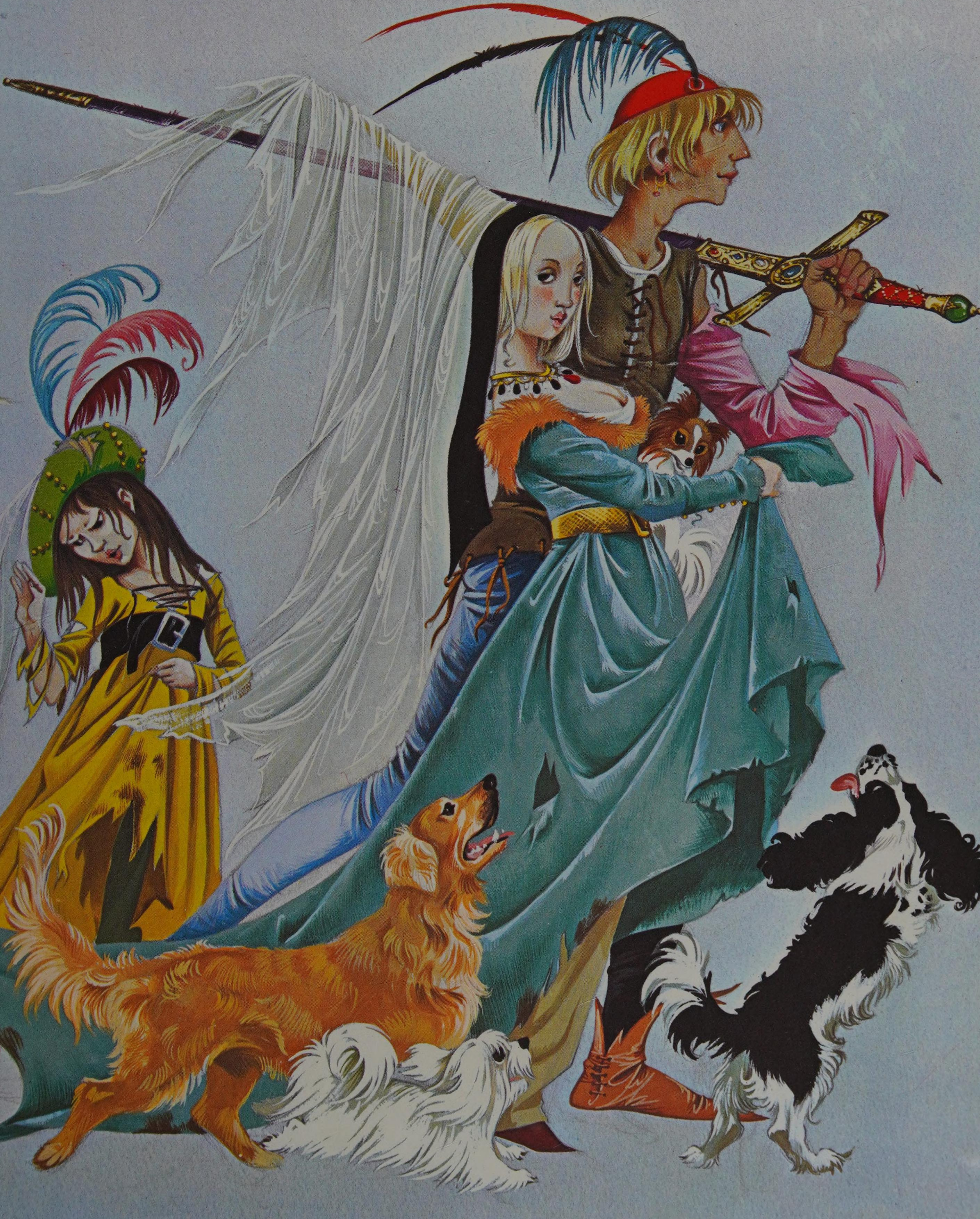




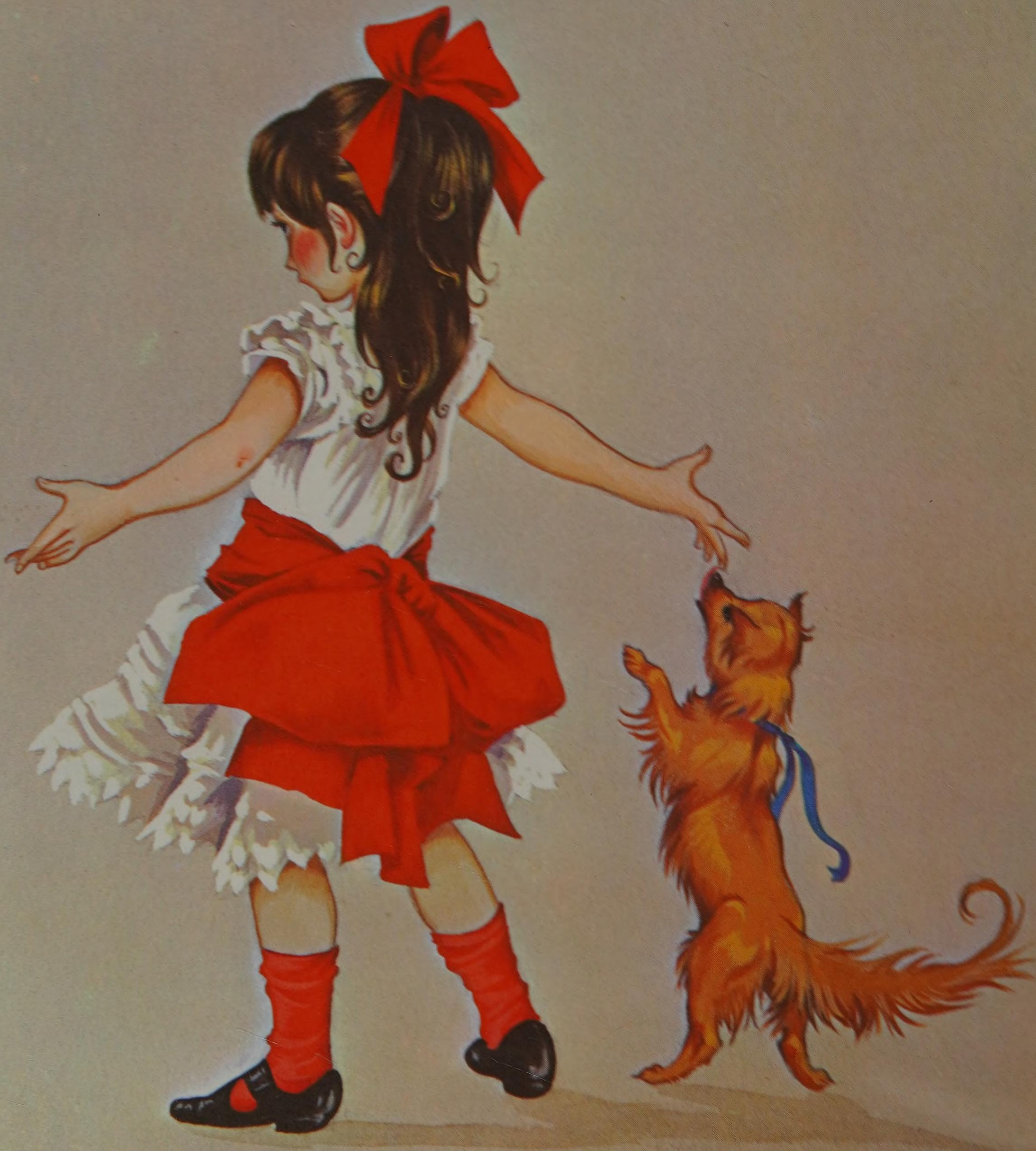
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled down and fell in a rage;
I sent him to the cellar, to draw
a pot of beer,
He came up again and said there
was none there.

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
And some in tags,
And one in a velvet gown.

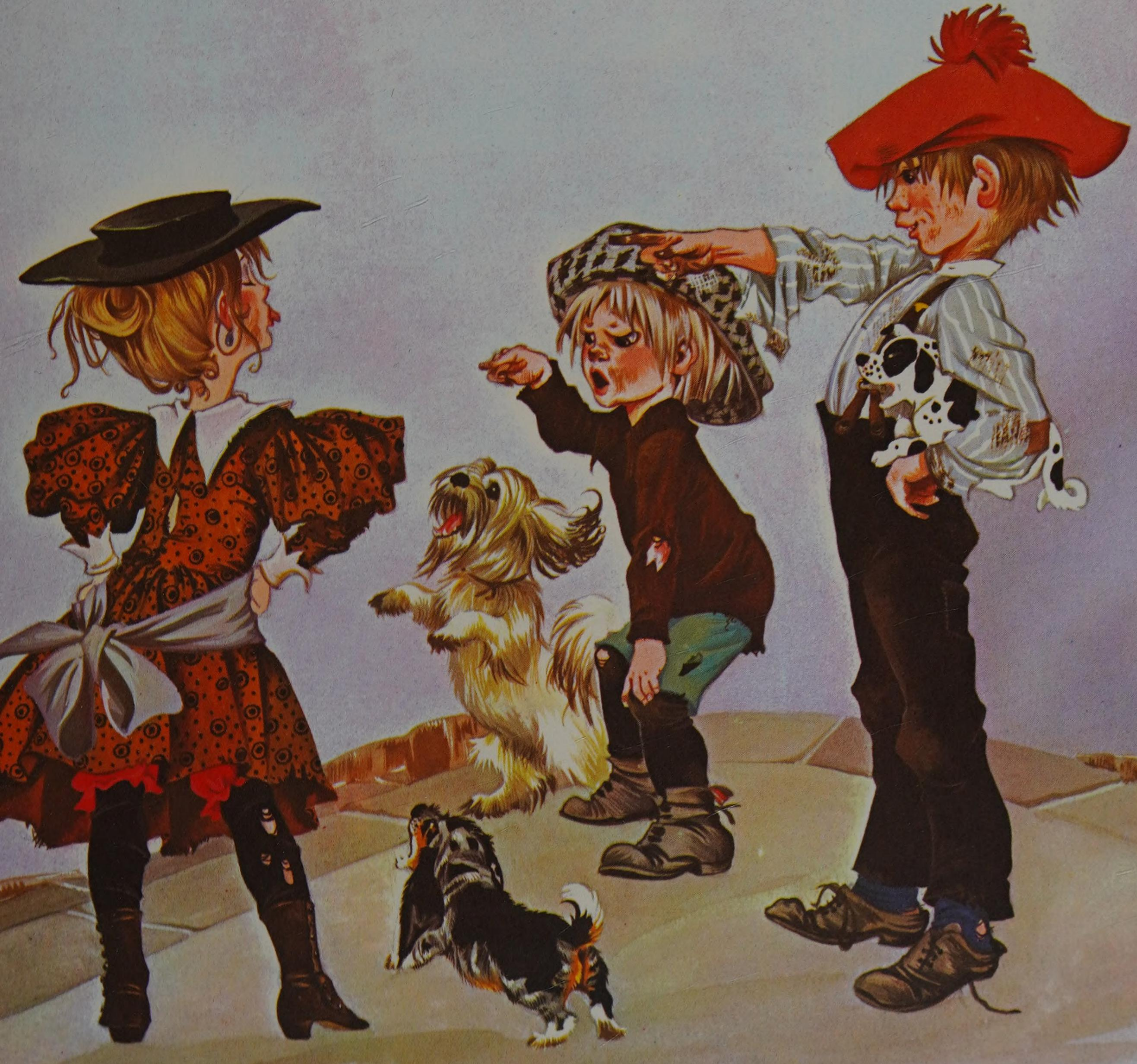




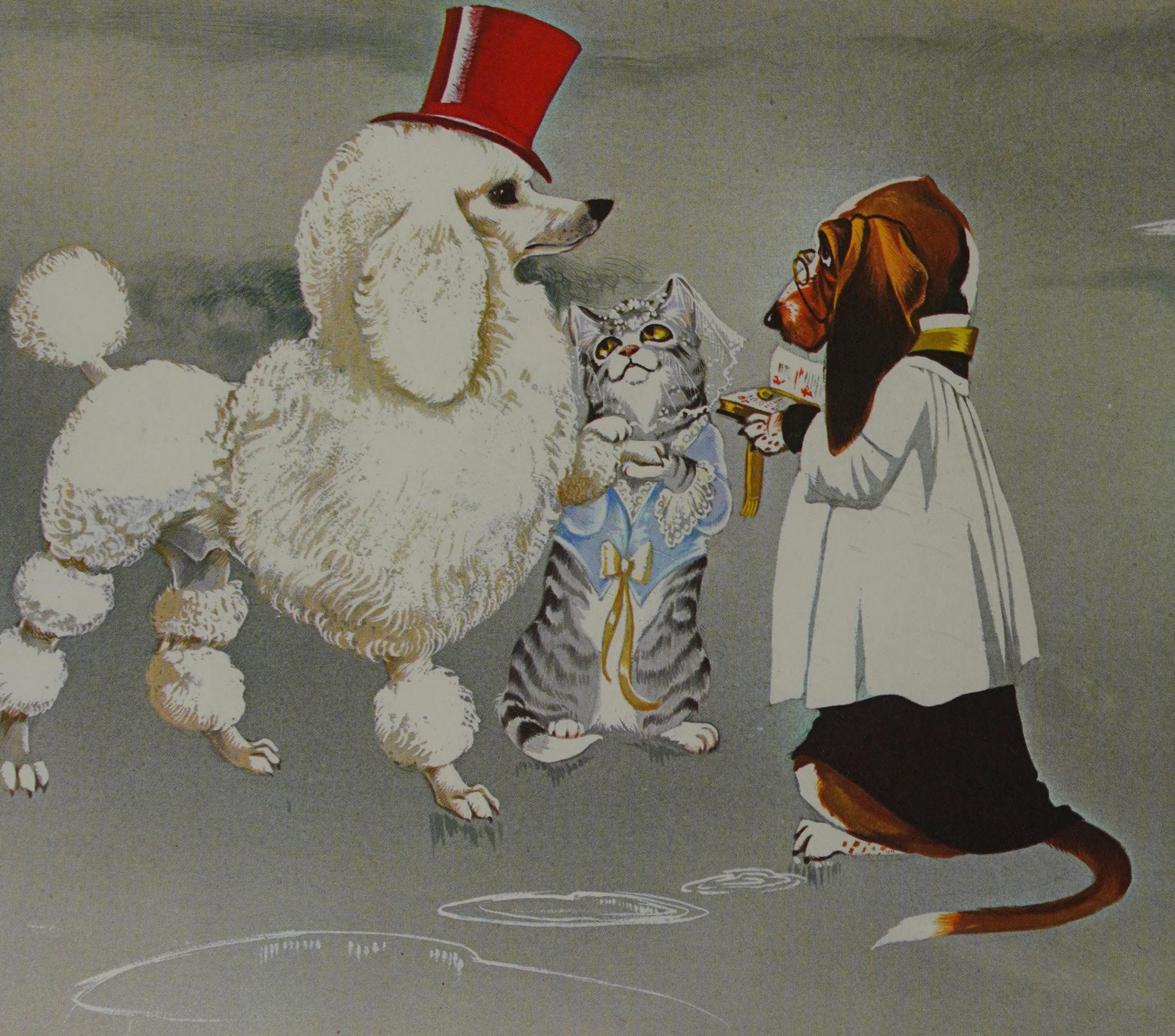
OH where, oh where
Has my little dog gone?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his ears cut short
And his tail cut long,
Oh where, oh where is he?

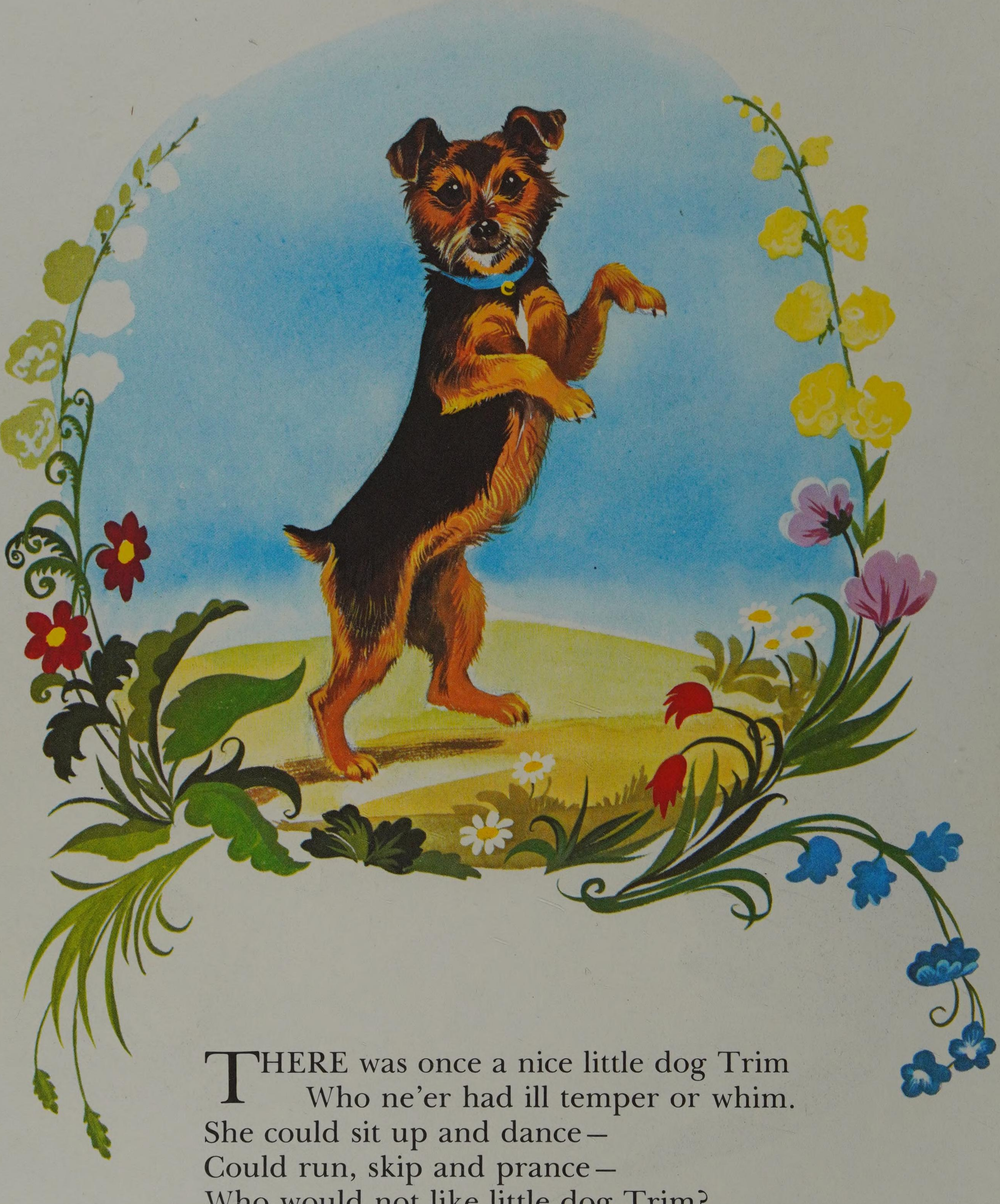


TELL tale tit –
Your tongue shall be slit
And every little puppy-dog
Shall have a little bit.



HODDLEY, poddley, puddle and frogs,
Cats are to marry the poodle dogs;
Cats in blue jackets and dogs in red hats,
What will become of the mice and the rats?





THERE was once a nice little dog Trim
Who ne'er had ill temper or whim.
She could sit up and dance –
Could run, skip and prance –
Who would not like little dog Trim?

Hey diddle diddle the Cat and the Fiddle ·
The Cow jumped over the Moon ·
The little Dog laughed to see such fun ·
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon ;

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